JULY 1953

COMMENTARY

Is the Free West in Decline?	HANS KOHN
Can Eisenhower Form a Government?	HAROLD LAVINE
Jewish Giving Is Coming of Age	HAL LEHRMAN
A French Lady on the Dark Continent	WILLIAM PHILLIPS
Growing Up Between Two Worlds	RICHARD GOLDHURST
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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Robert E. Fitch — Midge Decter — George Lichtheim

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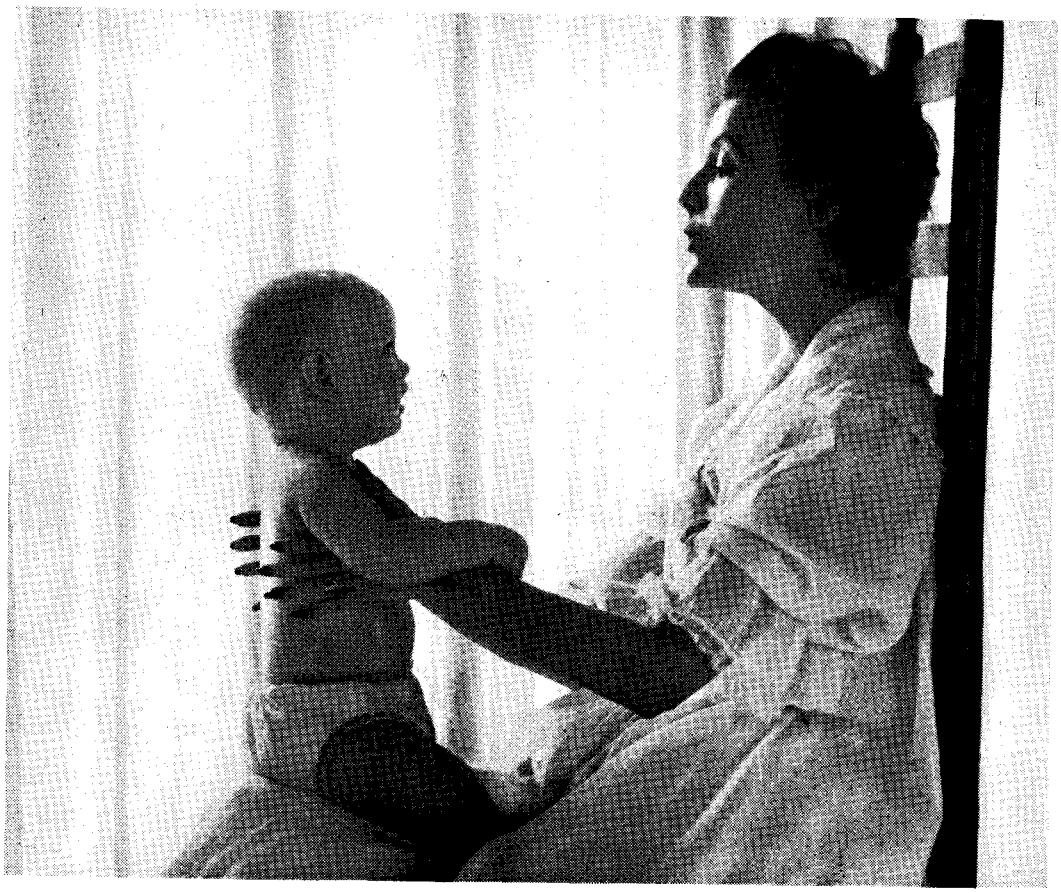

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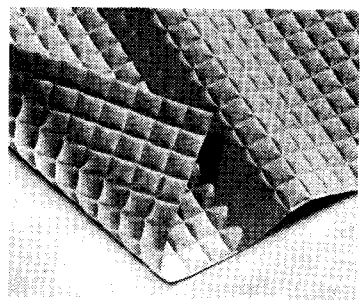

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

What Terms for a Far East Settlement? *G. F. Hudson*

The possibility of a truce in Korea raises urgent problems of policy for the free democracies, and Syngman Rhee's attempt to block the truce, while exposing some of the gaps in planning up to now, only makes more pressing the need for a fresh consideration of what should be the terms of a settlement of the cold-hot war in the Far East.

Dutchman, Jew, Piccanin *Dan Jacobson*

A young South African, whose first appearances in our pages in the May and June issues have already indicated to many readers the advent of a strong, subtle literary talent, writes here of the smaller tensions which express the larger disunities of his unhappy country.

Eisenhower and the Conservative Dream *J. K. Galbraith*

Through the long years of the New and Fair Deal a wing of the conservative opposition dreamt of "changing the world"—leveling the welfare state and reestablishing a laissez-faire economy. Can the Conservative Dream be realized? A distinguished economist examines the six months' Eisenhower record, and suggests that the hopes of conservatives may have to be deferred—maybe to some future administration.

The Style of Yiddish Theater *George Ross*

Whatever the famous "limitations" of the Yiddish theater, Mr. Ross sees in it a drama at least unafraid to be dramatic, and by that token closer to the true function of the theater than much of our more sophisticated entertainment.

Americans on the Opportunity-Ladder *William Petersen*

Are the paths of opportunity in the "land of opportunity" no longer open, and America solidifying into more or less rigid class divisions? Mr. Petersen analyzes the sociological evidence on this problem so crucial to the future of our country.

The Humble and Colossal Pissarro *Alfred Werner*

Fifty years after his death, the art of Camille Pissarro is still not adequately appreciated. Mr. Werner, whose account of the life and art of Modigliani appeared in our May issue, here offers a portrait of another great Jewish artist.

The Faith of the Saturday Evening Post *Robert S. Brustein*

The short stories in one of America's most popular magazines reveal a new—or revived—insistence on interpreting experience in terms of religion, but a religion of a special tendency.

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COMMENTARY

IS THE FREE WEST IN DECLINE?

"History's Verdict" in Perspective

HANS KOHN

OUR time is dominated by a feeling of unprecedented crisis involving every aspect of political, social, and intellectual life. The very foundations of modern civilization seem imperiled and the "decline of the West," about which philosophers of history from Spengler to Toynbee have been talking since 1914, is now almost a cant term. But this feeling of crisis, of decay and decline, is scarcely unique. Almost every great age and civilization has had its periods of anxiety and loss of confidence. On the eve of the great era of the *pax Romana,* we find Virgil lamenting in his *Georgics*:

> For here are right and wrong inverted: so many wars in the world, so many fashions of evil; the plough meets not its due honor; our lands, the tillers deported, lie waste, and the crooked pruning-hooks are forged into hard swords. Here Euphrates, there Germany kindles war: even as when from the barriers the chariots burst forth, they gather speed in the course, and the driver, tugging vainly at the bridles, is borne along by the horses and the car heeds not the reins.

The Middle Ages, Renaissance, Reformation, and the period of the French Revolution all had their crises when despairing voices were lifted up to predict the end of the world or the death of civilization. In two respects only, is the present crisis different from all previous ones: owing to the very nature of modern Western civilization, the present crisis is worldwide; and it has sucked into its orbit the hitherto quiescent and "extra-historical" lower classes, who constitute the overwhelming majority.

To a greater extent than we care to acknowledge, perhaps, the transitory successes of the Nazis, and now those of the Communists, have browbeaten us into wondering if Western civilization is faltering and moribund. The "dynamism" of these totalitarian movements has intimidated us, and we have the sinking feeling that they may be the harbingers of a fresh and vigorous, if ruthless, new age which will succeed our failing Western civilization. Along with that often goes the guilty feeling that totalitarian-

---

"THE decline of the West" is a theme so harped upon in late years that it is on the way to becoming considered an established truth, indeed almost an axiom for all enlightened people, together with the parallel motif that democracy is losing its grip. HANS KOHN here offers a historian's dissent to this prevalent "verdict of history," inviting us to look at the facts in the records, which he suggests have been treated cavalierly by professional defeatists. Dr. Kohn, no stranger to these pages, was born in Prague, and served in the Austrian army in the 1914 war; captured by the Russians, he saw their two revolutions and civil war on the spot. He came to this country in 1931, and is now professor of history at the City College of New York. His latest book is *Pan-Slavism: Its History and Ideology.*

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ism is somehow our own late-born child. Western society has reached such a point of atomization—many people say—so many classes of people have become rootless wanderers in the anarchy of modern life, that the synthetic, brute unity of the totalitarian movements is the inevitable heir of the bankruptcy of our senile society.

A SOBER examination of the historical record, I believe, will show that all these gloomy forecasts of a declining West are at the very least premature. The contemporary crisis is not so much a crisis within Western civilization as an attack upon it from without. This attack has come, in our time, from Germany and Russia. And—most significant fact of all—these are peripheral areas that never really made part of the modern Western way of life, never assimilated the ideas and institutions that define it. Liberty understood as the inborn rights of the individual against authority; tolerance based upon the recognition of diversity—the open society; parliamentary government; freedom of inquiry—all these things were never firmly founded in Germany or Russia, Italy or Spain. Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy and Spain, nationalism in Asia* have had one thing in common, politically: they are all a revolt against the leadership of the nations in which modern civilization first took root. Spiritually, they represent a rejection of Western values, which are "unmasked" as hypocrisy.

Fascism and Communism, to be sure, have themselves claimed to be the true guardians of modern Western civilization, its culture, its social justice, and its scientific traditions. In reality, these new movements constitute but the latest in a long and hoary line of despotic regimes; they embody the old xenophobia of closed societies and an old adoration of power. And they use the intellectual and social aspirations and achievements of the West, which they interpret in a distorted way, as a weapon against the spirit itself of modern Western civilization.

*See M. N. Roy, "Asian Nationalism," *The Yale Review*, Autumn 1952.

II

IN OUR modern Western society with its almost unbroken growth from the late 17th century to World War I, it is Britain that is both the point of origin and the model. The United States of America is the purest expression of that society's political ideals and strength and thereby its most "Western" member. Germany, on the other hand, never fully achieved either emancipation or enlightenment in its national life. Russia is likewise only a "Westernized" (but not a Western) civilization of the same kind that has now spread to Asia.

This "frontier" position of Russia's explains the great attraction she lately exercises upon the Orient. The Russo-Japanese War and the Russian revolution of 1905 were the first events to stir the whole of Asia from China to the Red Sea, and the Russian revolutions of 1917 seemed to speak a message directly to the peoples of Asia and Africa, who felt that they were living under conditions similar to those of Russia. Russia's defection from the Allied side in March 1918, when her capital was transferred from westward-looking St. Petersburg back to Moscow in the interior, signalized the growing estrangement of Asia from the West.

Between Britain, the United States, and parts of Northwestern Europe on the one side, where Western civilization maintains itself unchallenged, and Germany and Russia on the other side, where it has never taken real root, stands France—the country in which the Western democratic revolution is forever being fought, without ever being finally resolved. Authoritarianism, whether reactionary or revolutionary, is always threatening to overwhelm French society, and sometimes does, only to be beaten back again by the constantly renewed forces of French liberalism.

The interaction between a common Western spirit and individual national traditions created the West's intellectual and social climate and shaped its political history. The modern Western spirit is strongest in the countries bordering on the North Atlantic,

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where the social structure and moral and intellectual climate favored its rise. But as it passes eastward its strength declines. Communism and fascism could not come to power in the seats and centers of modern Western civilization—Britain, America, and Northwestern Europe—but only on its periphery.

These movements, and the contemporary crisis, would seem then to express, not the "decline of the West," but the very opposite: the failure to be Western enough, to be truly modern. May it not be that what we are witnessing is not the end of Western civilization, due to exhausted energies and decayed institutions, but the growing pains of its youth, a beginning stage in which it still meets checks, frustrations, and temporary reverses?

CONSIDERING how recent are the origins of modern Western civilization, how young it actually is, the crisis it now faces is more probably due to the amazing speed with which it has extended its influence and appeal around the world. Modern Western civilization has its roots in the Greco-Roman West of antiquity and Western Christendom of the Middle Ages. Yet its spirit and outlook were unknown before the 17th century, being based upon the new realities of liberty, science, and tolerance. Its roots go back to Athens, Jerusalem, and Rome, yet it was a new growth that sprang up in London and Amsterdam, Philadelphia and Paris.

In two centuries Western civilization brought about an unprecedented refinement and humanization of customs, a more general participation by all in the opportunities of life, and a great extension of personal liberty and the impartial rule of law. Step by step, the influence of the West spread beyond Northwestern Europe. Russia and the Balkans began to feel it in the 18th century; enlightened rationalism and romantic sentimentalism simultaneously influenced the Scandinavians and the Slavs, the Spaniards and the Greeks. Europe as a cultural unit—from Gibraltar to the Urals, from Bergen to Morea—was a creation of the 18th century; it had never existed before. One hundred years later, even this framework seemed too narrow for modern Western civilization, with Asia coming within its orbit.

Yet under the surface deep and unreconciled differences of civilization persisted, and they began to reassert themselves in the present century. The resistance of Germany, Russia, and the Asian lands to Western influence, the very violence of their rejection of Western civilization and leadership, testifies to the strength and vitality of the West. Western civilization has frequently been attacked from the outside: in antiquity at the time of the Persian Wars and the Germanic invasions; later on when it was threatened by Arabs, Mongols, and Turks. Twice, under Alexander the Great and again at the beginning of the 18th century, the West itself took the offensive successfully, not only as a conqueror, but as the bearer of a new and unifying civilization. Now again Western civilization is under attack from the outside. But this time the attack seems to come from within, with the anti-Western forces borrowing their rhetoric, the aims they proclaim, and the machines they use, from their opponent. From their contact with the modern West, they know its weaknesses and exploit them; but because its spiritual core still eludes them or has been only imperfectly assimilated, they cannot grasp its enduring strength.

In flat contradiction with the "theory of decline," where the modern West is oldest it is strongest and most successful. Where we find decline is in the peripheral areas, lapsing from their Westernizing efforts of the 19th century into the old intolerance and arbitrary violence. Let us look more closely at Britain, America, and France on the one side, Germany and Russia on the other, to see these things in the concrete.

III

THE Puritan and Glorious Revolutions of 17th-century England laid the foundations of the new civilization of the West; the Enlightenment, radiating from Holland

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and France, broadened and universalized its principles. The new trends found their most propitious soil in the English colonies of North America. There the Puritan spirit, surviving the restoration of the monarchy in the mother country, made Locke its philosopher, and the ideal Nature of the 18th-century *philosophes* promised that better man and that good society impossible of realization in Europe's history-ridden and castle-cluttered landscape. The Anglo-Americans were the first to establish a nation on the basis of the new civilization.* Its characteristic features—a pluralistic and open society in place of an authoritarian uniformity of state and faith; reliance on the autonomy of the individual and voluntary association; a rationalistic and humanitarian regard for one's fellow man—gradually asserted themselves as the fruit of a long historical process. In England this type of modern society was the result of a long period of development from the Puritan Revolution to the great Liberal reform administrations; in the United States, it seemed the gift of a benevolent Nature.

But in another important area of the West, conditions were markedly different. Eighteenth-century France, authoritarian and absolutist (in spite of an older and more polished literature, a more numerous population, fertile soil, and better communications), contrasted unfavorably with a contemporary England strong in its assertion of individual liberty and religious tolerance. The Glorious Revolution and the establishment of parliamentary government in England almost coincided in time with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the zenith of monarchical absolutism in France. A French royal edict of April 1757 reaffirmed the death penalty for authors and printers of unauthorized books. Other royal edicts promulgated between 1764 and 1785 forbade the publication of any discussion of public finances, jurisprudence, or religion. Montesquieu and Voltaire were deeply influenced by the English example; their demands for a reform of government, though ignored by Louis XV and Louis XVI, inspired the enlightened policies of Frederick II of Prussia, Joseph II of Austria, and Catherine II of Russia.

The Revolution of 1789 tried to bridge the gap between rational idealism and obsolete reality by adapting English constitutionalism to French conditions. But the absolutist traditions of the monarchy and Church, and the abstract and uncompromising rationalism of the intellectuals, prevailed from 1792 on. The Glorious Revolution had united England, in spite of the diversity of opinions and interests, through a spirit of pragmatic compromise; the Constitution of the United States did the same for a people of diversified ethnic origins and religious allegiances; whereas the French Revolution of 1793 split France into two eternally warring camps. Robespierre and Napoleon as little understood the nature of modern civil society as the most reactionary followers of Throne and Altar looking back to the authoritarianism of the *ancien régime*. De Tocqueville noted that in the United States, Christianity and liberty seemed to feel at one, whereas in France they were found in opposite camps. The great achievements of 1789—the rights and liberties of the individual, the emancipation of conscience from authority, the open and civil character of society—though they set an example for the entire European continent, were time and again imperiled in France itself. French liberty has been menaced on the left all the way from the Jacobins to the revolutionary syndicalists, from Babeuf to the Communists; on the right, all the way from Joseph de Maistre to Charles Maurras, from Napoleon to Pétain, from Charles X's July Ordinances to the Dreyfus Affair. The French Revolution is "permanent" in the sense that it is always an issue, never having been accepted by significant sections of French society.

But though the achievements of 1789 were never secure in France and had to be defended against periodic attack, they tri-

*See this writer's *The Idea of Nationalism* (1944).

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umphantly reasserted themselves time and again. Their very insecurity and their constant reassertion made 19th-century France the inspiring exemplar and bulwark of modern Western civilization on the Continent. At the same time, there were always people ready to predict the "decline of the West." Immediately after the war of 1870, Ernest Renan expressed the fear that:

> France and even Britain—who at bottom suffer from the same malady [a weakening of the military spirit and the ascendancy of the spirit of commerce]—will soon be reduced to a secondary role; the stage of the European world will be exclusively occupied by a few colossal powers, the Germans and the Slavs, who have preserved the vigor of the military and leadership principles, and whose struggle will fill the future.

But such a fit of pusillanimity did not afflict other French liberals, and Renan himself threw it off when the first shock of the defeat of 1870 had worn off.

Since the 18th century, no other great nation on the Continent has had a public opinion so like that of the English-speaking countries as France. Its sense of proportion, respect for reason and practicality, vigilant interest in politics, and distrust of authority repeatedly prevailed over the attraction of the authoritarian theories that the French intellectuals brilliantly formulated, and over the ambitions of military heroes temporarily acclaimed by an enthusiastic populace.

IV

A STRONG public opinion of this kind has existed neither in Germany nor in Russia. In the 18th century, intellectual Germany had been an integral part of Western Europe. But the Enlightenment, which transformed the political and social structure of Britain and France, remained in Germany a purely moral and metaphysical movement. The political and social structure of the German lands was modernized only in the second half of the 19th century, when the influence of the Enlightenment's humanitarian individualism and tolerant rationalism were no longer dominant. Powerful tendencies in German thought, arising out of the war against Napoleon, rejected the civil society of England and America and the French Declaration of Rights of 1789, proclaiming instead the superiority of "indigenous" German thought and morality.

Only a few years before, all of Germany's greatest minds—Lessing and Wieland, Klopstock and Herder, Schiller and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Goethe and Kant—despite all their differences, had upheld the pacifism and cosmopolitanism of the Enlightenment. In the same year in which Goethe celebrated America's freedom from the fetters of a feudal past, he spurned the romantic nonsense of Gothicism. "Greek mythology," he declared, "is the most highly conceived embodiment of the best and purest kind of humanity. It merits greater praise than an ugly diabolism and witchery that could only spring from a confused imagination in somber and anxiety-ridden periods. . . ." He regarded French culture as the most vital of his time, and expected it to exercise a great moral influence on the world. With Olympian loftiness he surveyed the civilizations of the world and preferred the ancient Greek and modern French. The intensity and splendor that German intellectual life attained at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century it attained as an integral part of Western civilization.

But after 1812 an anti-Western attitude began to predominate in Germany. Though the "Westernizers"—to borrow a term from Russian and Asian intellectual life—were always numerous, they were unable to influence decisively the political and intellectual development of Germany. Politically, the center shifted from Western Germany, which had once made part of the Roman Empire, to the eastern marches that the Germans had conquered from the Slavs in the later Middle Ages. There, on the exiguous and sandy soil of Brandenburg, a Spartan effort of will and discipline created the great military power of Prussia. Prussian Junkerdom brought the methods of rationalist efficiency to the service of an irrational idolization of power; "reason of state" provided the basis not only for the political

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but also for the moral and intellectual life of the nation. The supposed necessities of the state became the supreme consideration in domestic and foreign policy. Whatever served the state was good—such was the higher Prussian morality. A number of German intellectuals found in the Prussian army, with its spirit of fellowship and discipline, security and devotion to the common good, the model of a "true" socialism.

THIS idolization of power and the state—to which the greatest German philosopher and the greatest German historian of the 19th century contributed—was supported by the seemingly contradictory "individualism" of German romanticism. "Western" individualism is rational and Christian: in 17th-century England it based itself on the religious conception of the dignity and equality of all individuals created in the image of God; in 18th-century France, on the rational conception of the equal rights of all men endowed with a reason that is one for the whole of mankind. Romantic individualism in Germany, however, stressed the unique and exceptional character of the individual, his peculiar endowments and rights. For Goethe personality had meant "to realize within oneself the idea of mankind, the timeless essence of the human race, and to raise oneself to the level of a symbolical representative of eternal humanity." Personality in this sense willingly submitted to universal standards; but in the German romantic meaning, the individual became a law unto himself and his passions and desires, provided they were strong enough, were regarded as self-validating. Later on, the state or the nation, understood as an organic individual of a higher kind, was endowed with the same unique character and rights.

The victories of Bismarck and the triumphs of German arms up to the last months of World War I seemed to confirm this belief in Germany's moral and intellectual superiority over the West. Leading German intellectuals of the period expressed it, men of a generally liberal turn of mind and fully conversant with world history and literature. In 1915, in his *Händler und Helden*, Werner Sombart made this comparison of "English shopkeepers" and "German heroes":

> German thought and feeling expresses itself first and foremost in a complete rejection of everything that even approaches English or West European thought and feeling. With complete antipathy, with the deepest disdain, the German spirit rises up against the English-born ideas of the 18th century. German thinkers have at all times rejected all forms of utilitarianism and eudaimonism. The German heroic concept lays emphasis on duty; it looks on the state not as a contrivance for securing happiness, but as an organism, a spiritual whole.

In 1917 Thomas Mann approached this same German-Western antagonism from a different side. Writing on Dostoevsky, whom he regarded as the representative of the true Russia (which is why he was convinced that Russia after the democratic revolution of March 1917 could not become a democratic and socialist republic on the Western pattern), Mann pointed out, in his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, the common opposition of Germany and Russia to the West:

> Has anybody ever understood the human meaning of nationalism in a more German way than the greatest Russian moralist? Are not the Russian and German attitudes towards Europe, the West, civilization, politics, and democracy closely akin? Haven't we Germans also our Slavophils and Westernizers? If spiritual affinity can be the basis and justification of political alliances, then Russia and Germany belong together; their agreement now, their union in the future, has been since the beginning of this war the desire and dream of my heart. It is more than a desideratum: it is a political and spiritual necessity if the Anglo-American alliance should endure.

THE unexpected defeat of 1918 only deepened the crisis of Western civilization in Germany. For disillusioned German youth, the Western values so eagerly opposed and almost vanquished only a short while ago offered no foundation on which to build a new life. Those of the older generation who upheld the ideals of the West lacked the strength to act upon them under the difficult conditions that prevailed. The English

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novelist D. H. Lawrence, traveling in Germany in 1928, wrote to a friend:

> Immediately you are over the Rhine, the spirit of the place has changed. . . . It is as if the life had retreated eastwards. As if the Germanic life were slowly ebbing away from contact with Western Europe, ebbing to the desert of the East. And there stand the heavy, ponderous round hills of the Black Forest . . . you look at them from the Rhine plain, and know that you stand on an actual border, up against something. . . . So must the Roman soldiers have watched these black massive round woods. A fear of their own opposite. . . . Something has happened. The old spell of the old world has broken, and the old bristling savage spirit has set in, a still older flow has set in. Back, back to the savage polarity of Tartary, and away from the polarity of civilized Christian Europe. . . . Not that the people are actually planning or plotting or preparing. I don't believe it for a minute. Something has happened to the human soul, beyond all help. The human soul recoiling from unison, and making itself strong elsewhere. The ancient spirit of prehistoric Germany coming back, at the end of history.

Three years later the German philosopher Karl Jaspers declared, in *The Spiritual Situation of Our Time*, that Germany—following Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and Spengler—felt itself face to face with nothingness.

> People are coming to believe that everything is breaking down; there is nothing that can't be questioned; nothing that is real stands the test; it is an endless whirl that consists in cheating others and oneself by means of ideologies.

Faced with this nihilism—the roots of which went back to the Romantics and Hegel, to historicism and materialism, to thinkers and movements in no way nihilistic themselves—the Germans turned away completely from Western civilization and sought an absolute security in the unconsciousness of the blood and of past history, of the soil and of dogmatic faith.

But when the new war against the West again ended in disastrous defeat, the Western spirit was still a strong enough element in the German tradition to awaken in many Germans a desire to return to Goethe—the name signifying not so much the man and the poet in his unique greatness as a temper and state of mind. The outward conditions for a Western reorientation of Germany seemed auspicious: Prussia no longer existed as a state, the wish that the Prussian Herder had expressed in 1769—"States like Prussia will never be happy until they are divided up"—having been fulfilled; and Germany's center of gravity had shifted back to the West where it had been during most of her history. Many elements in Germany which for a hundred years had sneered at the moral and spiritual debility of the civilization of the West, now seek Germany's salvation in a revival of that spirit inside her borders. For this venture to succeed, Germany must break with the precedents of 1813, 1848, and 1870, and place individual liberty above the power of a unified nation-state.

V

The situation was different in Russia. Peter I had tried to overcome by force the inertia and backwardness which he found among the Russians. A century later, after the Napoleonic Wars, Western ideas began to penetrate more deeply into the consciousness of the small educated class. The discrepancy that was revealed between Western ideals and the actual conditions of Russia led to a quest for the meaning of Russian history and an examination of Russia's relation to Europe. Unfamiliar with the social and political realities of the West, judging it irresponsibly as a purely intellectual entity, as an idea and only as an idea, many Russians began to view Europe with a critical eye that caught the weaknesses but missed the strength. The Russian intelligentsia's greater remoteness from the West, their extremist disdain of common sense and "bourgeois" attitudes, caused them to exceed the Germans in their superiority feelings and apocalyptic expectations. Thomas G. Masaryk, who knew Russia better than any other contemporary thinker, deplored the unself-critical boastfulness and lack of moderation in much of Russian thought. He found the Russian rationalists as mystically inclined as the Orthodox theologians; in turn-

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ing away from traditional Orthodoxy they had only changed the object of their faith. A century ago Alexander Herzen saw the underlying affinity between the Russian autocratic government and the Russian revolutionary movement:

> It has been remarked that an opposition leading a frontal attack upon a government always has, in an inverted form, something of the character of its antagonist. I think there is some justification for the fear that the Russian government is beginning to have of Communism: Communism is the Russian autocracy turned upside down.

The word "nihilism" was first popularized in the early 1860's by Turgenev in his novel *Fathers and Sons,* which described a younger generation that finds not "a single convention of our present-day existence, in family or social life, that does not call for complete and ruthless rejection." The "nihilists" called themselves "new men" or "thinking realists"; but they were as unrealistic and absolutist in their materialism and negativism as the older generation had been in its idealism and Slavophilism. An extreme optimism inspired the Russian youth and their teacher, Nikolai Gavrilovich Chernyshevsky: "We are still ignorant, but we shall learn—we shall become brothers and sisters." But through the dialectics of extremism, they arrived at the very opposite of liberty: "After having started from unlimited liberty," Shigalev says in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed,* "I finally arrived at unlimited despotism."

Yet in spite of all the difficulties, Western influence was slowly gaining in Russia, and Russian society underwent a transformation after 1880. World War I and the defeat of the Russian armies made the reform of Russian society an immediate necessity before the Russian people were ready for it. The Westernizing revolution of March 1917 was followed only a few months later by a mobilization of the un-Europeanized masses. Masaryk saw from the beginning that Lenin's revolution had destroyed the hopes for the Europeanization of Russia. He regarded Leninism as a product of Russian backwardness, and its theory of revolution, in which he detected much of Bakunin, as primitive and barbaric. "An unpolitical, wholly unscientific infallibility is the basis of the Bolshevik dictatorship," he wrote in 1920; "a regime that quails before criticism and fears to recognize thinking men stands self-condemned."

VI

In the second quarter of the 20th century the unexpected had happened. Modern civilization—based upon the rights of the individual, tolerance of diversity, and freedom of inquiry—lost much of the ground it had gained in the preceding one hundred years. This temporary decline was abetted by the transformation which some fundamental Western concepts underwent in the climate of Central and Eastern Europe and Asia: the nation-state of the West, born out of a struggle by the people for constitutional liberties and the tolerance of opposition, had meant a society of free citizens based on laws; whereas the new nationalism, stressing collective power and national unity, tended to mean independence from foreign domination rather than liberty at home.

A disregard of individual rights and an extreme utopian impatience characterized intellectual and economic developments in the extra-Western areas. In the United States, Britain, Switzerland, and Scandinavia —the "capitalistic" countries—social reforms secured a high standard of living for the working class and their participation in political life. In Russia, Italy, Germany, and Spain, the anti-"plutocratic" movements, which were fundamentally anti-Western and represented in varying degree an amalgamation of "nationalism" and "socialism," turned the nation into an armed camp. "Socialism" was expected to beget a new man who would rise triumphant over egotistic "individualism." The emphasis placed on the collectivity instead of the individual, on force instead of compromise, on salvation instead of responsible realism, combined with an overestimation of the possibilities of a rationalized efficiency in the state and economy, encouraged an expectation that utopias could be

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set up here and now, or at least in the very near future. Existing society and civilization were distrusted and contemned. Faith in the magic power of national or social revolution and the currency of all sorts of chiliastic sentimentalities led to the invention of new social myths which demanded group loyalty based upon homogeneity of origin, similarity of conditions of life, and supposed identity of interest. Nationalities and classes were set apart and declared to be irrevocably different and antagonistic; to fulfill their destinies they needed the leadership of daring minorities who understood the "mission" with which they had been "entrusted" by history.

In the summer of 1940 Europe seemed lost to Western civilization. The "young" and "anti-capitalistic" nations, under the leadership of Hitler and Stalin, Mussolini and Franco, ruled the length and breadth of the continent, with the exception of the Swiss and Swedish enclaves. The "old" and "decaying plutocracies" seemed routed. Yet Britain held firm, and together with the United States went on to liberate much of Europe. Though Western civilization had lost in geographical extent, it gained in historical self-understanding from the ordeals it underwent. It learned to distrust the hypnotizing power of the incantatory oversimplifications. It had cast off the easy illusions of the 19th century. The strength of the forces that always threatened Western civilization was now better understood.

VII

THE West's encounter with other civilizations brings not only a threat, it is also an experience that may set free new creative energy. Modern civilization in the 19th century believed itself so unchallenged that a smug overestimation of material progress threatened to smother that independence of personality so essential to the Western spirit. This spirit had grown out of a disquiet, an intellectual "inquietude," a pioneering spontaneity of the human mind that was not afraid of loneliness and dissent. The French scholar Paul Hazard, who in his *La Crise de la Conscience Européenne, 1680-1715,* described some of the birthpangs of the modern West, defined it as "a thought which is never satisfied. Without self-pity, it ceaselessly pursues its two quests, one towards happiness, the other, which is even more indispensable and dear to it, towards truth. Scarcely has it found an estate that satisfies this double requirement when it becomes aware, when it knows, that it still has only an insecure grip on something temporary and relative; and it returns to that desperate search which is its glory and its torment."

Communism, fascism, and other authoritarian and dogmatic creeds wish to relieve men of this glory and torment of maturity. They may make life "easier" and create a type of "well-adjusted" man, though this is very doubtful. They may give material and psychological security—though in no country as yet have they shown any real signs of providing either. They may avoid economic crises, though for the most part they create historical ones. But for modern Western man this proffer of regimented bliss holds little attraction, nor does he, except for a small defeatist minority, believe in the imminent doom of total crisis. The events of the 20th century have destroyed his complacency. They have led him to study and scrutinize the roots, premises, and implications of his intellectual and social attitudes; the humanities and the history of ideas have assumed a new importance. In their light he begins to view the crisis in historical perspective. In the hour of danger he feels the need for a closer unity of the nations bordering on the North Atlantic, the birthplace of modern civilization. He wishes to transcend narrow nationalisms that are inconsistent with the best traditions of the modern West. With all its promises and dangers, modern civilization appears to him as a young and recent venture, the possibilities of which have in no way been exhausted. Far from the West's having passed into its senescence, as all the criers of doom have been telling us, we have good grounds for asserting the conviction that it is only just now entering into the period of its vigorous maturity.

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CAN EISENHOWER FORM A GOVERNMENT?

He's Learning, and He Keeps His Popular Support

HAROLD LAVINE

HARDLY anyone still likes Ike, except the voters. For what they're worth the public opinion polls all insist that Dwight D. Eisenhower is even more popular right now than he was on Election Day. On May 20, George Gallup reported that 74 per cent of the men and women his pollsters had questioned approved of the President; two weeks later, on June 3, he went further: only 16 per cent had any criticism to make of anything the President had done. That anyone could have attained such perfection in the minds of the voters may sound incredible; yet on Capitol Hill, Republicans and Democrats alike believe that Dr. Gallup's figures are probably right; many Democrats, in fact, are seriously considering the possibility of running for reelection next year with the slogan: "Ike needs more Democrats in Congress to carry out his program."

Mr. Eisenhower's popularity is all the more astonishing because among the politically minded—and especially in Washington—the Eisenhower administration generally is considered a bitter joke. The cries of disaster echo down the corridors of the Capitol, the Pentagon, the State Department—almost everywhere one goes, except of course the White House. Washington correspondents usually are fence-sitters on principle; holding a strong opinion is a luxury that few feel they can afford, since they must stay on friendly terms with everyone. Yet the National Press Club bar, where the correspondents congregate, has now become a wailing wall. If the overwhelming majority of the voters approve of the Eisenhower administration, the overwhelming majority of the men who write the stories and newscasts on which the voters base their views disapprove. One of the most widely syndicated of the Washington columnists customarily refers to Mr. Eisenhower himself as "that pot of military mush."

On the Hill, the Democrats in general and the New Dealers in particular, who stand foursquare on the principle that any Republican administration is a national calamity, naturally are gloating now, "We told you so." The New Dealers are full of dire predictions that Mr. Eisenhower eventually will turn all the federal government's lands and resources into a great big grab-bag for private industry; that not a law for regulating industry will be enforced; that not a dam or power line will be constructed. They consider it only a matter of time before the Smoot-Hawley tariff law is resurrected. They profess to fear that, in order to balance the budget and reduce taxes, the Republicans will gradually emasculate the nation's armed forces and destroy the foreign-aid program. As they watch farm prices sag and interest rates climb, they dourly foresee another great depression.

WHO likes Ike? Well, nobody, really, HAROLD LAVINE suggests here—except only the voters, with whom Eisenhower is still at least as popular as he was last November. Mr. Lavine, associate editor of *Newsweek*, analyzes the difficulties and internal strains that have faced the Eisenhower administration so far, recounting not only the errors made but the lessons learned. This is the third in a series of appraisals of the American political climate, since the Eisenhower revolution, which seasoned analysts of various shades of political belief are contributing to our pages. Preceding articles have been Robert Bendiner's "The Liberals' Political Road Back" (May 1953) and A. H. Raskin's "The Outlook for Labor Under Eisenhower" (April 1953). In an early issue, J. K. Galbraith will write on Eisenhower and the Conservative Revolution, with special reference to economic policy.

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The attitude of the Democrats is such a mixed one it sometimes borders on the neurotic. Hearing the reports from back home about Mr. Eisenhower's popularity with the voters, they are almost convinced they'll never return to power unless their predictions of disaster come true; consequently, as professional politicians, they can't help feeling a certain satisfaction whenever cattle prices drop another cent. On the other hand, as Americans, they can't help wanting the Eisenhower administration to succeed.

By and large, the Republicans in Congress are only a little more pleased about the Eisenhower administration. The small band of liberal-minded, internationalist Republicans—the men who were known as "Eisenhower Republicans" long before his return from Europe—naturally expected to come into their own when he moved into the White House; instead, they have seen their influence steadily dwindle. Nor is the Republican right wing too happy. If the Democrats, New Dealers, and "Eisenhower Republicans" can point to a dozen compromises that Mr. Eisenhower has made with liberal Republican principles, the right-wing Republicans can point to scores that Mr. Eisenhower has made with the Republican platform, starting with his failure to repudiate the Yalta agreement. The more extreme right-wingers put it quite simply: "We're against socialism, whether it's Democratic socialism or Republican socialism." And every right-winger is anguished by the failure to balance the budget and cut taxes.

At the Pentagon, the anti-administration feeling is particularly intense. The admirals and generals are less disturbed by what the administration has been doing than by what they fear it still will do. One reason is that neither Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson nor his assistant Roger M. Kyes have made any secret of their conviction that most of the admirals and generals are incompetent to plan a defense program or even comment on one. Another is that former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson made everyone in the Pentagon allergic to dissertations on how this nation's greatest security lies in her economic system. The Johnson concept, which Wilson and Kyes share, found the United States a second-rate military power when the Korean war broke out; there was a bad moment, in fact, when the North Korean army seemed capable of driving the United States army into the Sea of Japan.

Nor do the Pentagon brass have too much faith in Mr. Eisenhower himself. No Air Force, Navy, or Marine Corps officer ever could put full trust in a former five-star army general; the rivalries between the services are too intense for that. Moreover, although this is not widely realized, Mr. Eisenhower was not a popular chief of staff; a chief of staff must be a bear for detail, and Mr. Eisenhower dislikes detail.

The aspect of the Eisenhower administration that creates the most heat in Washington is the President's failure to isolate and destroy Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Among the New Dealers and liberal Republicans (and this is true even in the White House), Senator McCarthy has become an obsession. The New Dealers seem to consider him the secret ruler of the United States government, bent on driving the nation to fascism; and the liberal Republicans are convinced that he plans to wreck the Eisenhower administration so that he can grab the Republican Presidential nomination for himself in 1956. In government agencies, McCarthy is the Devil incarnate; rightly or wrongly, government workers insist that, in drawing up new security regulations satisfactory to McCarthy, Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. opened the way to destruction of the civil service. Morale is particularly bad in the State Department, which has been McCarthy's principal target. And there is burning resentment in the Foreign Service over the failure of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to protect career officers against his attacks.

How explain this disparity between the anti-administration feeling among the politically minded and professionals and Mr. Eisenhower's overwhelming popularity with the ordinary voters?

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THE first and, perhaps, the principal explanation is one that was completely obscured by the premeditated passion of the Presidential campaign: hardly anyone *ever* liked Ike, once he started running for the Republican nomination, except the voters. The Democratic politicians favored Mr. Eisenhower only as long as they believed he was a Democrat; the New Dealers only while they harbored the delusion that he was a New Dealer. The Washington correspondents started turning against him the moment he revealed that he was a mortal, and not the deity they had been depicting. And the vast majority of professional Republican politicians never had much use for him; they accepted him as the Republican candidate reluctantly—and with many misgivings—only because they rightly suspected that most of the voters liked him.

None of these groups ever expected Mr. Eisenhower to run an administration they could approve of; if they are griping now, it's because they haven't been disappointed.

Nor have the voters been disappointed. New Dealers, of course, will insist that by and large the voters didn't know what they were doing when they voted for Mr. Eisenhower, because they had been so completely hoodwinked by a campaign of deception plotted in the offices of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune,* and Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; and they will add that, if the voters now seem satisfied with Mr. Eisenhower, that is only because the Luce publications and B., B., D. & O. have succeeded in continuing to keep them hoodwinked. To those who oppose the administration from the left, this is, unquestionably, a satisfying theory—but it does not accord with the facts.

Actually, the American people did not vote for the rhetoric of Mr. Eisenhower's *Time-Life-Fortune* speech writers, nor for the pyrotechnics of B., B., D. & O. Nor did they, as most of Mr. Eisenhower's right-wing critics maintain, vote for the Republican platform. They voted for Dwight D. Eisenhower, the man.

He seemed a man they could trust. For that is Mr. Eisenhower's most striking personal quality; whether justifiably or not, he inspires trust. He manages to project a feeling of utter sincerity that can make his worst banalities sound like the Sermon on the Mount. And what did he promise during the campaign? He promised to run a middle-of-the-road administration that would neither turn backward toward "Hooverism" nor race toward "socialism." He promised to rid the government of Communists and fellow-travelers without endangering civil liberties. He promised to end inflation by balancing the budget, and eventually to reduce taxes. He promised a clean government and an efficient one; a foreign policy that not only would halt Communist aggression but that also would liberate the satellites. Most important of all, perhaps, he promised to find a way out of the blind alley in Korea.

That wasn't a program to satisfy either the Chicago *Tribune* or the New York *Post,* but it was precisely what the American people wanted. And, believing in Mr. Eisenhower, they believed implicitly that he would do his best to carry it out.

MR. EISENHOWER remains popular because the American people haven't changed: they still believe in his program, and they still trust him to carry it out. For what has the President done actually to undermine that faith? Take Korea, perhaps the principal issue of the campaign: Senator William F. Knowland may consider the cease-fire a betrayal of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek; George E. Sokolsky may predict that it will make the entire country Communist in a year. The average American who voted for Mr. Eisenhower did so because he wanted the war over with. While Knowland talks and Sokolsky writes, he cheers Ike.

Or take tidelands oil: there was moaning among Americans for Democratic Action when the President signed the tidelands oil bill, but, certainly, no one who voted for him could have shared ADA's grief. During the campaign, Mr. Eisenhower had made it crystal-clear what his views were on the issue. Nor is there any reason to believe,

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as the New Dealers insist, that if the voters supported Mr. Eisenhower's views, it was only because of lying propaganda.

Granting, however, that Mr. Eisenhower thus far has done nothing to undermine the average faith in him, the question still remains: is that faith justified? To say that no one listens to Knowland's and Sokolsky's dire predictions does not necessarily mean Knowland and Sokolsky are wrong. Wisdom is not always with the majority; the British cheered Chamberlain, and the French Daladier, when they returned from Munich bringing "peace in our time." Nor are the New Dealers necessarily wrong about tidelands oil simply because they were defeated at the polls; there have been Republican giveaway programs before, including one called Teapot Dome.

Moreover, it must be recognized that Mr. Eisenhower during his first six months in office actually was riding on the momentum of twenty years of the New Deal. He took over a government which, in spite of the Republican campaign orators, was a going concern. Whether or not the economy was fundamentally sound is a question that New Dealers and Republicans can argue endlessly; the fact remains that it created 62 million jobs and put money in 155 million pockets. Regardless of the virtues and defects of the Truman foreign policy, it still was a policy, and it was working well enough so that Mr. Eisenhower could take his time about figuring out a substitute. The defense program might have been wasteful and inefficient, but planes and tanks were coming off the assembly lines; there was such a backlog of appropriations that Wilson could argue that cutting the 1954 budget wouldn't affect the flow of arms.

However, the Eisenhower administration obviously cannot live on the momentum of the New Deal forever. Already, new problems are arising that will require new answers. The Eisenhower administration is not responsible for the drop in farm prices which began under Harry S. Truman, but if the decline continues the Eisenhower administration will have to figure out some way of stopping it—or else risk a farm depression. Nor can Mr. Eisenhower count on the nation's general prosperity to last forever. Overseas, the conditions which created Truman's foreign policy already are ceasing to exist. Mr. Eisenhower inherited a ready-made cease-fire plan from Truman, but now the problem of a political settlement in Korea—and perhaps a general settlement in the Far East—faces him. The death of Joseph Stalin brought a change in Soviet Russian tactics. It was Soviet intransigence that made the whole Western defense structure politically possible; with the Soviets now talking like relatively reasonable men—and the Europeans swooning before them like bobby-soxers—how long can this structure continue?

THE brutal fact, which even members of Mr. Eisenhower's inner circle will now privately admit, is that when he took office in January neither he nor the members of his Cabinet were competent to work out a program or get it through Congress. For one thing, they harbored a fundamental misconception of how the government operates. They believed literally in all the grade school maxims about the sharp division between the powers of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches. A good administration, they held, was one which could get all three branches working together in harmony. "Team" was a standard word in all their conversations. Like sixth-grade civics teachers, they repeated over and over again, "Congress passes the laws, and the President only executes them." They actually seemed to feel that a President had no responsibility with respect to legislation except to say what he thought it should be. Having said his say, he could then go off fishing and leave the rest to Congress. Similarly, as members of the executive branch, they assumed that Congress, having passed the legislation under which they were to work, would then keep hands off them.

Allied with this was an incredible naivety about the nature of the two-party system. Again, the word that Mr. Eisenhower constantly used to describe the Republican party

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was "team." He realized that certain differences of opinion existed within the Republican party, but the basic fact that both the Republican and Democratic parties were really coalitions seemed to escape him. That a Republican could actually be more opposed to his policies and more intractable than a Democrat was as inconceivable to him as that a West Point fullback could deliberately fumble the ball to let Navy win.

Most important of all, the Eisenhower administration suffered from a delusion which invariably infects the minority party until it becomes the majority—the delusion that any difficulties that the United States may have got into were simply the result of incompetence, stupidity, venality, and, perhaps, treason in high places. Vastly oversimplified, the administration's thinking went something like this: the budget has grown tremendously because the Truman administration was full of crooks who robbed the people blind; taxes are high because these New Dealers believe in high taxes and hate widows and orphans; the war in Korea has reached a stalemate because, for some mysterious reason, Dean Acheson didn't want to win it; the Communists rule China because Owen Lattimore had a desk in the State Department; Poland is a Soviet satellite because Franklin D. Roosevelt was senile and dying when he went to Yalta and, besides, he was a tool of Alger Hiss.

THE Eisenhower administration has since learned better. Mr. Eisenhower's education, in fact, started even before his inauguration. Fulfilling a campaign promise, he went to Korea and there found himself facing the same dilemma that had baffled Truman: the stalemate could be broken, but it would take more troops, more guns, more tanks, more planes, more ships—and, especially, more casualties. Nor would reaching the Yalu mean victory: as long as the mainland of China remained unconquered, all the United Nations would have achieved was a new stalemate along a longer line, pinning down more troops. To attack the Chinese mainland meant to risk a third world war—without allies and a continent away from the real enemy, Soviet Russia.

Confronted with these facts, Mr. Eisenhower reached the same conclusion Truman had—to continue the stalemate and work for a cease-fire based on the Indian proposal.

The second step in the Eisenhower administration's education came with the attempt to repudiate Yalta. That didn't prove as simple a problem as Mr. Eisenhower and his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, had thought, either. For, as they quickly discovered, Yalta wasn't a surrender; it was a contract, arrived at, like all contracts, after bargaining. The Communists may have proved better bargainers than Roosevelt, but they had made concessions, too.

However, the most important lesson the Eisenhower administration learned was how the United States government and the two-party system really operate. Congress and the executive just don't work as a team. They are constantly contending for power, and if one fights while the other keeps appeasing it, the latter will soon become a prisoner of the former. In his innocence, for example, Dulles thought he could gain the cooperation of Senator McCarthy by making McCarthy's trusted friend, Scott McCleod, his chief security officer. What he actually succeeded in doing was to give McCarthy veto power over second-string State Department appointments, and second, to whet his appetite for more power.

The first few months of the Eisenhower administration were punctuated by similar concessions to Congress, all designed to gain "cooperation." And they all had the same result: every concession simply led to demands by Congress for more power over the executive branch. The President finally got his back up when Senate Republicans decided to attach a rider to a minor appropriations bill under which the United States would automatically cut off appropriations for the United Nations if the UN voted to admit Red China. He suddenly realized that what Congress really wanted was to usurp his Constitutional power to conduct foreign policy, and that, unless the conces-

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sions to Congress stopped, the United States would become another France, with the government run not by three coordinate branches, but by the legislature alone—with the President an amiable figurehead.

Mr. Eisenhower had a similar experience when he attempted to carry out his campaign promise to balance the budget, halt inflation, and cut taxes without endangering the national defense. After examining the Truman budget, he realized that it didn't have enough fat to make a balanced budget possible immediately, but he decided that he could make a start toward a balanced budget by taking a calculated risk in defense expenditures. Suddenly, he found the whole success of his plan endangered by a determined old man on Capitol Hill, Representative Daniel A. Reed, who insisted on cutting taxes at once.

Again, the absurdity of the civics textbook maxims became apparent. If the President kept hands off Congress, the Reed tax cuts would go through. Then a balanced budget now or later would become absolutely out of the question without destroying the whole defense program. The idea that "Congress passes the laws, and the President only executes them," if followed literally meant abdicating as Chief Executive.

For just as a political party in the United States is not a party in the European sense, but a coalition, so a President of the United States is not merely the leader of his own party, but the leader of a coalition of voters (and cooperating leaders) in both parties, as well. Roosevelt could never have put his program through by relying on the Democrats alone. He was successful only when he could rally enough Republican voters behind his program to give him a majority of all the people. The right-wing opposition to Mr. Eisenhower within the GOP made him realize the necessity of following Roosevelt's course in reverse.

By June, Mr. Eisenhower had pretty much abandoned the misconceptions he brought into the White House with him. He not only accepted the necessity of taking an active part in the legislative process; he realized, further, that in doing so he would have to exert his leadership over the Republican party. His strength as leader came, of course, from his widespread popularity with the voters. And like Roosevelt, who had the same strength, he began to appeal over the heads of the Republicans in Congress and put his case before the voters.

Mr. Eisenhower's first objective was his defense budget. The Air Force, which had been cut the most, was fighting to have the cuts restored. Mr. Eisenhower went on the air to assure the American people that he believed the defense budget would not endanger the nation, and then he made a five-state swing to say the same thing. And that just about ended the battle of the budget. As one Senator put it, "I'm still sure the budget is inadequate, but who am I to argue with the hero of World War II?"

It seems, in fact, despite his early bumbling, that Mr. Eisenhower has learned to act like a President. He has learned that he must fight for what he believes, and that when he does fight the odds are with him: given his popularity, the majority of Democrats and Republicans in Congress usually will yield to his wishes.

One of his problems is that many of his Cabinet members haven't yet learned to act like Cabinet members. They have essentially a different problem. Unlike the President, they were never elected to anything. They can't count on voter support. Thus, they have to rely on persuasion to get Congress to let them operate their departments the way they want to.

This requires skill. It can't be done by constantly ducking for cover whenever Congress opens its mouth, which has been the Dulles technique. Nor will arrogance work. Wilson tried it: first, when his appointment came up for confirmation, and again when the Senate Armed Services Committee started considering the defense budget. The Senators beat his ears down both times, and when he appeared before them again he was a changed man—and a more effective one.

Wilson's troubles have arisen from the fact

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that he persists in thinking of the United States government as simply a bigger business. The first time he appeared before the Armed Services Committee, a Republican complained: "He keeps treating us like members of his board of directors." And, in fact, he constantly gave the impression that he was saying to himself: "Why should people like you have the right to cross-examine me? You're just a bunch of $15,000-a-year men. I hire and fire people like you every day in the week." Later, his attitude toward his new job was that it didn't differ greatly from his old one at General Motors; it was strictly a production job, only bigger. In fact, he told his predecessor, Robert A. Lovett, as much. "I take it this job is 95 per cent production and 5 per cent that other stuff," he said. And Lovett quietly replied: "No, it's 95 per cent that other stuff and 5 per cent production."

Like Wilson, most of Mr. Eisenhower's aides formerly were big businessmen, for Mr. Eisenhower shared the professional soldier's traditional veneration for big businessmen. They knew how to run things; they could get things done. As a result, several other members of the Cabinet have run into the same difficulties as Wilson. Quickest to learn how to operate in the government, perhaps, was Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, but Secretary of Agriculture Elmer Benson had an early lesson, too. Benson had very definite ideas about the New Deal program of farm subsidies; he was against them. And, perhaps, from the standpoint of pure economic theory he was right. As a practical matter, that didn't make a bit of difference. Few farmers are professors of economics, but every farmer can write his Congressman and every farmer can vote. Benson was finally forced to run for cover, taking his theories about free farm enterprise with him.

By now Mr. Eisenhower has lost some of his uncritical admiration for big businessmen. At the same time his respect for professional politicians has grown. As a soldier, he thought politicians a grubby lot; as President, he realizes they are specialists in government as much as big businessmen are specialists in production. A Senator Robert A. Taft may not know how to set up a tank assembly line, but he can get a bill passed.

THE odds are that, sooner or later, several of the present members of the Cabinet will go. That happens in the course of every administration. Roosevelt's first team was succeeded by a second, a third, and a fourth. Meanwhile, the changing national and world scene will have forced the Eisenhower administration to come to grips with the really difficult problem—developing a foreign and domestic program. No one could have predicted the New Deal from Roosevelt's campaign speeches: he was a balance-the-budget man. Nor could anyone have predicted from Truman's background as a border-state Democrat that he would turn left in the White House, too. It's not at all unlikely that Mr. Eisenhower will follow the course that Roosevelt and Truman took. He, too, is a pragmatist. Faced with a set of circumstances, he, too, is inclined to dump theory. At a recent press conference, for example, he was asked whether buying up surplus butter to maintain the price accorded with his ideas of free enterprise. His answer was a long and involved one, but he ended by saying that, after all, the butter-surplus program had succeeded in stabilizing the dairy industry at not too great a cost; in effect, what he said was: Why talk about free enterprise? The program works.

In adjusting himself to changing conditions, the President does have this in his favor: in the past six months, he seemingly has managed to liberate himself from many of his preconceptions. And, unlike Truman, he never was the prisoner of twenty years of accumulated suspicion and distrust. As long as hardly anyone continues to like Ike, except the voters, he will have a free hand.

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JEWISH GIVING IS COMING OF AGE

1953 Trends Show a New Stability and Constructiveness

HAL LEHRMAN

THIS is the mid-point in the fund-raising year. Finished are the spring drives of the welfare funds and federations for local, national, and foreign Jewish needs in nearly every American city; likewise pretty much concluded is the New York United Jewish Appeal campaign—these efforts, together, account for some 90 per cent of the year's national total for overseas and refugee needs. The year-round New York campaign of the Joint Defense Appeal, which raises money for the two largest defense agencies—the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith—has achieved more than half of its $2,000,000 goal, which in turn is 40 per cent of the national goal. Generally speaking, the multitudinous causes outside the welfare funds—new synagogues, hospitals and the like, Brandeis University, seminaries and yeshivas, Hadassah, other separate projects for Israel, and the building funds of Haifa Technion, Weizmann Institute, and the Hebrew University—are well launched in their campaigning for the year. The summer months bring a lull—and the appropriate moment for an appraisal.

One fact which emerges immediately is that giving is ampler, in most communities, and over-all. Based on present trends, it looks as if this year will be the first since 1948 to achieve a higher level in fund-raising than the previous year. This comes as a happy surprise. For most experts had assumed that the trend in "giver attitudes" pointed in the opposite direction, and there seemed to be justification for their alarmist predictions.

AS WE know, Jewish philanthropy in this country began with local welfare—care of the sick, the aged, the immigrant, and similar dependents—and became national and international because of such shocks from outside as foreign pogroms and anti-Semitism. "Federations" eventually arose to consolidate the local "charity" drives, and "welfare funds" to merge most of these with overseas "charities." As the frontiers of Jewish concern broadened, so did the network of welfare fund organizations (over 250 of them today) and of agencies and causes seeking funds through them.

With Hitler and World War II and the troubled first years of "peace," the amount American Jews spent on communal needs vastly increased. In 1946 the total obtained by the welfare funds and affiliated organs—$132,000,000—was more than double the previous year's; by 1948 it was an amazing $200,000,000. But thereafter the trend showed a steady decline, until by the end of 1952 it had fallen back to $120,000,000.

That was still an impressive sum, only 10 per cent less than the 1946 total. But causes, agency programs, and needs had not shrunk to anything like the 1946 level; and the burning question was: would the community acknowledge, financially, the need to

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AT THIS middle point in the Jewish fund-raising year, HAL LEHRMAN reports that earlier forebodings of a drying up of the wells of philanthropy, now that the shocks and emergencies of the Hitler period have abated, have proved illusory, and that this year is likely to be the first since 1948 to show an over-all increase as compared with the preceding year. Noting this fact, and some other even more significant developments in the attitudes and behavior of that key figure in all planning for the present need and future strength of Jewish community life—the campaign contributor—Mr. Lehrman gives his reasons for feeling that we may be entering a new, stable, and hearteningly constructive era in the history of the American Jewish community. Readers of COMMENTARY will be already familiar with the many articles—too many to enumerate—in which Mr. Lehrman has reported on Jewish life in this country, on the political and social problems of Israel, and on political developments in postwar Europe. Mr. Lehrman's book *Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow* was published by William Sloane in 1952. He was recently awarded, for the second time, a Guggenheim fellowship.

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continue providing a substantial measure of these increased services?

In 1949, when the down-turn began, the evidence seemed to indicate that the decline might slide steadily toward the pre-Hitler level. The fund-raising structure had expanded, as we have seen, primarily in response to the pressure of local charity and foreign distress. The first was turning increasingly into a sphere of municipal, state, and federal concern, and with the general improvement of Jewish economic status in America much of the need for local charity might disappear entirely. Overseas, the Nazis had been defeated, the survivors rescued, and the State of Israel brought into being; fatigue and indifference were setting in. There was a real danger, many said, that the "bubble" would burst.

Two courses of action became unspoken but basic policy: first, curtailment and streamlining of "over-extended" programs—"over-extended" not in relation to need but because the fund-raising possibilities were felt to be so much scantier. "You must cut your coat to fit the cloth," the insiders said. Second, a search for fresh emergencies with which to arouse a jaded community. Fear, rather than an appeal to self-improvement and greater self-awareness, had to continue as the main lever of communal financing.

THE great news is that, in a single year, the prospect has changed. The miracle is attested not only by specialists in community financing whose judgments are sometimes swayed by hope and prayer, but also by the observations of itinerant reporters like myself, whose researches have been facilitated by occasional service as a speaker at campaign functions. At such gatherings one particular tableau repeats itself with almost comic frequency. There is always someone to get up and ask: "How long does this go on?" But then there is always another man who replies: "As long as you're alive, anyway. Let's thank God we can afford it. . . ." And it is the second man who is expressing the mood of the gathering.

The "guest speaker" talks about the "emergency," but his listeners think of it less and less as that: it has become part of the permanent pattern of the world in which they live, and they are committed to it as to rent or taxes. Some large givers may have cut their pledges below last year's, but very often, one will find on examination, only because they have also been tapped this year outside the welfare fund for the new synagogue's building fund or Yeshiva Medical or a longer swimming pool at the community center.

This acceptance of the need to maintain steady giving has been reflected also, as far as local leadership is concerned, in their attitude as *planners*. The old refrain that "we'll have to slash costs regardless" is rarely heard now. Fanciful goals designed to lure bigger gifts have given way to realistic ones, on the assumption that the givers are "growing up." One can record, too, the strengthening of an earlier trend toward acceptance of the need for expanding services in fields like Jewish education as well as welfare causes: Jewish culture is coming to be more and more a communal as well as a private responsibility. And the declining relative assistance from community chests in recent years and the slackening off of governmental aid have persuaded us that the need to "take care of our own" will not disappear after all.

THE causes of the present developments are diverse. Habit has something to do with it—the habit of giving year after year, the habit of asking others to give, and of having annually to reexamine the needs in order to distribute funds equitably. Awareness has spread, too, that the imposing edifice built up during the era of campaign "prosperity" was seriously endangered. At the same time it is being felt that high-pressure tactics in a period of slackened contributions may have brought in more dollars but perhaps cost too much in the alienation of givers and, worse, in the unwillingness of embarrassed top donors to continue in the spotlight as campaign executives when they were reducing their own gifts. Former volunteer workers who could not have been dragged back with wild horses a year or two ago have lately been returning, reassured by the shift of emphasis from maximum pledging to maximum service and cooperation. Another factor has been the emergence of a younger leadership, in the thirty-five to forty-five age bracket.

The changing policies of opinion-shaping organizations have had their effect, too.

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For instance, the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds (CJFWF), an influential, nationwide coordinating group, has taken the lead in urging consideration of the basic, long-range development of each community's pattern of services. Local professionals on the executive-director level are often guiding the lay element with greater boldness rather than "playing safe" by merely anticipating the leadership's wishes. Perhaps an even more beneficial influence has been the transformation of the United Jewish Appeal's approach to individual communities in the past two years.

Hectoring, domineering tactics have been repudiated. The UJA now concedes that the American Jewish community has other purposes, values, and reasons for existing besides producing money and moral support for Israel. While still relying on the appeal to emotion, the UJA has even begun to suggest that overseas philanthropy is not simply a matter of crises and emergencies, but a steady obligation. Privately, if not publicly, the UJA has also begun to tell Israel that she, too, has an obligation—to take the structure and traditions of the American community into account. Along with this, the CJFWF, especially through its Institute of Overseas Studies, has been stressing the legitimate interest of American Jewry in seeing its aid put to the best use in Israel through efficient programs and sound overall economic policies. All such approaches have given domestic fund-raising a new dignity, and its leaders and rank and file a new responsibility and a sense of dedication.

THE millennium, I need hardly say, is still far off. Competition still rages among rival agencies. The contending advocates of "Israel First" and of local needs are still driving hard bargains. In the struggle over appropriations for "defense" work in the community relations field, the battle is bitterer than ever. Many, if not most, of the individual contributors still give largely or wholly out of a concern for status, under social pressure, rather than because of knowledge and conviction. And the "crisis" motif is still held to be the best bet in soliciting donations. Certainly the most potent single campaign theme, especially at the year's beginning, was a highly emotional one—that of rescuing Jews from behind the Iron Curtain. Indeed, when Moscow reversed itself on the "doctors' plot," one earnest volunteer worker I know—and for whose devotion to Jewish welfare many can vouch—reacted with a spontaneous cry of anguish: "This can ruin the campaign!"

It did not—perhaps because few Jews were ready to believe in Moscow's good intentions. Pointing out that Soviet policy could again be reversed overnight, the UJA rightly insisted the Communist peril still had a high priority as far as Jews were concerned. If the Kremlin should permit Jewish emigration, then large funds would be needed for transport and resettlement. If the Kremlin refused to let them go, then more than two million Jews would continue to live in danger, and funds would still be needed to seek and broaden all possible avenues of escape.

Early evidence of the strength of Jewish feeling came in mid-February at Miami Beach, where some six hundred vacationing community leaders and "big givers" pledged more than $14,000,000 to a national "Inaugural Meeting" whose theme was the East European peril. Much of this represented increases over the same donors' 1952 gifts. The Miami pace set an example for home communities, especially in the East and larger Midwest cities, and was picked up on the Pacific Coast too. Philadelphia and Cleveland in particular went all out, the latter raising its campaign goal by 15 per cent.

And, of course, the Soviet attack on Jews became quite appropriately the major campaign appeal of the "defense" agencies, primarily concerned as these were with exposing and checking anti-Semitism at home and abroad.

As the campaign months went by, there was a natural slowing of momentum, but only the exceptional Jew protected himself against the fund-raiser by invoking Malenkov-Beria's recantation. As one campaign director put it, "I have yet to hear of a single prospect who has used the excuse that 'Russia loves the Jews now!'"

AMONG thoughtful community leaders, however, some concern was felt about the prominence given to the Iron Curtain issue on the appeal for overseas funds. Even strictly from the fund-raising point of view, it was believed regrettable that once again

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an emotional appeal was being exploited. Would it not have been more desirable, it was asked, especially at a moment when American Jewry seemed to be reaching toward philanthropic maturity, to make the campaign more of a long-range educative instrument rather than just another call to arms? Certainly money was needed to rescue as many Jews as possible, and to strengthen Israel as their haven. But this was an argument that might boomerang. After all, 1953 was not 1943. Today borders were closed, and each Soviet satellite was also a police state. Of course, there was always the possibility that legal emigration might be restored by another paradoxical twist in Kremlin policies, and rescue plans and a "war chest" had to be kept ready. Yet the sheer weight of the campaign literature and oratory could not help but make it appear that some form of substantial rescue work was contemplated now, and such an impression, it was feared, could cause serious resentment among contributors if it proved illusory.

Then, too, the campaign's preoccupation with Eastern Europe stirred anxiety that Israel, and American Jewish understanding of Israel's real needs, might suffer. If Israel is so much talked of as a potential haven for new refugees, might that not obscure the many good reasons why Israel had to be helped in terms of her own pressing needs?

Moscow's hostility had encouraged Arab belligerence—further swelling Israeli expenditures on military preparedness—and weakened Israel's bargaining position in the cold war. Washington might tend now to regard Israel as "in the bag," unable to resist pressures for Arab appeasement or to insist on American aid. Israeli currency had dropped to a new low, prices and unemployment were at new highs. A deflationary policy had successfully reduced private spending—but also state revenue. Little real progress was being made on production for export (to earn foreign exchange) or production for local use (to save foreign exchange). New investment capital, though desperately needed, remained sluggish. The foreign exchange budget,* established to restore financial moderation, was already askew because—among other things—of the delay in German reparations deliveries. Foreign exchange expenditures had been fixed at near minimum to keep consumption down, service the operating plant, and spur some new economic expansion. Emergency drainage of foreign currency to feed and maintain the Israelis might disastrously upset these calculations for economic development.

Such problems, requiring free UJA dollars, were entirely distinct from that of preparing Israel as a haven for still more refugees, and would take a long time to solve. Thus American Jewry would have to be patient, understanding—and generous—for years to come.

Yet even as late as May, the UJA launched a drive for $25,000,000 in cash which, except for mentioning a recent Israeli crop failure, invoked for the most part the needs created by the East European situation. If the refugees did not materialize, Israel's need would still remain. Would not many contributors be confused, or alienated, if suddenly Israel's *own* needs should be resurrected as an urgent campaign issue?

Not to a serious extent, I think. If the campaign seemed to slight Israel's own needs, it was in the confident belief that these needs were in no danger of being forgotten. "Around here we think of the UJA as something we pay regular annual dues to"—I heard that in more than one community. And, significantly, support of Israel is coming to be felt as a responsibility resting on virtually the entire community, rather than on ideological fractions—and not only on American Jews as Jews, but as Americans, too, making one more contribution to the strengthening of the world community of free men.

MANY good friends of Israel prayed, on the other hand, that she would learn to show more understanding of American Jewry's temper and structure. The lack of such understanding was peculiarly apparent in the management of the Israeli bond drive. The idea of bonds had been universally applauded as a legitimate and desirable—even imperative—channel for the financing of Israel.* But as a supplementary and coordinat-

*See the writer's "Washington Comes to Israel's Economic Rescue: Both Emergency Aid and Long-Range Construction," in COMMENTARY, October 1952.

*See the writer's "A Billion Dollars for Israel" (COMMENTARY, December 1950).

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ed source of funds, not as a competitor with philanthropy—and certainly not as a substitute. Nevertheless, bond organizers had persuaded Israel that the UJA was moribund, that the welfare funds were pirating funds donated for overseas, and that American Jews would subscribe enormous amounts of non-tax-exempt money as a sound business investment in Israel.

Subscriptions were hawked with lavish (Israeli-paid) promotional ballyhoo, in a tone perhaps acceptable for old-style charity solicitation but quite unconvincing—and often in downright bad taste—for investment. The low estimate of American Jewry implicit in this noisy carnival approach was reflected even more in the bond drive's tough indifference to community programs of fund-raising for Israel and other causes. In the end, the community grew increasingly indifferent to the bond drive. Measured in cash, the net results of the drive fell so far below the promised totals as to spell real failure. Measured in moral effect, the drive was a disaster in communal diplomacy.

With the bond flotation now in its third and final year, its American directors began urging Israel to "unify" bonds and the UJA and even separate the latter from the welfare funds.* Fortunately, Israeli financial authorities had learned enough to realize that such a maneuver, arbitrarily splitting American Jewry, could produce only sharply reduced dollar totals and heightened resentments. It was to be hoped that the next bond issue—if any was authorized—would have new policies distinguished by moderation, modesty, and a true concern for the general Jewish welfare, including Israel's. It was also to be hoped that any Israeli plans to "coordinate" investment and philanthropic efforts would go beyond mere paper agreement and get the bond program to operate, not as an end in itself, but as one element of a working team.

THE most telling argument of the bond promoters in 1950 had been that philanthropy could not meet all of Israel's dollar needs. This was true, and Israel had been fully justified in seeking all the help it could get from private investments, loans, grants-in-aid, reparations, and other sources, including bonds. But events were demonstrating that American Jewish giving, although subject to fluctuations somewhat in the manner of the stock market, was a dependable institution serviced by a reliable apparatus. Even in the two years just past, when the bond drive was in its first fine rapture, the "dying" UJA (despite pointed neglect by the Israeli government, whose cabinet members reserved their oratory and personal appearances virtually for the bond campaign alone) had managed to deliver more in free dollars *net* to Israel than bonds had been able to deliver in repayable, interest-bearing dollars *gross*. And in this third and present year, with the frustrated bond operators engaged mainly in trying to collect on *old* pledges, free *new* dollars for Israel were increasing over previous totals.

At this writing, although optimistic estimates of total performance of the welfare funds for the year have shaded down from earlier calculations, the outlook is still bullish. This year the unified fund-raising mechanism seems likely to move *ahead*, by 3 to 6 per cent over last year. Such downward revision of the first 1953 estimates as was required was due chiefly to developing uncertainties on the international scene, in federal budgeting and future taxation, fostering pessimism about business prospects. Business, too, was finding loan money less available, and rates higher. In addition, prices in certain key commodities were declining. While the dip in confidence would not affect pledges already made, it was obviously making some impression on the later giver. As for the fall, which accounts for only a small fraction of the total campaign, the possibility of a further slackening in pledges at that time has already been taken into account by the revised estimates.

AS WE have seen, the known Israeli need would be (as it had always been) larger than any conceivable total of philanthropic funds. The rescue budget for East Europe, on the other hand, was less known and also likely to be less formidable. Extreme vagueness prevailed here—a vagueness increased by reluctance to speak openly about operations which would have to be discreet if not secret. There was no announced and clear-

*Bond spokesmen have variously blamed their poor results on the UJA, the welfare funds, the "vested interests" of the CJFWF—and even on the government of Israel.

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cut division of potential resources between rescue work and Israel. Moscow's accusations had led the Joint Distribution Committee to suspend its $2,000,000 annual relief program in Hungary, last of its kind in satellite Europe. Part of this allocation would be available for special operations adapted to the changed circumstances. An agreement was understood to exist between the JDC and the Jewish Agency that rescue was a top priority and that each organization would provide funds as required. In general, the JDC would look after refugees in Europe, the Agency would transport them to Israel and provide their initial maintenance there. Both organizations—the JDC directly, the Agency indirectly—depended for their moneys on the UJA; and the latter, apart from New York and a number of small, unorganized communities, depended on the welfare funds in each town and city. For the first time since 1948, it appeared that this was a year when the UJA would receive a larger portion, relative and absolute, than in the previous year.

All non-local welfare fund allocations had been steadily dwindling since 1948, but the UJA's percentage loss had been considerably higher than the rest. Just as it had received an increasingly larger share of the rising totals in the early postwar years, so it had been granted an increasingly smaller share of the declining totals commencing in 1949. In 1948 the UJA's allotment from the gross had been around 73 per cent; in 1952 the allotment was barely 59 per cent of a sum that had itself shrunk by 40 per cent—although it should be noted that, owing to the curtailed needs of European relief and of refugee resettlement in the United States, the percentage going to *Israel* held fairly firm. These reductions emerged annually from negotiations between the UJA and community budget committees—acrimonious and occasionally belligerent through 1950, friendlier and more reasonable with the entry of the more statesmanlike UJA executive leadership in 1951, but always unsatisfactory from UJA's point of view.

This downward trend, like the trend in total giving, is now being reversed. Despite the shrinking of anticipated total pledges from early estimates, a net "profit" over last year is still believed probable for UJA—and the elimination of the usual percentage *cut* is itself a great UJA victory. It is calculated that the UJA, which received around $70,000,000 in 1952, will come out somewhere between that figure and $75,000,000.

Less resolved this year, and less amicable, is another chronic dispute between community budget-makers and a national agency: the Joint Defense Appeal. The sums involved are nowhere as large—in 1952 the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League, through the JDA, received $1,525,000 from welfare fund cities—and the issue is genuinely troubling in only a few major communities. But the JDA's resentment at what it considered unjustifiably severe cuts in recent years is now complicated by a conflict arising from one of the most fiercely argued documents in American Jewish communal history: the 1951 analysis, by Columbia University's Professor R. M. MacIver, of the "community relations" field.

The MacIver Report recommended "coordination" of a number of activities to eliminate alleged overlapping among the two JDA agencies and associated groups (such as the American Jewish Congress and the Jewish Labor Committee) within the National Community Relations Advisory Council (NCRAC). The AJC and the ADL objected to the method of coordination suggested; when the NCRAC last September voted by majority to take an initial step toward adopting the MacIver recommendations, the AJC and ADL left the NCRAC—and have stayed out.

At the present juncture, three points seem to be clear: that the "streamlining" of work in the community relations area is remoter than ever because of the failure to secure agreement of the two larger agencies, and the ensuing conflict; that the contest, for the moment, has turned into a maneuvering for allocations; and that money is abundant enough, at least this year, to forestall upheavals in the fund-raising structure.

The crux of the JDA-NCRAC financial debate is the NCRAC deficit, amounting to almost half its annual budget and created when the JDA agencies stopped paying their dues. The major communities seem prepared to keep both sides tolerably satisfied, which is not a great problem because the total NCRAC budget is only $165,000,

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and because part of the deficit will be met anyway by welfare funds in smaller cities that have no community relations council.

In the larger contest for community allocations between AJC-ADL and rival agencies remaining in the NCRAC, the former appear to have the edge. Behind the JDA argument is the implied threat of a breakaway from this or that welfare fund, and an independent campaign. In New York and Chicago such campaigns have actually been conducted for two or three seasons; this year both are on the upgrade. Newark, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Miami, and Los Angeles are among the communities where the dispute has been sharp. An independent JDA campaign may yet emerge in one or more of the trouble-spots. But close observers see a larger likelihood that reasonable give and take will avoid this, as it has already avoided the split in several cities.

In the last analysis, the relative success in cash totals obtained by the JDA, or the agencies competing with it, or, for that matter, by all causes whatever, depends greatly on the ardor, influence, persuasiveness, and determination of those leadership elements advocating each case in each community's budget hearings. A big giver with a pet project can usually exact a more favorable allocation for it from total funds than it might otherwise get, especially when he can "retaliate" by cutting his next contribution. An individual whose personal gift may not be large, but whose prestige and value as a campaign leader are, can also make his weight count. Similar results are obtainable —occasionally—by someone neither popular nor affluent but intelligently vocal.

"Democracy" in the spending of community funds is thus not simply a plebiscite weighted in favor of those whose gifts are largest. Many big donors do not want to be consulted on how their money is to be apportioned. Nor is it a plebiscite determined by the mere numbers of givers, with "one vote for each gift." Most average and small givers, like large ones, seem content to respond to the welfare fund's "package" appeal for all causes, confident that the leadership "will do the right thing." That the ordinary individual is not competent to decide such matters, or has no desire to, has been suggested by experiences in one or two cities, where all givers have been allowed formal opportunity to signify their preferences on pledge cards, with apathetic or unrealistic results.

By and large, budget committees are a fair cross-section of that part of the community which does know what it wants done with its money. In smaller cities the number of persons directly participating is in startlingly high ratio to the Jewish population itself. I know one community with 450 givers where the budget committee has 75 members on nine subcommittees. In one typical large city, more than half of those who influence allocation policy contribute less than $500 each. Some 1,500 persons—around 5 per cent of the total list of contributors—accounted for more than 75 per cent of that community's total pledge last year, but 1,300 of them (including most of the top donors) showed no desire to have any voice in expenditure decisions.

This season many budget committees are hacking out formulas for allocations to a multitude of agencies—sometimes as many as 60 or 75 of them. In general, their conclusions will represent a tolerable balance of strengths and interests. Nobody will get all he demands, but neither will total outrage be done to a legitimate plea. One safety valve is the frequent diversity of interests to which the individual committee member may be loyal. The budget-maker is often a partisan of conflicting causes—he may be on the boards of the local Zionist organization and the local hospital, a friend of JDA, and at the same time an advocate of the Home for the Aged and the Jewish War Veterans. More and more, in short, the *community* attitude takes over in budget deliberations and facilitates the ultimate compromises.

This procedure seems to be about as "democratic" as one can hope to achieve in such a voluntary system. (As a matter of fact, if consent and consensus are the criteria of representative democracy, what areas of society are actually more democratic?) The proof of its fundamental soundness lies in the trend toward expansion of the welfare funds. They are devices to bring many diversified goals into one unified campaign. If allocations to any causes were significantly out of line, the welfare funds would be losing disgruntled constituent agencies to in-

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dependent campaigns. But the trend is the other way—and a number of causes which today conduct their own drives are likely, sooner or later, to end up inside the welfare fund fold.

MANY other questions remain to be considered, at greater length than is possible here. Have the welfare funds, the CJFWF, and the major national agencies, for instance, been adequately educating the community in appreciation of the work and value of the numerous enterprises they support? (In the community relations field, certainly, there exists a vast unawareness of the functions and contributions of the different agencies, as the general bewilderment over present debates attests.) We have heard much about attempts to unify fund-raising, to coordinate functions, and eliminate overlapping and duplications among the defense agencies, but is enough being done toward similar purpose in other important fields, such as religious causes, or the multitudinous drives for Israel, where both functional programs and competition for public support are at least as loosely controlled, and where vastly larger sums are involved?

In recent years—as shown by the mushroom growth of hospitals, synagogues, asylums, Hebrew schools, seminaries, and other institutions—the horizon of "Jewish interests" has been extensively and impressively widened. Are the funds for these various endeavors being expended with a judicious sense of priorities? Are Jewish cultural values being given sufficient consideration? Could the welfare fund mechanism do more to enlighten givers about the new needs, and even provide a firmer lead to the direction in which Jewish concerns and needs are developing, both domestically and abroad? Will that mechanism be able to—or *should* it—increasingly absorb the legion of independent drives? What about New York City, which is the largest, richest, most philanthropic Jewish community in history—and yet where the "unorganized" area still so far exceeds the centrally organized or coordinated areas that potential fund-raising resources seem barely tapped—an understandable fact considering the diversity, complexity, and mobility of the vast metropolitan community.

Finally, will the financial apparatus and the community's willingness to give be capable of the expansion required to meet the challenge of the expanding needs? Or are normal growth and creativity caught in an organizational and fiscal straitjacket, as many allege? In this latter connection alone, let it suffice here to point out that American Jewish economic security has grown considerably in recent times, stimulating—and in turn reflecting—the growth in Jewish community status. Statistical data are sparse, but it is even surmised that, despite the 1948-1952 drop in welfare fund results, the total of giving for *all* Jewish causes may well be not far below the 1948 welfare fund total. The construction of new synagogues is by itself estimated in many communities to be equal in cost to that of all other new Jewish construction combined. Certainly large, in addition, is the growth of Jewish interest in general causes like college, university, and other cultural endowment funds, Cancer, Cerebral Palsy, Red Cross, and similar drives, and local Community Chests and United Funds (whose totals in recent years have gone up impressively).

In the post-1948 slump of welfare fund returns, the broad base of small and medium givers remained firm, and even widened. The losses came from the big givers. On all sides, as we have noted, we see signs of reawakening zeal among the latter, while the small and medium sections of the contributing groups continue to expand. We may continue to draw courage from both developments. To be sure, no one would be so bold as to guarantee that the philanthropic level may not settle at some lower point than present estimated need. But a new confidence is abroad that, at worst, the level will still be reasonably adequate and stable—contrary to widespread anxieties scarcely a year ago that cumulative disaster was overtaking an overgrown community structure. Looking at this year's impressive performance—and considering also the new, constructive imponderables noticeable in so many places—one cannot escape the strong impression that organized community giving is coming more and more to be regarded as a program for fundamental growth, as a means to general Jewish betterment rather than as charity in the narrow sense or a response to transient emergencies. We may well be at the beginning of a new era.

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A FRENCH LADY ON THE DARK CONTINENT

Simone de Beauvoir's Impressions of America

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

SINCE the defeat of Hitler, there has been a worldwide contest to choose the new Enemy Number One, and the finalists are now Russia and America. For most people the Soviet regime seems to deserve the palm; for some—Communists and their sympathizers, but also many non-Communists—the United States is the chief menace. Extremes being in fashion today, opinion on America has been polarized, with the flag-wavers on one side and the anti-Americans on the other. In between are some high-minded people who still have an open mind on the question of whether America is a force for progress or reaction.

Intellectuals, of course, are never behind the times, and the presses have been kept busy, here and abroad, turning out books that prove America is black or white or just gray. The latest contribution is a book by Simone de Beauvoir called *America Day by Day* that has just been published in England and is coming out in this country in translation, though it appeared in France some time back. It is an account, complete with theories and interpretations, of a four months' visit to the United States in 1948. Aside from its merits or lack of them, I feel it is interesting at the very least as a case history.

I should explain, however, that my reaction to Miss de Beauvoir's book is not wholly objective. I was one of the people who talked and argued with her when she was here, and she seems to describe my views or similar ones as part of a mélange of ideas she attributes to a group of New York intellectuals and writers, many of whom she disguises under initials. I assume, however, that my reaction is part of the general problem of communication today, when it is becoming more and more difficult even to disagree with many people, because we can no longer take for granted that our assumptions are the same, and we are reduced to pitting one stance against another.

WHEN it got around that Miss de Beauvoir was coming to the United States, there was a good deal of excitement. We looked forward to meeting a leading French intellectual for the first time in almost a decade. Fascism, war, and occupation had cut us off from European writers, and we were eager not only to find out what had been going on underneath the surface of war all these years, but also to renew the exchange of ideas. Miss de Beauvoir seemed specially qualified to start the ball rolling. She belonged to Jean-Paul Sartre's highly publicized Existentialist group, which had played a part in the Resistance, and was putting out the then best-known cultural magazine in France, *Les Temps Modernes*. At the time, writers like Albert Camus, who later split off, were still associated with the group, and it seemed to be the source of much literary and political ferment. Here, it seemed to us, was a new school, anti-fascist

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SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, whose *The Second Sex* is now offering us in all the bookstores a compendious highbrow low-down on women, wrote an earlier book, not yet published in this country, into which she distilled the existential facts of American life as she was able to observe them in a four months' tour of this country in 1948. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, who was one of those fortunate enough to come in contact with Miss de Beauvoir during her rapid progress, suggests that the observations on the American natives by this explorer from the outer space of Parisian intellectual life are possibly nearer to Jules Verne than to Alexis de Tocqueville. Mr. Phillips is co-founder and co-editor of *Partisan Review*.

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and anti-Communist, genuinely literary, and radical in a creative way, that summed up the experience of the writer under occupation and liberation, and, in a typically French way, acquired the excitement of a new movement. If Existentialism—only later was it clear that very few in the circle were really Existentialists—as advanced by Sartre and his lieutenants, was not as new or authentic as in Kierkegaard or Heidegger, that was but a detail of intellectual life compensated for by the general literary *élan*.

Then Miss de Beauvoir appeared in the flesh. She was quite handsome, with a sturdy outdoor figure; her face, though full and rosy, was finely drawn and lifted by a high bun that looked as though it never came down. She was dressed casually, in flat shoes, with a feminist's eye for comfort and lack of femininity. Her voice was erotically husky, not quite mannish, very much like Tallulah Bankhead's. She had quick, luminous eyes that were constantly trying to size up everything and everybody. Her manner was confident, leaving no doubt she knew what she wanted—all business and no nonsense.

My first misgivings came when she began to ask questions about where to go and what to see. One question was how to get to Canarsie. I did not know, for I had never been there, but I could not understand why a French writer on a first visit had to rush out to Canarsie as soon as she got off the boat. Only later, when I became aware of what she was looking for, did it occur to me that she probably had heard that Canarsie was a "workers' district," in the European sense. Then came all the other stock questions: how could she see the Negro sections? She did not say "downtrodden," but the intonation was there. Where were the slums? How do you get to Wall Street? Where do the workers eat? Again she did not say "exploited," but it was not necessary. After these simple questions came the ideological ones: how fast was reaction galloping in this country? Could our imperialism be controlled? When was the next depression arriving? And so on.

Then came the arguments, some of which I got into, many of which I listened to. Most people were restrained, partly because she was a lady (her book on the rights of women had not yet appeared), partly because she was a guest, and a distinguished one—but mostly, I think, because they did not believe their ears. As Miss de Beauvoir admits in her book, she missed much of what was said in English. And she knew almost nothing about this country to begin with, beyond what anyone who has been to school learns about its literature and its history. But this did not prevent her from being dogmatic, even truculent, as she fired her prejudices and misinformation, like some provincial orator, without listening to or understanding what anyone else was saying. She proclaimed the great American writers to be Caldwell, Steinbeck, Horace McCoy, Dashiel Hammett, and a few others of whom I have never heard. She, on the other hand, had not read—or heard of—so far as I can recall, many of our other leading writers, even some of the best-known ones, not to speak of the younger talents. When anyone disagreed with her and tried to explain literary America she dismissed him as either a chauvinist or a malcontent, using these terms indiscriminately, often as though they were synonymous. Once I went so far as politely to suggest to her that instead of dispensing her opinions about American culture so freely she should try first to grasp what American writers had to say about it: if I were to come to France, I said, I would not immediately begin to set French writers straight about French literature, for I would assume that they, too, knew something about it. She looked at me as though I had just said something too shocking even to discuss.

It is hard to say which, her literary or her political opinions, were the more arrogant. Her political attitudes were at least clearer. For example, I could not understand how she could say that American literature was vulgar and shallow and escapist at the same time that she was so enthusiastic about

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our most hard-boiled, "realistic" writing. Perhaps she thought that kind of writing was essentially a criticism of America. In the field of politics, however, her assumptions were unmistakable. She talked passionately about the workers, the revolution, capitalism, and Russia. When anyone disagreed with her on politics, she quickly characterized him as a reactionary, an imperialist, or a Trotskyite—again, terms she seemed to use interchangeably.

Her remarks on most subjects were usually couched in a strange mixture of Marxist and Existentialist terminology. But I also heard her talk a few times about philosophical questions, and while the position she made herself a representative of is part of a profound philosophical tradition, it did not justify the contempt she showed for all rationalist and empirical thinking, which she seemed to regard as a disease. In general, her formulations were quick, facile, ready-made, and she often sounded more like a typewriter than the groping, questioning mind one hopes to find behind it. You were forced to suspect the authenticity even of her Existentialism because she was so glib about it. I once asked her, half-jokingly, what kind of *Angst* she felt most, and she replied with the heartiness of a woman athlete that she felt none at all, she was happy and well adjusted, never even missing an hour of sleep. I said nothing, but I wondered about the "anxiety" the Paris Existentialists were always talking about, and what connection it had with the anguish of someone like Kierkegaard.

Most of this was before she left for the Grand Tour of the continent. I assumed—or hoped—that at least she would slow down in her generalizations about life and letters in America, and that she was enough of a writer to cede somewhat to the testimony of her eyes and ears, and to realize that the picture was a little more complex than the neatly packed theories she had brought along with her. But when she came back to New York it was with the same prejudices, which she was now able to support with the argument that she had seen it all for herself, and that her views had been corroborated by any number of people she talked to. I don't know who these people were, but I have no doubt it is possible to find them by looking hard enough. In her book she describes them as "friends whom I always seemed to have known. I knew they loved jazz, and hated American capitalism, racialism, puritan moralizing and indeed everything I most detest in America." Some of her friends, she says, told her, "We need a depression; then things would change." Others, less optimistic—or as she puts it, "more thoughtful"—disagreed: "A depression," they said, "would only render the situation worse without rousing the political conscience of the masses. We have had depressions before and nothing resulted from them. If a new one were threatened it would only be averted, and once averted it would be forgotten immediately: we are not even ready to learn our lessons."

NATURALLY, the whole thing was sour, mostly because, I guess, some people like myself took her—and maybe ourselves—too seriously. After all, Miss de Beauvoir was quite charming and attractive and suppose you do not agree about slave labor camps, that isn't all there is to life. A very brilliant woman, a European writer now living in this country, once chided me for treating Miss de Beauvoir as a thinker instead of a woman. I still don't know whether this was a comment on Miss de Beauvoir or me, or both of us.

But I was really shocked when I learned that she had written a book describing her jaunt and telling everything there was to be known about America. Now, I think the whole notion of the responsibility of the intellectuals has been worked to death, since the very nature of their abilities is erratic, personal, irrational, and, in some ways, irresponsible. I also think everyone should be free to write nonsense—and take the consequences. But since Miss de Beauvoir's book is basically a piece of interpretational reporting, I can judge it only on its accuracy, perceptiveness, and liveliness. On all these

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counts it fails. It is pretentious, full of both stale and fresh platitudes, runs roughshod over facts, and is at times unbelievably boring.

AMERICA DAY BY DAY is a tract disguised as a diary. I say "disguised" because, while it is made up of daily entries, they are marshaled to prove a thesis rather than report a personal experience. The thesis is an old one with a contemporary twist: namely, that America is a spiritual wasteland and a sanctuary of reaction. All the familiar charges are trotted out: capitalist exploitation, imperialist aggression, "pseudo-democracy," persecution of minorities, lack of values, addiction to money and possessions, and so on. What it all comes down to is that America is racing toward fascism, and nobody seems to care—certainly not the intellectuals, the teachers, or the "youth," who usually keep their mouths shut and when they do open them do not know what to say.

Many of Miss de Beauvoir's remarks are not directly political, but by indicating that life in America is almost unrelievedly absurd and horrible they become politically tendentious.

She says:

Too many people die of heart disease in New York.

Traffic circles are confusing, and fast and drunken driving is a menace (she thinks all cars go fifty miles an hour on the East River Drive).

The girls' colleges are only for the rich and elite.

Roxbury is an artists' colony.

Negroes are not admitted to Princeton University.

There are signs telling people to grin.

Congress is busy making anti-labor laws, beginning with a purge of colored workers.

Fifth Avenue has shops for the "elite" and "democratic shops" for the masses.

And so on.

She speaks of "Jewish beaches" in Connecticut, as distinct from Gentile and Negro beaches. And she says, "A good American is never ill, and it is not polite for a stranger to catch cold in New York."

Her generalizations are clear-cut. For example:

"Scotch is the key to America."

Writers live in solitude and rarely talk to one another.

American girls pet without being aware of the consequences.

American women are frigid and the men do not know how to make love.

American women are not independent because they do not go on trips alone.

Negroes are free and relaxed, and it is "this relaxation that gives vent to dreaming, emotion, drifting, laughter, things that are ignored by the majority of Americans."

University faculties are dead because they are not opposed to the Marshall Plan.

Women's clothes are uncomfortable and servile.

The country is overrun by psychoanalysts whose sole object is to get people to accommodate themselves to society, especially soldiers returning from the war.

Perhaps the high point of the book is in the remark that rare steak, "red and underdone," which she was served in California, "usually scares American puritanism."

This is not to say that there are not a number of accurate observations and criticisms of American life. But the impression the book makes as a whole is of some kind of literal-minded fantasy, in which the image of America has just enough semblance of reality to create confusion. It reminds one of the pictures of Mars drawn by people with imagination too limited to make that planet different enough from the earth. As Miss de Beauvoir describes America, it sounds like a lost planet that was really here all the time.

YET Miss de Beauvoir's absurdities do not even have the virtue of being her own. For the book could serve as a catalogue of the latest anti-Americanisms abroad. Hence it is pointless to discuss the merits of her case against America, which is more interesting as a phenomenon than a position: in fact, it

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is surprising how little she sees of what really is wrong with American life. In the face of such ominous things as Senator McCarthy and the new wave of "Americanism" and anti-intellectualism, a serious and radical criticism of American society is more necessary than ever, but the stereotyped anti-Americanism of people like Miss de Beauvoir, far from helping in the development of such criticism, actually compromises it.

Like Jean-Paul Sartre and other members of his circle, Miss de Beauvoir has acted at times as a spokesman for the experience and conscience of Europe. Is it asking too much of such standard-bearers of enlightenment that they at least get the facts straight and give us an authentic account of their own experience? Surely an Existentialist's diary should be more than a handbook of popular distortions and stale panaceas.

CHAIM SOUTINE, A PAINTER

THOMAS B. BRUMBAUGH

Bought from a butcher, a carcass of beef
Which he hanged in his room. He waited for, watched,
And then painted the pulsing nacre of decay,
Recorded the blue and green-brown and purple bubbles,
The hissing iridescent pools of bottle flies,
Modulating the torn-red-into-raw-brown flesh,
The oozing banks of ashy fat, bordering the thick black lakes.

Dangling strings and tubes, like an obscene *fin de siècle* fringe,
Hanging on the heart, trembled slightly when the wind
Washed the room and carried to the neighbors in Montmartre,
Warm and suffocating news of the *condition humaine.*

"And the thing stinks, Chaim," they said smiling, thinking:
He could not understand because they thought him mad.
One suggested a shot of some preservative. The Orthodox
To stop a smell, remembered Hell and frowned upon
A *meshugge,* even blasphemous career of making images.

Soutine laughed and wept for all acute and grave carnality,
And set about creating a destruction of the flesh,
The paradox which was the deadly sin to bare and clear and bear;
And later on, when he was sick with rage through search and cease,
The radiant, lovely painting of the beef resolved to hate,
He made a picture of a bellboy in a red suit,
And another of two children and a tree;
And both were ugly pictures about love.

Thomas B. Brumbaugh, who is an art historian and at present acting head of the art department at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland, has contributed poetry to various literary magazines.

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GROWING UP BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Reflections of the Child of a Mixed Marriage

RICHARD GOLDHURST

WHEN we reached high school age, my mother wanted to finance our education at a Catholic prep school. My mother's brother tried to convince my father, a Jew, that the plan was sensible, beneficial, and beautiful. The whole house rocked.

"Thou shalt not proselyte another man's child!" shouted my father and shook his finger in my uncle's face. The fight left my brothers and me with the feeling that we didn't want to go to *any* school. But the family compromised. My brothers went to parochial school and I went to public school. It will never seem to me to have been an intelligent compromise. It is as if we, as brothers, changed our names, but bore no name commonly. . . .

In the past three decades a mountain of literature has been built up about the mixed marriage, the marriage between Gentile and Jew. Leopold Bloom, Robert Cohn, Noah Ackerman were all Jews married to Gentiles. And there have been a plethora of articles, statistical studies, and essays by well-informed laymen and prominent clergymen. Unfortunately, the mixed marriage has been investigated mainly by non-participants, who understand the issue in a general sense, but with little immediate knowledge of the feelings and motivations of the individuals involved.

I have myself been very much a participant in a mixed marriage—as one of its products. This will be a case history, as it were, and at firsthand.

Basically, what can the child know of his parents? In the deepest sense, perhaps very little. But he can report what he has seen and felt.

HARRY G. was a fairly successful stockbroker in his early twenties when he hired a young secretary named Jenny N. Seven years from the first day of her employment they were married. They spent their courtship in the best New York restaurants, applauded the most sophisticated plays, and went to every Army and Navy football game.

Jenny had grown up in Scranton, Pennsylvania, the daughter of an Irish Catholic ward-heeler. Her primary and high school education she got in parochial schools; then she went to a teachers' college, after which she came to New York City to make her way. Harry was the son of an immigrant Jew who had come here in one of the tidal waves of immigration in the 1900's. From Stuyvesant High School, Harry went to Columbia College, and from there to a brokerage house.

At their wedding reception Harry asked the orchestra to play "My Wild Irish Rose" and Jenny requested "I'm Just Wild About Harry."

Despite the enthusiasm of the couple and the approval of their friends, the match met with vigorous opposition from both families. Jenny's mother asked her to think the matter over carefully, and was finally won over only by the calm words of Jenny's un-

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IN THE March 1953 issue of COMMENTARY, the British writer Emanuel Litvinoff told us of the problems he faced as the Jewish husband of a Gentile wife with two offspring to bring up. In the present article, the product himself of such a marriage tells how it looked to him, without trying to draw too many general conclusions from an experience that was not altogether typical. "RICHARD GOLDHURST" is the pseudonym of a young man who lives in New York City, where he was brought up. This is the first time he has seen print.

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cle, appropriately enough a judge. He said, "Is there anything you can do about it? No? Then I suggest you follow propriety and let your daughter lead her own life. God knows, there's a lot of Catholic Irishmen who will make her a bad husband, the Jew might make her a very good one."

Other of Jenny's relatives were not as reasonable, and she bore them resentment. After all, Harry had signed the *Lex Canulia,* and Catholic doctrine, if it would not urge, would at least sanction, and Catholic clergy perform, the marriage. Among her brothers and sisters, however, Jenny did find encouragement. In fact, three of her many brothers and sisters were later to marry Protestants.

Harry's immediate family was in despair. One of his brothers told him, "You're going to kill your poor father and you know it." They cried at Harry's stubbornness, scolded him for his decision, and then threw up their hands in resignation. They would not attend the marriage, which took place in the vestry of a Catholic church, or the reception afterwards. It is true that one of Harry's inveterately curious sisters wanted to come, but the others prevented her by the simple expedient of hiding all her clothes. While they were on their honeymoon, Harry's father had a heart attack as simulated as it was obvious.

Time improved everybody's manners—until the depression came along.

Harry lost his money as suddenly as he had made it. He had three children to feed. For the first time since her marriage Jenny went to work. Life became a siege of despair without hope. Money, often the ultimate factor in the success of a marriage, changed the relation between Harry and Jenny, and the complexion of their children's lives.

Much later, when the happiness of his youth had been irrevocably lost, Harry said to me: "Jews should never marry Christians. Christians always condescend to them. When they marry Jews they explain it to themselves on the ground that the Jew in question is a poet or a millionaire. You never hear of a Gentile marrying a poor, mediocre Jew. No, when Jews marry Gentiles they have all the furniture paid for!"

Jenny did little to contribute to this bitterness. She did not chronically complain about finances. Still, when my maternal aunts and uncles were present, or when my mother talked of them, complaint hung in the air. Success had come to them, and stayed. Socially ambitious, they were uncomfortable about my father. And Harry was prone to suspect that unintelligent conservatives were necessarily unintelligent bigots. The worst her family thought of Jenny was that she had bet on the wrong horse: that the wrong horse happened to be Jewish was only a contingent objection. But if his Irish relatives-in-law caused my father unhappiness, and he them, it was because there are basic values that Catholics and Jews do not, will not, and cannot hold together.

Still other things contributed to my father's bitterness. Hitler was in the ascendant in Germany and anti-Semites in the country were making the Jew more and more conscious of his Jewishness. My brother came home one day with a copy of *Social Justice* that he had bought from a woman hawking the magazine outside his parochial high school. The impotent rage of my father when he found *Social Justice* in his son's hands created a thunderous scene. Mother wanted no part of *Social Justice* or anti-Semitic prejudice—at least not consciously. To us children it always seemed that my father was trying to make her responsible for the sins of every Catholic bigot and Grand Inquisitor. Jenny read the copy of *Social Justice,* and tearfully she promised Harry, "I'll write the Bishop about this and ask him why he's letting it go on."

In a way, Harry had dug his own grave. Jews were finding this a time in which to remember and consolidate their traditional consciousness of themselves. Harry felt this need as much as any other Jew. Yet his children were making their first Catholic communion. He had no religious ties with his family. His brothers, in fact, resented him

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secretly, for they themselves had no sons and therefore no Bar Mitzvah to celebrate.

PERHAPS this was the first time my brothers and I came to understand our own uniqueness. On both sides of the family we were the only sons. The interest my Jewish relatives took in us was slight; but let one of our paternal cousins fall ill and the whole family was at the bedside. Let a paternal cousin marry, choose a college, fail, succeed —it demanded a family decision and family encouragement. Not so in our case.

Our Irish relatives took a completely different tack. They were too interested. We had a prescribed course of conduct to which we were to adhere. No sins on our part were ever forgiven—and they looked for sins. The petty selfishness of children was a crime magnified by Jenny to the proportions of incest. We went to every social gathering of our maternal relatives, and while we were there we were the best behaved, quietest Lord Fauntleroys possible, which was an awful lot of silence for three boys to bear. On one occasion my mother told us that because we were Jewish we had to be that much better than other children.

The indifference we received from one side, and the strain of perfect behavior in the presence of the other, made my brothers and me viciously anti-family on every conceivable level. One brother later told me, in jest supposedly, that the reason he married his wife was because she was one girl with whom he could keep a distance of 500 miles between themselves and all relatives.

As well-behaved as we were, my brothers and I created a great deal of trouble. Trouble for our parents most of all. My father's religious convictions in his youth had been nothing. Himself emancipated, he came, he considered, from a long line of superstitious ancestors, and superstition in others frightened him. That his children could relapse, if only outwardly, into a modern form of primitive superstition—so he termed Roman Catholicism—he felt as an affliction. Actually, however, my mother's efforts to make Catholics of us failed completely. We grew up as Jews. True, we went to Mass every Sunday, but society at large understood us best as Jews. And society's decision provoked strange hostilities in Jenny.

IT IS to be doubted if anyone in our society escapes anti-Semitism altogether. Surely Jenny hadn't. She had been reared in an environment that considered Jews "subterranean." After all, many Christians hold that the Jews killed Jesus and have remained guilty of that crime ever since. During the 1930's this idea was being dug up from its religious grave and given a new political life. It created a climate impossible to ignore.

My mother's anti-Semitism manifested itself in two ways: the first was the distinction she would make between "classy" Jews and "cheap" Jews. Harry's family was "cheap" and deserving of evil; her children were warned they had damned well better be "classy." And then she had a long-standing feud with my father's sister, Clair. Clair was a vulgar, stupid, dishonest, and undignified woman who couldn't do anything right even when her motives were good. People with judgment would have nothing to do with her. Nevertheless my mother kept up relations with her for years, primarily in order to vent on Clair the anti-Semitism she never directly released against Harry. To be sure, my mother's sentiments when she took the trouble to think them out were not illiberal, and her anti-Semitism was minimal compared to what we usually call that.

In the early years of her marriage she had been punctiliously religious, going to Mass with clocklike precision. Her perseverance was more Christian than Christianity itself, for she had three sons and a husband who saw it all as the sheerest futility. What happens rarely to people of genuinely religious impulses happened to my mother. Over a period of years she was subjected to a constant barrage of skepticism and she began to think about the possible errors of her faith. Her religion and her ardor became tempered. Mass was no longer important to her as before and she neglected her Confessional.

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On the other hand, as Harry struggled against his wife's faith, he came to rely, not on reason and logic, but on the early patterns and instincts he had acquired as a Jew. Today the change is almost complete, and Harry is a "progressively" religious Jew. But not so in a ritualistic sense as much as in a tribal and nationalistic one. In most things my father is a rationalist of the literal kind, but not in religion. Today he is omnivorous for any and everything Jewish.

Were it only ethical values he sought, Catholicism might have supplied them, but what he wanted, and maybe what he found, was that thread of reason in Judaism which began when someone in the Near East five thousand years ago found it hard to believe that God was like an animal. His anti-Catholicism became, in the end, only another way of justifying his religious feelings—which may have been kindled originally and subconsciously as a way of doing penance for having married a Gentile. Why these feelings asserted themselves explicitly only after the tension about religion between him and Jenny had relaxed, is something I can't answer here.

As a little boy I remember fortnightly visits to Grandpa's. He was a gray little man with a small round *yarmelke* covering his bald pate. He used to stand in the door of his apartment and greet us with, "*Vos machstu,* boys?"

"*Vos machstu,* Grandpa?"

"Are you all well? Have you been good boys?"

"Yes, Grandpa."

"That's fine. And how is the *shikse?*"

I was fifteen before I discovered that *shikse* did not mean "mother."

Then there was an Irish aunt, full-throated and belligerent, who used to warn that if we didn't go to church and love Jesus dearly, our mother would be fed to the flames in Hell. "The worst of all sins, boys," she'd yipe, "is for a Catholic to renege on his religion. You don't want your mother to go to Hell and burn because you don't go to Mass, do you?"

And so my brothers and I grew up conceiving of God as a split personality. Children exposed to warring religious faiths will respond with metaphysical skepticism—literally. They will also decide that the truly good people of this world are those who mind their own business. My mother and father were far better at convincing me of each other's mistakes than they were at correcting their own. Some parents, when they have nothing to say, tell stories to their children. Mine used to darken the day with God.

I made my first Communion, shuddering at my father's bitterness and blinking at my mother's tears. Supposedly, this is an hour of triumphant joy for Catholic children. I was too young to know at that time the exact mechanics of divorce but it looked like it was going to come at any minute. None of us dared ask a question at home about the importance or significance of the ritual because we knew a fight between our parents would be inevitable. As a consequence, I knew no more of the meaning of the whole thing than our Baptist elevator boy did.

Mother thought there was nothing unseemly in our being brought up and educated as Catholics. Before marriage my father had willingly conceded this to her, and she could not understand why he opposed her now.

Father never forbade us to go to Mass, but he told us we betrayed him by doing so. Mother tried to dispel our doubts by telling us that Father had no business in the matter. With my playmates I was sometimes ashamed of him; not only did he not want his children to go to Mass but he never went himself. Once I lied to some friends who asked if he *never* went to Mass at all. "He *might* go around Easter," I said.

A little later I found out why he didn't go. It was brand-new to me that there was a possibility either of having more than one God for the universe, or that my mother might be wrong, and that there weren't any Gods at all.

Catholics did little to convince me that my mother was right; all they could say was

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that my father, because a Jew, was *a priori* wrong. Most of the time Catholics acted as though they were doing me and my brothers a favor when they let us attend Mass. All of my prayer and piety did not make me fulfilled in their eyes. I know now that I did not particularly want their acceptance, but that did not make church any the less uncomfortable for me when I was young.

My brothers and I were privileged to hear a lot more anti-Semitism than most other Jews ever do. Very little of it was serious or vicious. But what I did hear taught me this: the majority of Roman Catholics have no understanding of the true heart of Catholicism. They approach its poetic edges, but the shining ideal of a worldwide house for all men is alien to them.

All in all, the children I knew were just tactless; it takes a lot of energy and more of cleverness to be downright rude. They felt it was perfectly all right for someone to be a Jew, but he was still a Jew and there's something a little bit more different about being a Jew than there is about being left-handed. As they grow older, their ideas change, often for the worse. It has been argued that all children are essentially the same, that they tend to accept their contemporaries for what their contemporaries are worth. This is a mistake. Children are as sophisticated and as cruel as the most advanced of their elders. They have their own conception of society and they can smell the heretic as quickly as any Babbitt can.

OVER and over again I have identified myself as a Jew, primarily because society did, and does. But there is an inner belonging that I know I lack. One born half-Catholic and half-Jew does not face the problem of whether to be Jewish or Catholic, but the problem of what sort of Jew to be. In any ritualistic sense my brothers and I are no more Jews than Caesar was a Laplander. Jewishness in general remains for us something peripheral to our lives. Unfortunately this has provoked the antagonism of a great many Jews. There have been Jews who envied my meed of Gentile blood and yet worried about my welfare; no good, they warned me, could come of posturing as a Gentile.

Other Jews have felt I was, and would remain, neurotic and repressed until I repudiated the influence of my mother. Still others insisted that my youth must have been a chronicle of supreme torture. None of this is true. My youth knew its frustrations, but there is no need to suppose these still dangle in front of me like a carrot in front of a mule. The fact is, my Jewishness is casual, not thoroughgoing, and exists only in an ethnic sense—and that for convenience. I find it hard to be militant about it.

The instability of my youth has given way to the compromise of adulthood. One never forgets such instability and it is remembered with a certain self-pity. The question "Where do I belong?" is one that few adult minds can resolve. To thrust the question upon a child at an age when he is not at all equipped to answer it was unfair.

By themselves, Catholics and Jews may be noble and understanding, possessed of every elemental decency. The world around them is not. Too many contingencies cannot be foreseen. Politics, for instance. Had my parents known in advance of Hitler's effect upon the world, it might have altered their marital plans. Had my mother known of the effect my father and her children were to have on her, certainly she would have hesitated. With a Catholic education behind me I did not belong to the Jews; having been to the "nether" world, I did not belong to the Catholics either. So I could not belong to the society of children. For children know two criteria of right and wrong—home and their playmates. If these two are not kept in constant balance, the child may live in half-doubt and confusion, until his age permits him to think things out for himself.

Yet the story of the half-Jewish child is not only tears and homelessness; it also has a positive side, one that it is important to take into account. His "exposure" can give him something more of sight and sound and sensibility than is bestowed on other

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children. And there is this that he can know: as the child of a mixed marriage he is probably the best example—and exponent—of the *immigrant tradition*—that masterpiece of the vivid extremes that have come together to give America her promise and her vitality.

Whenever I've been asked about my ancestry, and I've explained it, whatever other feelings my interrogator has experienced, he has still shown the smile of one who glimpses romance. The Catholic-Jew is a symbol of reshuffling and expansions. The romance is there because the Catholic-Jew is so *typically* an American product. . . .

JEWS themselves, as well as Americans generally, all too often conceive that Jews have somehow a special problem in achieving dignity. The Jew, they feel, needs sympathy because of the social and psychological problems society engenders for him. The assumption is even made that the problem of gaining dignity and self-acceptance will prove too big for him to master. If this is true, it should be too terrible to admit.

The Jew is an American settler, and it might be some reassurance to him to realize that countless settlers before him have been unique, too. The Pilgrims were white in a land of red men; until long after the Civil War the Irish were a strange, unfathomable lot. The Italians formed a new and special group, just as special as Jewish children or children of a mixed marriage. The capacity and the chance to adjust are more or less equal. True, the Jews have behind them a history of pogroms and persecutions, but anti-Semitism in America will probably never be *respectable* as it was on the continent of Europe. And that makes a big difference.

Every man finds society in some way "structured" against him. Actually, a child who lives straddled between the Jewish and Catholic hemispheres has problems no more cruel than those of a child born into poverty or to a crippling infirmity. The chief problem of the child of mixed marriage is that he wants to be more than a "Catholic-Jew," that he does not want forever to live on the margins of heresy, adrift between two religious communities.

But America is still composed largely of such communities; the separation between state, religion, and politics has not yet been completely effected. It would have been better had either the split been more pronounced, or the unification through religion more binding. The division, so-called, between secular and clerical, has been more theoretical than practical. God stalks America like an angry bloodhound. Everyone is presumed religious in a churchgoing sense until the contrary becomes embarrassingly obvious.

CATHOLICS and Jews like Jenny and Harry cannot adjust to each other, and their children find it impossible to adjust to either of their parents, because there is no tradition of adjustment to grasp. The child of mixed marriage may identify himself with Jewishness if only in order to keep society quiet—but from then on he is on his own, and must pick and choose for himself. No path is open except metaphysical skepticism, naturalism, heroic secularism. Yet this is peculiarly American. The Catholic-Jew is America in miniature, he is a child without tradition and much of his energies must be spent in testing hypotheses on the way to the discovery or creation of a tradition of his own. In 1830 de Tocqueville wrote of America that ". . . it is one of the countries where the precepts of Descartes are least studied and best applied. Men living in this state of society cannot derive their belief from the opinions of the class to which they belong; every man there readily loses all trace of the ideals of his forefathers or takes no care of them."

Out of his unhappiness, the child of mixed marriage can find a way of life that is no compromise. The adjustment to a religious community may not be made, but the adjustment to an American tradition may. America is constantly absorbing the immigrant only to reproduce the pioneer. Perhaps the child of mixed marriage will live to know himself one.

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CAN STALIN HAVE A SUCCESSOR?

Why the Dictator's Shoes Cannot Be Filled

PAUL WILLEN

THE developments since Stalin's death have made it abundantly clear that Malenkov's immediate installation as Premier did not settle—as so many thought it would—the question of the "succession," so hotly discussed at the time. The amnesty granted to prisoners of certain categories; the about-face on the Kremlin doctors; the strictures against one-man rule; the increased talk about the "rights of individuals"; the condemnation of the cult of heroes; the near-disappearance of Stalin's name from the Soviet press; the apparent resurgence of Beria's power coupled with the failure of Malenkov to emerge as the dominant figure in the troika which is supposed to rule Russia today—these startling events have compelled many to recognize that Stalin's death created enormous problems for the Soviet regime which were not solved by the juggling of titles and positions in the top hierarchy.

But even more striking indications of the vast changes which the death of Stalin has brought about are to be found in the realm of foreign policy. The exchange of wounded prisoners in Korea; the sudden softening of Soviet diplomatic behavior; the release of William Oatis; the signing of the long-postponed Rumanian-Yugoslav treaty regarding control of the Danube; and the general effort at the establishment of a temporary *modus vivendi* with the West which has culminated in the Korean truce—this train of events has made it fairly apparent that the latest Soviet "peace offensive" was not an offensive at all, but an earnest attempt at establishing the lines in the cold war.

Clearly, something new is in the air, something not to be ascribed merely to the diabolical ingenuity of Kremlin strategists in confusing and bewildering their Western opponents. On the contrary, it is the Kremlin that seems to be recoiling from a great shock, and attempting, through a series of maneuvers and concessions, to establish a temporary stability. The great shock was Stalin's death; and the far-reaching maneuvers are a reflection of the degree to which his death has unsettled some of the fundamental power relations in the USSR.

Following the "panic" that seized sections of Soviet society after Stalin's death, the new rulers have slowly been adjusting themselves to the special tasks and problems of the first of the modern totalitarian states to exist without a supreme, all-powerful leader. For as the months pass it becomes increasingly clear that what many observers had suspected long before Stalin's death is true: Stalin cannot have a "successor."

STALIN, we should remind ourselves, did not derive his practically unlimited power from the offices he occupied or the official

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A TOTALITARIAN regime without a totalitarian leader is unprecedented in modern history. But as yet Stalin has had no heir, as the events of the four months following his death have made clear; to date, we have the triumvirate of Malenkov, Beria, and Molotov, with the single successor to the dictator still to emerge. But we await a development that may not happen at all. What if there will never be a successor to Stalin? In this article PAUL WILLEN supports just this thesis, suggesting that the present uneasy situation must continue and may indeed lead to conflicts that will threaten the very foundation of Soviet rule. Mr. Willen, who was born in New York City in 1928, is a graduate of Oberlin College, and at present working toward his doctorate at the Columbia Institute of Russian Studies. He has contributed articles on Russian drama and architecture to the State Department magazine, *Problems of Communism.*

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titles he assumed. Up until 1941 he held no official post in the governmental structure at all. Nor was his extraordinary authority based upon an abstract theory of leadership, a legal principle sanctioned either by Russian history or Marxist tradition, or by his claim to the title of co-architect, with Lenin, of the Bolshevik revolution. None of his predecessors—Lenin no more than Nicholas II—had possessed the kind of power he did. *The roots of Stalin's kind of rule lay in the fact that it was under his aegis that the most enormous and oppressive state apparatus in human history was built; and that, in the most literal sense, he had become the* deus *of the machine.* His power cannot be separated from that of the machine which he himself so largely built. That machine was not originally his creation, but he got in on the ground floor and rose to prominence, in the early 1920's, as leader of it, and *earned* his ultimate power by expanding the machine to unprecedented dimensions and imposing upon it an equally unprecedented unity.

Stalin thus did not inherit Lenin's throne; nor was it "transferred" to him by decree. He took it in the course of one of the bitterest political struggles of modern history. The very intensity of that struggle made Stalin's final victory that much more fundamental and his own personal authority that much greater in scope.

His authority over the nation as a whole developed, however, in the course of struggles outside the party, too. There was the collectivization of the peasants, the virtual enslavement of the working class, the destruction of the independent intelligentsia, and the great fight the new bureaucracy waged under Stalin's leadership to gain a working economic base for itself by the industrialization of the country. Stalin also conducted the great purges by which his, the younger, section of the machine eliminated the older sections. Whatever personal popularity he may have had among the Russian people he gained only by his leadership in the repulse of the German armies after 1942.

During the thirty years of Stalin's rule a whole country was overturned, not once, but several times. Throughout, he was at the helm of the social movement that gained most by these vast and cataclysmic developments: the power he accumulated was bound to be extraordinary, and the offices he held could not at all explain or describe this power. More appropriate were the terms in which he let himself be addressed: "the mightiest genius of history," "the coryphaeus of science," the leader "of all progressive mankind."

THESE are offices of a kind that neither Malenkov nor anyone else can ever hope to occupy. It is conceivable that efforts will be made to attach such labels to Malenkov, but their falsity will become immediately apparent, for they will not correspond to his place in Soviet life. For the deification of Stalin, if interpreted pragmatically and not literally, did have a certain validity. Stalin ruled over the machine which completely reordered and reworked every phase of Russian life, and his deification expressed the *actual working power-relationship that existed between Stalin and the Russian people, and, even more significantly, between Stalin and his own "close associates."* The cult of Stalin was not merely a means to please his undoubted vanity; it was also the chief way in which his subjects could express their acceptance of their total subordination to the bureaucracy, and the bureaucracy, in turn, its subordination to Stalin.

Stalin permitted his "close associates" to stand with him on Lenin's tomb several times each year; he permitted them to make relatively routine speeches at the party congresses. But the glory of the regime was always and invariably focused upon Stalin. The "associates" were kept anonymous and vague; they shone only in the reflected glory. This corresponded to the enormous gulf in power which, in actual fact, existed between Stalin and his "close associates."

The "associates" most certainly did exercise authority, but largely by virtue of their favor with Stalin. Stalin listened to them

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all at Politboro meetings; but the final decision, the final responsibility, was always his alone. The power Malenkov enjoyed depended entirely upon Stalin's personal favor. Independently of Stalin he possessed nothing, and up to the day Stalin died he remained, essentially, one of "Stalin's men." Stalin could have had him killed—as he may have had Zhdanov killed in 1948—had Malenkov threatened his supremacy in any way. Up to the day Stalin died Malenkov remained *only* a bureaucrat in a country where everyone, except Stalin himself, was a bureaucrat in essence, holding a position defined by the office rather than by the man.

THE situation in 1924, at the time of Lenin's death, was quite different. Lenin was the intensely popular (at least in the party) leader of the revolution. But Stalin was even then the boss of the party apparatus. As such, Stalin could boast—as no one was to be able to at the time of his own death—that he already enjoyed enormous independent authority. For several years he had been quietly building up his own machine, staffing it with men whose primary loyalty was to that machine and its master rather than to Lenin. Thus Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, is supposed to have remarked in 1927 that had Lenin lived he would already have been in a Stalinist prison. Stalin controlled an independent center of authority established by endless manipulations, patronage, and an early willingness to subordinate the increasingly abstract and unreal ideals of the revolution to considerations which the party bureaucrats were beginning to find more urgent: jobs, careers, security, position, prestige, ceremony. By 1924 Stalin was already much more than one of "Lenin's men." In 1924, the totalitarian state had yet to be born; a relative degree of separation of authority at the top levels was still possible. Today, however, the structure is complete. Independent centers of power in the Soviet Union's ruling machine have been unthinkable for twenty years.

Malenkov heads but one of the departments of an apparatus over the whole of which Stalin held full and final authority. Malenkov does not come to power with a new program, a new dynamism; he has nothing new to say, and represents nothing new. Nor are there any revolutionary ideas for him to suppress; no peasantry to collectivize; no industrialization to start; no bureaucracy to build; no deep or significant party split (at least not on the surface) to deal with. These, the "historic tasks" of the Stalin leadership, have already been done; his job is now to keep things running as before, to extend the victory already attained and clean up a few rough spots. Malenkov will not be faced, so far as we can tell now, with any enormous social challenge like that Stalin met, and in the overcoming of which by his own efforts he "earned" his own deification.

"THERE is nothing so powerful," Victor Hugo wrote, "as an idea when its time has come." Stalin gained power in an age when the idea he represented so well—collectivist totalitarianism—could move millions of men and make history. In Russia today this "idea" is established, settled, respectable; it is embodied in an entire way of life.

Stalin took power during the "heroic" days of Bolshevism, a period from which a successful politician could emerge with the aura and glamor that revolutionary periods alone can bestow upon a man. That period, which could produce three men of such enormous dynamism and power as Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, is long since over.

The legendary figures of every civilization are associated with periods of deep crisis. Perhaps the greatest crisis into which men are plunged is one which culminates in a great social revolution. The only man in modern history whose influence ranks with Stalin's is, as so many have observed, Napoleon, and it is not accidental that he too rose out of the ashes of a great social revolution. Both Stalin and Napoleon were able to harness the enormous social force unleashed by their respective revolutions. This fact explains their exceptional impact on history.

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II

STALIN was an extremely shrewd politician; and he recognized, unconsciously perhaps, that his great prestige was intimately connected with his role as the inheritor, if not of the ideals of the revolution, then at least of its inner dynamism. He himself sensed that his deification (which he encouraged) was a tribute not only, or literally, to his abilities, but also to the enormous impact of his rule. It would have been absurd to attempt to direct some of this adulation to any individual or group among his "close associates"; none of these had served prominently in the revolution, and most of them had not even begun to play major roles in Soviet life until the late 1930's, under the protection of his own shadow. Stalin must have sensed, too, that, much as he may have wanted to insure the continuity of his regime, he would jeopardize his own position were he to begin the "transfer" of power before his death. But it went deeper than that: he understood, master politician that he was, that at bottom he could not make a "successor" simply by naming one, and, if he were to have a real "successor," the man would have to traverse much the same road he had.

Many observers were impressed with the fact that at the 19th Party Congress last fall Malenkov read the report usually reserved for Stalin himself. But much of the fanfare (chiefly in the Western press) with which Malenkov was greeted before the Congress turned out to be rather stale copy when the Congress itself went into session. He read the report; but it proved to be a rather routine speech made in routine fashion, and very much, in its essential tone and spirit, like the reports delivered by Beria and Molotov. None of the three, in fact, said very much that might not have appeared in a *Pravda* editorial nearly any day in the week. The language, manner, and delivery of Malenkov's speech was also completely undistinguished.

In his book *Stalin,* Isaac Deutscher asserts the reason Soviet writing is so dull and methodical is that every bureaucrat wants to imitate Stalin's style. There is some truth in this, but a major point is missed, namely, that compared with a *Pravda* editorial even Stalin's prose sounds extremely interesting, almost absorbing. Stalin's two contributions to the 19th Party Congress—on the "economic questions of socialism" and on the importance of "our foreign comrades"—contained the only interesting things said during the entire Congress, aside from some new factual data given by Malenkov. Stalin's contributions had interest not only because he presented a new slant on some theoretical questions, but also because the style, dull as it may have been, was eminently his own. The flatness, the didactic tone, the pedestrian crudeness, the feigned modesty so characteristic of all of Stalin's writings in the past, were as much in evidence as ever. Malenkov's speech, on the other hand, was devoid of a single individual touch.

Added to this, of course, was the fact that Stalin's speech had something new to say. Malenkov and the "close associates" continued to parrot the line of yesterday's *Pravda* editorial, much of it, in fact, contrary to Stalin's new theses. Had Stalin really taken Malenkov seriously as a "successor," would he have given him so ignominious—almost humiliating—a role at the 19th Party Congress? The "heir presumptive"—a parrot like the rest!

There is evidence to support our conjecture that Stalin did not think in terms of a "successor." A photograph published about a week after Stalin's death in *Pravda* portrayed Stalin, Mao, and Malenkov in earnest conversation. Harry Schwartz has shown in the New York *Times* that it was a scissors-and-paste job cut from a 1950 photograph of the signing of the Sino-Russian treaty. Apparently not a single photograph exists of Stalin and Malenkov together!

In his own struggle for power Stalin could use an authentic photograph of himself seated on a garden bench next to Lenin. Stalin must have understood the situation well enough to realize that should he die Malenkov would need some concrete evidence of his special closeness to Stalin. But apparently

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nothing whatsoever was prepared for the emergency.

So little did Stalin think in terms of the "succession" problem that at the 19th Party Congress—which some observers interpreted as an event staged primarily to ease the passing on of power—certain organizational reforms were effected which made sense only so long as Stalin remained in complete control. It was generally recognized at the time of the Congress that the abolition of the Politburo and the creation of the broad and structurally meaningless Presidium signified a further centralization of power in the hands of a small group around Stalin. This extreme concentration of power was possible only when firmly held by an all-powerful leader. Once that leader was gone the reins on the top level would have to be loosened, power decentralized, and a somewhat larger unit of supreme power set up, more like the Politburo of ten years before—but without its central and decisive figure. And this is just what was done as soon as Stalin died.

III

But there were other reasons, even more compelling, for Stalin's decision to adopt an *"après moi, le déluge"* attitude toward the succession. Just because he knew the importance to the totalitarian system as a whole of the principle of a single leader with undivided powers, he recognized that an "heir presumptive" would have jeopardized it—and him.

Only consider the fact that before Stalin's death the "succession" question was not once alluded to in the Communist press anywhere, inside or outside Russia! One pauses to digest this extraordinary fact. In all the thousands of Communist and Communist-controlled newspapers and magazines all over the world, not a single article ever appeared in which this topic was so much as hinted at. The explanation is not hard to find. The whole deification campaign presupposed everlastingness; how can one allow even the suggestion of the death of a "god"?

But just as we need not interpret Stalin's deification literally, so must we not interpret literally the failure to discuss his mortality. The deification served definite political purposes. And just as the deification cult would have been made to look ridiculous by conjectures as to the death of the deity it invoked, so the political despotism which the deification expressed would have been shaken had its victims discussed possible political alternatives to Stalin.

"Will it be better, will it be worse?" would have been the first question. "Will my position be enhanced, or will it be threatened?" the second. Secretly, of course, all Communists wondered about these things, but kept it to themselves; the whole topic was essentially subversive. The moment an "heir presumptive" was definitely named, he would have become, inevitably, the rallying point for tendencies of opposition to Stalin's rule. Knowing, privately at least, that Stalin would die eventually, every bureaucrat would hurry to "come to terms" with the man who was to succeed him. The authority the "heir presumptive" would acquire as a result would make him so strong that he might begin, unwittingly, to take over certain functions reserved for Stalin—the role, for instance, of supreme arbiter in all differences among the ruling group. "Glory to the Great Stalin," the poster-makers would print, and then, hesitating a moment, add cautiously, "and his closest aide, Malenkov."

Detailed accounts of the struggle between Malenkov and Zhdanov in the 1940's have been written in an authoritative tone hardly justified by the paucity of available information. These lurid accounts of the bloody fight inside the Politburo elevate the Malenkov-Zhdanov conflict to a level of significance almost equaling that of the Trotsky-Stalin struggle of three decades earlier. Like most generals, these analysts are always ready for the last war. In one such account Stalin hardly appears at all; in actual fact, of course, not only did a referee preside over the Zhdanov-Malenkov struggle, but that referee also acted as an impresario. But Trotsky and Stalin had their fight out alone, without referee, judge, or anyone to interfere. It is important to remember this, for if

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Malenkov back in 1948 had won his struggle against Zhdanov unaided, his position today would be that much stronger.

If Zhdanov did lose, apparently, it was primarily because Stalin himself decreed it so. We must recall that Zhdanov's political position was very strong in 1948. It was he who had been cutting down the intellectuals for several years running; it was he who bossed the new and spectacular Cominform. He might well have posed the kind of threat to Stalin's monolithic power that men like Zhukov posed in 1945. Zhukov could be exiled to the Crimea, but Zhdanov had to be disposed of more conclusively. In other words, we might credit Zhdanov's demise in 1948 not so much to Malenkov's crafty tactics as to the fact that Stalin himself had felt threatened.

IV

This system, whereby any prospective successor was cut down the minute he thrust his head up a little too high, worked splendidly as long as Stalin remained alive, but it had to fall apart as soon as he died. His death has created not only a second "center of power," but a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. No one knows just how widely power has been diffused, but that it has been diffused is obvious. Malenkov may be boss; but he cannot rule without Beria and Molotov. Kaganovich is given new authority; Bulganin enjoys great respect and power; Saburov, Mikoyan acquire prestige they did not previously enjoy. Shvernik is called up too; Zhukov is lifted to top rank again.

Everyone with a modicum of independent prestige is called upon to bolster the center. Such independent prestige as they have they won not because, but in spite of, the system they worked under. Stalin was powerful enough to rule without any "names" around him; he enforced a strict anonymity upon all his "close associates." How different things are with Malenkov, who cannot rule without "names," without the support of people who command a respect and authority in no sense dependent upon himself. Whereas Stalin could not tolerate men with Zhukov's popularity, the new regime cannot survive without them.

In the twinkling of an eye everything has been transformed. A dozen or more men whose lives were once at the mercy of a single despot suddenly emerge as independent candidates for power. Malenkov is possibly the strongest, but the rest, allied in pairs, threes, and various other patterns, can wield considerable power and check the moves of the new dictator. Before a decision can be made, the leading men must confer, viewpoints must be reconciled, factions conciliated. The supreme arbiter is gone; only the machine remains.

A few among the more enlightened leaders may recognize the necessity of establishing a single supreme figure. To bring this about they may be willing to lift one of themselves—perhaps Malenkov—into special prominence—but without relinquishing that independence which Stalin's death suddenly thrust upon them. Thus, counter-pressures are automatically set up. The relative fluidity of relations among the top leaders is exhilarating and breeds hopes.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to predict the exact nature any struggle for power will assume; we know so very little about the nature of the interlocking Soviet directorates. But certain facts are fairly clear. The "close associates" served, not as ministers with exactly delineated spheres of power, but as trouble-shooters with overlapping functions that involved them in the workings of every part of the power apparatus. Malenkov is strong, but, as Professor Philip Mosely has noted, the party is no longer a clearly distinguishable organization, but merely one of the various belts by which the rulers transmit power down through the machine, its top membership consisting largely of leading officials in each field of activity with which the state is concerned. But who controls the state? Some thought that Molotov had the main control over the state apparatus, but now he has taken over Foreign Affairs. The military realm, does that belong to Bulganin? Perhaps; but the army, like everything else, is carefully pa-

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trolled by the secret police. Beria's personal bailiwick? But the heads of internal security are party men as well, and Malenkov runs the party. At the same time it was Beria, the police chief, who was sent to the Caucasus a year ago to reorganize the party apparatus there. And both Beria—through the slave-labor camps—and Malenkov—in the aircraft industry during the war—have played prominent roles in industry itself. Bulganin has apparently had economic experience also.

The divisions, if they exist, are horizontal rather than vertical; each leader has "followers" in every major institutional hierarchy. Probably such a diffusion of power was one of the devices by which Stalin was able to maintain full and supreme mastery over his "associates."

Remember, too, that, the institutions over which these men nominally ruled during Stalin's lifetime had been established before they themselves appeared on the scene. Beria came to the police in 1938, well after its essential structure had been shaped; Malenkov took over the party apparatus long after it had ceased to operate as an independent political machine; Bulganin is new to the army. This rather peculiar system—so different from our ministerial arrangement—worked well as long as all these "troubleshooters" were under the control of the man who had presided over the creation of each one of these institutions. Now he is dead, and it is interesting to see that, in the vast consolidation of ministries created after his death, a certain tendency toward ministerial responsibility can be detected; this possibly reflects an effort to build up independent centers of individual power.

V

To restore the monolithic frame of Soviet power, the leadership principle would have to be restored. Hence an effort may possibly be made sooner or later to invest Malenkov, or someone else, with that special aura of infallibility which Stalin had had the right to claim for himself after so many years in power. To do this, the principle of legitimacy may be invoked, and an effort made to convince the Soviet public of the direct connection between the new leader and the old tradition identified with Stalin.

Malenkov's scissors-and-paste photograph was the first suggestion that such plans were on foot. However, these first efforts appear to have been the result of an initial "panic" which gripped Soviet leaders after Stalin's death rather than of long-range plans.

At first Malenkov was desperate for that seal of legitimacy which the Stalinist system so systematically denied him heretofore. Legitimacy belonged to Stalin alone. His emergence from the deep revolutionary past was traced in song and story, while the past of his "close associates" was deliberately kept vague. The potential leading personalities were ruthlessly purged—either of their individuality or of their lives; only the stalwarts remained. As Pavlenko said in his Stalin-prize-winning novel, *Happiness*, "Heroism is not elemental, it must be organized."

The sudden expunging of Stalin's name from the Soviet press shows vividly the cynical spirit of the Stalin cult. Lenin's prestige, derived so largely from the moral authority he enjoyed among Bolsheviks, outlived him, and became, in fact, the object of an intense intra-party struggle. The swollen tributes paid to Stalin, on the other hand, were in recognition of the power he wielded, not expressions of genuine respect. Once he was dead—and unable to wield such power—these expressions inevitably lost much of their meaning.

It seems very unlikely that one important aspect of the special position accorded Stalin in Soviet propaganda—Stalin as "the great white father"—can be restored. This myth led the public mind to believe there is a division within the Soviet leadership as to "moral" leadership, a division which many in the West still believe in. The purity of the revolution—the dreams of October, the distant glories of the "last stage of Communism"—was thought to reside in Stalin, while the monstrous acts of the vast machine below—its perversions, its divergences from Marxism, its endless barbarities—were

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thought to be the work of the anonymous "associates." These "close associates" kept the slave-labor camps operating while Stalin gave himself up to higher questions of ideology and theory. In actual fact, of course, no such division of responsibility existed; reliable evidence shows that as late as 1948 Stalin continued to play the central role in the management of the bureaucracy.

Clearly, Stalin could not attempt, in his lifetime, to "transfer" this special role and authority to one of his "technicians." To do so would have given the game away and exploded the very myth upon which so much of his popularity outside the machine itself depended. By merely suggesting that Malenkov was qualified to take his place, Stalin would have tacitly admitted that, in the end, all he had created in these thirty years was the machine, that its ideological heart had long ago ceased to beat. In any case, he chose not to destroy this myth; and so he took it with him to his grave. The "technicians" must carry on without it.

One has only to read Malenkov's funeral oration to see immediately how ill prepared he was to play an independent role, despite all the photographic skulduggery. It is a completely routine speech, lacking utterly in anything original, memorable, or individual, a speech that might have been delivered by a local party secretary. Stalin's 1924 oration over Lenin's dead body was, despite—or because—of its liturgical turn of phrase, at least original, introducing a new if vulgar and debased note into Bolshevism. The solemn, semi-religious vow, the tendency toward superstitious reverence, would soon furnish the style for a vast array of cults.

The post-Stalin leadership introduces nothing new; it can only preside over an enormous social organism the essential lines of which were laid down long ago. Its primary task, at the moment, is to calm, pacify, soothe, above all to stabilize. To achieve this the dynamic forward movement of the Stalin machine must, for the first time in its thirty-year history, be halted, and a partial retreat effected.

With Stalin's death the whip over the bureaucracy is gone. Its *collective* needs —so well attended to under Stalin's leadership—can no longer receive the attention they once did. Instead, the wishes of the individual bureaucrats—who want some relaxation in the relentless struggle to strengthen their domination at home and widen it abroad, who want longer vacations in which to enjoy the fruits of victories already won—must now be placated. Hence the efforts at partial rapprochement with the West and the about-face in the case of the "doctors' plot" at home.

But how far can this process go before the initiative passes from the Kremlin to the bureaucrats themselves? To rule successfully Malenkov must restore to the throne—if he can—its initiative as the expander and oppressor, the inaugurator of plans, and merciless persecutor of "enemies." Can the totalitarian system stand up under this reorganization of its patterns of leadership? Will factional struggles among independent bureaucratic centers on the upper levels begin to reflect deeper conflicts in the fabric of the system as a whole?

The test can come at any juncture that demands a bold and new decision. To negotiate peace in Korea is not such a test. Such a test will come when the people—accustomed to, or expecting, a liberalization—begin to take advantage of the lack of dynamic leadership at the top. Will there be leadership strong and undivided enough to restore complete order and oppression?

The struggle which goes on at the summit of the Soviet power structure is not a "political" one in our sense of the word. It is not a fight such as the Dewey and Taft wings of the Republican party wage every four years at convention time. In the Soviet Union every "political" decision has an immediate "economic" impact because the economic structure and the political structure are fused, inseparable. The relationship is nearly direct, while in America it is very indirect.

Therefore the political struggle on top will, when it unfolds, quickly assume a socio-

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economic form. Issues of vital importance to the entire system will immediately become involved. The "program" on which Stalin came to power in the 1920's was one to strengthen the party and internal bureaucracy, and intensify its monolithic character. But today the nation is entirely totalitarianized; to come out in favor of tightened controls would not distinguish any group or clique from all the rest. An "opposition" today, therefore, can gain popularity only by demanding a contrary course, by hinting that it might loosen the structure, "liberalize" it.

Such a clique would not, of course, call for immediate freedom of speech, the right of political organization, or anything of the sort. It would only hint, subtly and cautiously, that a certain easing up might result from its victory. Certain officials, with support from Politburo members, would identify themselves with the "liberalizing" tendency. This is where the battle would begin; slowly sections of the bureaucracy would begin to line up on one side and the other. Gradually, the struggle would reach into the lower depths of the bureaucracy itself, initially in the most covert forms.

But eventually the warring groups would begin to appeal to sections of the disfranchised public too. The possibilities at such a juncture are unlimited. Once the various cliques begin to battle each other for the favor of the masses, a new stage will be reached in the history of Soviet Communism. And it will be its last stage, for the totalitarian structure cannot withstand such a struggle for long. As soon as its existence becomes dependent upon the voluntary support of large masses of the citizenry, it is doomed. Like its predecessor, the czarist regime, it is not built for compromise. The contending cliques may then be obliged to close ranks and fight for their very survival as a class. This class would then need that "successor" to Stalin which its own internal divisions had made impossible. But by that time, would it not be too late?

The very bureaucratization of the Soviet system which makes it impossible for a successor to Stalin to arise, gives the system a certain inertia and stability that may well prevent open conflicts from breaking out for a long time to come.

In closing, we should like to emphasize again that these developments are not in the immediate offing; whether they will take five years or ten or more we do not know. Our only belief is that Stalin's death hastens their advent immeasurably, for Stalin was indispensable to the system he built and presided over for so long.

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BEST-DRESSED KID ON THE BLOCK

A Story

ELIOT L. WAGNER

"I'M A FLOWER," said Marcie Jane Klonsky, "and rain is falling on me."

She gazed up at her fingers waggling overhead: the raindrops. She was five. Her mother, dressing her for a visit to Aunt Sydelle, gave a fierce tug at the child's hem.

"Look how short it is," said Florence Klonsky, bitterly. "It's a shame to let you go in it. . . . Well, let your aunt see, and maybe she'll stop being so stingy with the clothing."

"Mommy, I'm a flower."

"Put your hands down and stop wriggling, so I can dress you."

Marcie Jane obeyed for a moment and Florence began to tie a bow at the child's waist. Marcie Jane dropped suddenly to a crouch and began to chant. "Now I'm a jack-in-the-box and it's so dark inside—"

Florence jerked her to her feet and slapped her hard.

"Will you keep still when I tell you to!"

Marcie Jane ducked free and ran bawling into the living room where the maid, Stella, a slim Negro girl, was rubbing down with damp newspaper the mirror that from floor to ceiling framed the artificial fireplace.

"Now what?" said Stella.

The child turned up wide dark raining eyes. The tears coursed her pretty plump face and wet her elegant though too-small dress. "She hit me," cried Marcie Jane.

"Yeah, she hit you, but what'd you do? You didn't listen to what your mother said, you didn't listen at all, that's why you got hit." Stella carefully placed the damp newspaper on a cloth she had laid out to protect the thick maroon pile of the carpeting. "Now what you crying like that for and getting your nice dress all streaked just before you going to visit your aunt?"

Florence, dropping in fatigue to a sitting position on Marcie Jane's bed, heard it all as she gathered strength to go inside and retrieve her child. She stared bitterly a moment out at the street where, an hour past noon, the automobiles parked bumper to bumper along the curbs glistened blue, gray, and green; black, maroon, and tan, under the sun of late autumn. The sun lay also in blots of blinding yellow against the apartment windows across the way. And the women, her "friends," were already out with chairs and children for the afternoon. Before her marriage she had had two actual friends, girls who had been her chums through school and afterwards. But now they lived in Queens and had their own husbands and children to take care of. And evenings they had ceased coming to visit her, because when they used to, her husband began with sex cracks and, sore that they didn't respond, ended by muttering around the apartment in pajamas and robe as if they were keeping him from sleep. So, little by little, Florence came to lose them. The neighbors, however, she could never lose. They bent to each other there in the sunlight before the low sere hedges of the apartment building, grinning, nodding, talking.

They envied her.

They envied her her maid, among other things. This sourly struck Florence as she went to the living room, where Marcie Jane, still sobbing slightly, had her face pressed against kneeling Stella.

Florence tried to sound calm, tried to subdue the edge of hysteria that often crept into her voice. "Come, Marcie Jane," she said. "Come, let's go back and finish dressing."

Marcie Jane made no move, unless to huddle more tightly against Stella. Stella gently detached her. "Now you be a good girl, Marcie Jane, and do like your mother says."

ELIOT L. WAGNER's fiction first appeared in COMMENTARY; earlier stories are "In Our Infancy" (January 1947), "Golden Days" (May 1949), and "The Straw Hat" (June 1951). His first novel will appear in the spring or fall of 1954, under the imprint of Bobbs-Merrill. Mr. Wagner was born in New York City in 1917 and is a graduate of City College.

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"I won't!" yelled Marcie Jane. She turned on Florence and added, "I hate you—big fat stupid!"

Florence effortlessly pulled Marcie Jane out in front of her, walloped the child hard across the seat, and sent her flying screaming into the foyer. At Stella, Florence shouted, "When I want you to take care of my child I'll let you know. In the meantime you're here to do the housework!" Yet even as Stella turned to the mirrors Florence felt shame rising through her anger. For she well knew how often in her disgust and tiredness she left Marcie Jane to Stella whole days.

"All right," said Florence to Marcie Jane, back in the child's room. "Stop crying now. I don't want to hit you, I didn't mean to hit you, but—"

Marcie Jane went on sobbing as Florence got her into the expensively tailored russet coat that was also too small.

THE clothing had all come from Florence's sister-in-law Sydelle, her husband's sister. Only it seemed to have stopped coming. There had been nothing for months, although Florence knew Sydelle two weeks ago had taken her daughter, Elaine, for a new wardrobing at Franklin Simon. It was one of Sydelle's idiosyncrasies to outfit Elaine frequently with clothes an exact fit the moment they were bought. Of course Elaine outgrew them in no time. Which was when they were handed to Florence for Marcie Jane, who was a half year younger than her cousin.

At the outset of this arrangement, which had been going on for two years, Florence had been rather embarrassed by the taking. For while Sydelle was wealthy—she had married into a realty family that owned half the Bronx—Florence was scarcely poor. Sol Klonsky ran a wholesale drug firm so busy, according to him, it left him little time for home: so there was not a question in the world of Marcie Jane's needing hand-me-downs. Yet, out of a chance, genuinely unmeaningful remark by Florence that it was a pity so little use was had of Elaine's clothes, hand-me-downs Marcie Jane wore. And the compunction that had made Florence laughingly suggest that Sol not be told had also, at the time, been innocent of ulterior motive.

But then it had been an easy step from not telling Sol the clothing had been given her to telling him that the clothing had been bought and paid for. It was easy to fabricate the bills he always demanded before he would reimburse her for such expenses. The money went into her private savings account, which, when she began it early in her marriage, was to have been a means to an end, but which now was a satisfaction in itself. . . .

Florence thrust a lollypop into Marcie Jane's mouth and at last the child stopped whimpering. Before the vanity glass in her own room Florence buttoned her Persian coat. Her face was thin and harried-looking: she would see thirty no more. Her figure she still had (she straightened her posture to bring out better the contours of her bosom), but what good did it do? That it sometimes impelled Sol to rush her into bed?

She tossed another of her bitter glances at her wedding photo on the chiffonier. Quite different, her face then, in the moment of innocent radiance she had attained under the bridal crown. It was clear what her appeal had been for Sol: she had known so little; and the little she had known her mother had glossed over for her. Yes, Sol was shrewd. He looked shrewd even in the picture, with his pale grinning eyes and thin smirking mouth supplying what passed for a smile on his lean features.

Marcie Jane was bent over her play table, the lolly stick a straight line from her lips, coloring avidly with crayons in a book. Florence sucked a deep breath and, calmly as she could, said, "Time to go, dear."

Marcie Jane glanced up, shut the book, and obediently followed. Florence relaxed and took her by the hand as they walked out. She wanted to love Marcie Jane every minute. Why couldn't the child always be this way?

Outdoors, passing the congregated mothers before the hedgerows on which were impaled scraps of tissue, newspaper, and candy cartons, Florence put on a frivolous face and prayed that Marcie Jane would not start jumping up and down and insisting that she wanted to stay and play with her friends. But Marcie Jane only announced to a couple of the children that she was visiting her aunt, and they walked on toward the subway.

"Florence—"

Florence looked back. Her neighbor Norma Wonderman said, "Good luck, I hope

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the kid gets her outfit." A half dozen smirks were bent on Florence, who gave them the silly nod they expected.

As she and Marcie Jane mounted the hill to the subway entrance on the Concourse, Florence ruminated with more bitterness over the fools she had to play the fool for. It was her own fault. She talked too much, told all her business. To those fools on the street. She didn't know why she did it. She talked, she couldn't stop even when she knew she should. So they were aware of everything: her private savings, her arrangement with Sydelle—she supposed they were aware of her feelings toward Sol Klonsky too, though she had never, as far as she could remember, discussed them.

She never told anyone but her mother that her husband arrived home eight at night six nights a week on the claim that business demanded it. Maybe it did.

Once home, he continually surrounded himself with his numerous relatives or business acquaintances for business talk or cards. A slight stiffness in his right arm gave him a peculiarly predatory aspect as he raked in cards or winnings at the card table.

While Sol was busy with the men, Florence was free to amuse herself with the women. Sol knew of the household furnishings, which Florence always selected, all he cared to know: that they were expensive and —like his well-dressed wife—made a good display. But to the company's women the display was a challenge—Florence's clothes; the graceful honey-oak woodwork of the couch and chairs; the wall-to-wall carpeting in maroon; the draped festooned windows; the artificial fireplace; the gleaming mirrors—a challenge to which they valiantly rose with accounts of *their* furnishings, *their* wardrobes.

So passed Florence's evenings.

Unless there was no company. In which case Sol would wolf the dinner she'd prepared and fall into a soft chair to read the paper or his insurance policies.

Yes, insurance policies!

Once, when she was driven to complain, he retorted that she was the beneficiary. A lie, as it happened. For she had glanced over these policies one day when he forgot to lock the leather case he guarded them in, and the beneficiary was Marcie Jane.

Oh, he was crazy about Marcie Jane! "I'm a born father," he would often brag to his friends. "Kids like me right off." He wanted Marcie Jane kept awake, tired or not, till he finished whatever it was he did downtown and got home. Since Florence refused to do this, he would stomp into the nursery and jostle Marcie Jane from sleep. Delighted, she would fling her arms around his neck, tell him that his beard scratched, and ask what he had brought her.

He won Marcie Jane's heart with toys, but after he had enjoyed his half-hour's fun with her, it was left to Florence to calm down Marcie Jane and put her to sleep again. Although Sol was highly critical of the way Florence handled the child, he would usually devote at least a few minutes each day to trying to talk her into having another.

"But you don't like the way I bring up this one," Florence would reply.

To which Sol would be likely to retort, "You got a good head. Too bad there's nothing in it."

Only in bed did he sue for her friendship. There, she could never be friendly enough to fully suit his tastes.

And Norma Wonderman and the others envied her her good fortune. They envied her her full-time maid, her beautiful apartment in the newest house on Sheridan Avenue, her Buick. That the Buick was Sol's didn't matter, or that he used it mainly to business and back.

But most of all they envied her her savings. They kidded her daily about the savings and she had to act dumb and laugh.

What would Norma Wonderman have said if she knew that Eric Wonderman, her own husband, had been the cause of Florence's beginning to save? What would she have said! Yet it was so.

One Sunday morning, years back, before Marcie Jane had been born, Florence stood outside the house while Sol simonized the car. Her doing so seemed perfectly natural, for each Sunday morning since the honeymoon had been dedicated partly to bed and partly to the car. Yes, Sol would polish, wash, or tinker with the car, or just sit half-in half-out on the front seat with the radio on.

That particular Sunday, though the weather was warm, Florence was seized with a spasm of shivering. They were all three—

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Sol, the car, and Florence—in the shade. Sun would cake the polish.

"Why don't you let the garage polish it?" Florence suggested.

"I like to do it myself," said Sol.

"I'm cold," said Florence. This he did not seem to hear. She shivered some moments longer and then crossed to the sunny side where, before the Chinese laundry, Eric Wonderman was airing his infant son.

She and Eric began to chat, really for the first time. She no longer remembered what they spoke of that morning, but she never forgot how pleasant it was. He looked at Florence as he talked, he smiled, he seemed to like her. She was startled that she could have such an effect on a desirable man.

That night she determined to leave Sol. His first wife had left him, and now Florence could understand why. She did not like him and she never again would. She wondered how she ever had. Or had she? Or was that her mother's doing? Why shouldn't she meet someone like Eric Wonderman? Why shouldn't she have a life to live?

But when she woke the next morning, leaving did not appear so easy. Where would she go? To her mother, who had conceived her match with Sol to begin with? What would she work at? Her parents had always been well off: her father had a wholesale hardware business that took all his time. Florence had worked in his store when they let her, and that was all.

And so she decided to stay and save enough money to keep her until she could make a living. Sol Klonsky had pretty shrewdly estimated household expenses and had budgeted Florence accordingly. But from this time she shopped bargains as though they were poor. She fired the maid and hired another at less pay, keeping the difference a secret from her husband. She started the bank account, and little by little it grew. It was not too long before she achieved the sum she had planned for.

Then she got the attacks.

The attacks.

Everything seemed to change during that period. The women on the street were nice to her. Her mother visited her every day. Sol, who had just about introduced his practice of late hours downtown, came home early again and, if she was well enough, took her to shows, movies, night clubs.

Why not? They all thought she was going to die.

It turned out only to be nerves. The doctor ho-ho'ed like a Santa Claus in a fifth-rate department store, told her she was a perfect specimen of health, and advised her to have a baby, it would give her something to do.

Most likely Sol had put the doctor up to the baby suggestion—the born father. For herself, something about the idea scared her: not the pain, something else, she didn't quite know what. . . .

Even so, Sol continued awhile coming home early nights and, though less often than during her siege, taking her out. She did not know whether or not to leave him. She was not sure. It was like the beginning, when he asked her to marry him.

She procrastinated.

And then she became pregnant. . . .

SYDELLE lived on Central Park West. From her windows you could see clear across the park. You could see the oval of the reservoir, with gulls and pigeons flying, the tennis courts, and the water tower. She had nine rooms, and the elevator let you off into a lobby that was private to her apartment.

Still, thought Florence, as she sat in the living room with her sleek, lacquered, rather hawk-expressioned sister-in-law, the rooms themselves were not as nice as her own rooms. In fact, they were rather old, and the antique furniture did not much appeal to Florence's taste. One thing good though about the apartment was that the children's playroom, where Marcie Jane had fled with Cousin Elaine, was so far off you could imagine the children were not present.

So Sydelle asked without much interest about Sol, had herself and Florence served Martinis, and bragged about some new clothes she had ordered but not yet received.

One Martini was enough to make Florence dizzy and brave. "Speaking of clothes," she said, "we never see anything of Elaine's for Marcie Jane any more."

"Oh," said Sydelle, "I've been giving them to charity."

No doubt without the Martini it would have been discussed no further. But Florence, in her muddled condition, could not face up to losing Marcie Jane's clothing money for her future savings. Nobody knew

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what the savings meant to her. Not her neighbors, not Sydelle, not anybody! They didn't know how she would sit for hours and read the passbooks, yes, read the mounting numerals over and over again. They didn't know.

"Well," she said brazenly, "it's a shame to give *all* those beautiful things. Why don't you at least let Marcie Jane have a coat or dress you like especially?"

"I like them all especially," Sydelle coolly replied, "or I wouldn't have bought them in the first place."

Florence, flaring with embarrassment, stared a foolish smile at her sister-in-law.

Sydelle quickly tilted another drink and said, "O, dammit, why should I be the fall guy? As a matter of fact, I stopped sending you the things because Sol asked me to, your husband." She shrugged. "It offended his dignity, I suppose, as chieftain of your little clan."

Florence kept staring and smiling. Everyone knew about her. Her secrets were everyone's. She was naked to them all, a buffoon.

But Sydelle merely added, thoughtfully. "He said he could afford to clothe his own child. Why don't you take him at his word, Flo? Bring the kid to Franklin Simon and send him the bill. Then he'll appreciate what he had before."

How strange! As soon as Florence realized that Sol had said nothing of her charging him for the clothes, as soon as she realized he had spared her the humiliation of complete exposure, she was so far from grateful as to be able to think of nothing but vengeance. Oh, she would fix him! She would, she would!

Yet, as always, even in her anger she saw through herself. He had not been so unkind. He had made no issue of it with her. She need not have come to Sydelle today. She might have bought clothing for Marcie Jane and played out a little game with Sol that she had always bought it. Nothing need have been said. Only the savings would have been less—which they were going to be anyway.

The savings! Her rage blazed up again.

As soon as she decently could, she dragged Marcie Jane protesting away from Cousin Elaine's copious toys, not one of which was Marcie Jane's own, and went directly to her mother's house. Florence's mother lived a little off the park, some eight blocks down. "Take a taxi, Mommy," Marcie Jane kept complaining. Florence hustled her along by foot.

Florence's mother, Mrs. Simons, opened her door a crack to squint out at them through pince-nez. "Well," she cried, "look who's here but Marcie Jane!" Though she was a refined-looking person, straight-backed, with bluish white marcelled hair, she did not hesitate to stoop and pull Marcie Jane to her bosom. Then, taking Marcie Jane's hand, she said over her shoulder to Florence, "Come in, what are you standing in the hall for?"

In the living room Florence narrated what had happened, omitting her having made Sol pay for the free clothing. Mrs. Simons occasionally nodded, at the same time carrying on a wheedling conversation with her granddaughter. "So, Pretty? What have they been teaching you in kindergarten? . . . Are you enjoying dancing school? . . . How's the bicycle Grandma gave you for your birthday, does it work? . . ." Marcie Jane replied animatedly, climbed on and off her grandmother's lap, and even executed a few chubby *demi-pliés*.

Finally in exasperation Florence seized Marcie Jane's hand and flung her half across the room. "Go into the bedroom and play with the toys Grandma keeps here for you!"

Marcie Jane rebounded wailing to Mrs. Simons, who gathered her up tenderly. "Are you crazy, handling a child that way?" Mrs. Simons asked Florence.

"You handled me that way and I survived," said Florence. "I like to be paid attention to when I'm talking," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Simons nodded. "Fine example for the child."

"Never mind the child!" screamed Florence. And she screamed something more, something she had often thought but never before uttered. "It's on account of you I'm in this fix! It's on account of you I'm married to him!"

Mrs. Simons, still embracing Marcie Jane, nodded more, and Florence knew her mother was really right, she should control herself, especially with Marcie Jane right there in the room, and most especially about Sol. Yet it had been Mrs. Simons who years ago had dragged unwilling Florence, then twenty-

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two, to a hotel in the Catskills to find a husband for her. And while Florence wandered despondently about the beautiful grounds, unable to bring herself to speak to strangers, her mother found her a husband at one of the poker tables on the broad white verandah. Yes, while Florence profitlessly studied the flowered terraces, the wide slate-gray steps descending to the hotel pool, and the sky-blue wink of the pool's water, Mrs. Simons busied herself among the clinking coins and rustling cards. There, besides winning money, she won—through adroit allusions to Florence and the benefits of housekeeping, as well as through a certain sympathy of temperament—the interest of the game's only other winner, Sol Klonsky, for her daughter.

That night Florence found herself on a fragrant terrace with a man, under a low sky white and throbbing with stars. It was a new experience. He was tall, not bad-looking, and talkative. The last quality perhaps attracted her most; for, despite her mother's endless coaching, making conversation with men was to Florence a torment. Sol boasted at length of his successful techniques in business, and hinted at his techniques, equally successful, in winning the hearts of women. She accepted as gold coin all the currency of his conversation and despaired that such a man of the world would bother with her more.

But he did. They danced evenings, or in the clubhouse watched movies or the floor show with Broadway stars, or sat in the grillroom, where Sol would sip beer and Florence lemonade. By daylight she followed him around the golf course, or they swam or played handball. He thrust on her notice the otherwise unnoticeable deformity of his arm, and showed her what an athlete he was in spite of it. At handball Florence never scored a point. She was surprised at his willingness to go on playing with her and thought it very kind of him.

In New York he came with flowers, candy, and, above all, praise. "I think you're my type," he would tell her. Mrs. Simons, after every date, asked Florence if he had proposed yet. She was very anxious about the proposal, Mrs. Simons. Florence, however, did not so desire the courtship to rapidly reach its anticipated conclusion. She simultaneously enjoyed it too much and was unsure that this was love. The good-night kisses led her to suppose that it must be, for lovers kissed; but the heavy blanks that often stretched out in their dialogue made her profoundly uneasy.

Deep down she could not imagine herself his wife.

But one night he called on her at home while she was nursing a cold. Her parents were out. In housecoat and slippers she half reclined along the couch as Sol reviewed his clevernesses of the day at business. Suddenly he stopped talking, stared so strangely she thought he was ill, and flung himself upon her.

He kissed her violently, unheeding where on her twisting head the kisses struck. His fingers probed her body.

With difficulty she escaped him and sprang to her feet. She looked down at him, her arms crossed over her heaving chest, more in bewilderment than anger. He reached toward her. She moved away.

He laughed loud. "You know why I like you?" he said. "Because you don't remind me of my first wife—not one bit."

"First wife?"

"Yeah, she was the friendly type—if you know what I mean. And she had plenty of friends. . . . And could she talk!" He held his ears. Then he caught Florence's gaze of astonished dismay. He smiled. "Didn't your mother tell you?" His blue eyes became enchanted with amusement. He gurgled. "Didn't your mother ever tell you *anything*?" He began to hoot. "C'm'ere." He reached out again. Again Florence drew away.

"Don't run," he said, "we're getting married anyway, so what difference does it make? That's what married people do." The laughter burbled out of him again as he wheezed, "Oh, I forgot—your mother never told you—"

This was the proposal. Florence stood before him, empty with fear.

To get him to go she promised to think it over. What she wanted, really, was not to think. She darkened her room and lay miserably. Her head was clogged, she sniveled. Why did it have to happen now, when she had a cold? It was so unfair! She especially dreaded the customary post-date session in which her mother would pump Florence and pick apart everything she told her. Florence pretended to be asleep.

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Futile.

Her mother came and switched on the lamp. Under its persistent illumination Florence confided all—fears as well as proposal—while she dabbed continually at her nose. Mrs. Simons sat smilingly beside Florence and, stroking her forehead as she had done in Florence's infancy, said, "Every girl gets frightened when the time comes. You'll get over it. And the other wife? Why should you worry about her? If she couldn't get along with her husband, that was her misfortune. What's it got to do with you?"

"But he was so rough!" Florence insisted. "He looked so ugly!"

"Ugly?" her mother retorted. "He's a good-looking man. And who are you anyway, Hedy Lamarr? Go look into your mirror and see how many more chances you can expect to get!"

Florence broke down and sobbed, working her sodden handkerchief at her swollen nostrils and leaky eyes.

Her mother fondled her again. In soft warm tones she reassured her. "Don't worry so much about looks; looks are skin deep," she said, "but a good heart means everything." Sol Klonsky had a good heart. He would care for her, he would provide for her. And you don't pick up a wholesale drug business like dirt in the street. "Don't be foolish," her mother whispered, "don't be foolish. Don't be foolish," she told Florence softly.

How could Florence resist, she felt so dull. Soon, under her mother's caresses, she had become warm and comfortable, like a little child. . . .

Mrs. Simons now stroked Marcie Jane's forehead, soothing her. She said to Florence, "You know what I advise? I advise you to go see a psychiatrist and have your head examined."

THAT was enough for Florence. She pulled Marcie Jane, who fought her with small hammering fists, from Mrs. Simons, slapped on the child's clothing and her own, and dragged her from the apartment.

Mortified by the child's screaming before the elevator operator, utterly worn out, she paused limp on the pavement outside the house. Marcie Jane emitted a steady high-pitched whine. Florence was about to hurl a shout at her when, looking down, she saw on the child's twisted face a squint of misery exactly reflecting her own. No, I mustn't, she thought, it's what my mother always did to me. In a spasm of pity (whether more for herself or her daughter she couldn't tell), she raised the child and begged her not to cry. Marcie Jane tried to wriggle loose.

"Put me down!" she yelled. "I don't want you to hold me. I hate you!"

"Please, baby," begged Florence. "I'm sorry I was bad to you, I won't be that way any more. Look, let's go get you a pretty, new coat, right now. Won't that be nice?"

Marcie Jane stared uncertain a second, her face red, her eyes wet. Then she nodded and laid her head against her mother's shoulder.

"Sweet," said Florence, herself ready for tears. "Isn't it nice? Let's always like each other. . . ."

But Marcie Jane weighed a ton. Florence couldn't hold her another minute. She bent to put her down.

"Carry me, Mommy," said Marcie Jane.

"I can't, honey, you're too heavy, you're a big girl."

Marcie Jane puckered again.

"Tell you what," said Florence. "Let's take a cab! How's that?"

"Goody!" Marcie Jane clapped hands, jumped up and down, and ran to the corner and shouted "Taxi!"

In the cab Florence asked Marcie Jane what kind of coat she would like. "Like Elaine's?"

Marcie Jane reached her fingers to the tight black curls of Florence's Persian. "Like yours, Mommy," she said.

"But—" Florence began, then stopped. What a wonderful idea! What a revenge, when she would hand Sol the bill!

She leaned to the driver and directed him to the furrier who had made her coat.

As soon as the measurements were complete and the coat ordered, Florence regretted it. The idea was insane. The furrier at first had thought she was joking. When he saw she wasn't, he stared so queerly at her she didn't dare meet his eyes again. She paid a deposit and hurried into the subway with Marcie Jane. All the ride uptown Florence had a pounding headache. At home, she sent Stella out with Marcie Jane for an hour, took aspirin, and lay down. Had she the nerve, she would have canceled the order, deposit or not. But then the furrier would really think she was crazy.

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Though she had no hope of Marcie Jane's keeping the promise, she persuaded Marcie Jane to agree not to tell Daddy beforehand, it was to be a surprise.

And part of the surprise, for Florence, was that Marcie Jane didn't tell. For days she played fur store in her room but explained to no one, not even to Stella, what inspired the game. And then, more surprise—when with pounding heart Florence took Marcie Jane to call for the coat, she found herself delighted with the result!

Marcie Jane looked unimaginably cute in the little black Persian, with muff and jaunty cylindrical hat to match! And Marcie Jane herself twisted and squirmed before the triple mirror in an ecstasy. Florence wore her own Persian, and even the furrier regarded the pair of them with pleasure. "It's nice," he grudgingly granted, "if you can afford it."

"We're so elegant," said Florence, "we surely can't go home by subway, can we, Marcie Jane? We'll just have to take a cab, won't we?"

"Goody!" exclaimed Marcie Jane.

At Broadway and 30th Street, amid glued eyes, smiles, sneers, and downright laughter, they waved to a taxi. Marcie Jane wanted to ride on one of the little seats that come out of the floor. Florence sat behind the child, one hand on Marcie Jane's arm so that she would not slip off at quick turns. With her other hand Florence caressed Marcie Jane's soft cheek. The child hummed and pressed against her mother's palm. Never had Florence been so happy! She had done something foolish, yet for once it had turned out all right. Never again would she be impatient with Marcie Jane, never again would she hit her, never scold her.

She feared a little for the neighbors as they neared home. But Sheridan Avenue was somehow clear as they entered the house unobserved, where Stella admitted them, staring with wondering amusement. "Well I never," she murmured, "I just never," shooting Florence the same queer look the furrier had given her the day of the measuring.

Florence didn't care. She was so pleased that she made up her mind impulsively not to make Sol pay for it at all! Her savings would bear the expense entirely!

And the decision didn't frighten her one bit, though she wondered if she would still feel that way tomorrow, when the excitement and novelty had worn off. But during lunch, which she prepared and which she and Marcie Jane ate happily together, she knew that the savings would never again matter to her as they used to. How changed she had become! And a change she never would have dreamed possible!

And if herself, why not Sol? They both loved Marcie Jane, why couldn't they love her together, and so come to love each other? Why not? Why not?

Her life suddenly opened on a vista of clear new light. Her heart was laved in its brightness. . . .

After lunch Marcie Jane of course wanted to display her fur coat outdoors. The women were all there, out on the sidewalk now, but— They had to be faced some time, thought Florence.

She faced them.

They actually pointed fingers at her and Marcie Jane as they laughed. Marcie Jane didn't care, because all the children gathered envious around her. One little girl began immediately to nag her mother for a coat like Marcie Jane's.

"Oh God no!" the mother gasped.

Norma Wonderman said, "Are you two going to be on a TV fashion show?"

"No," cried Judith Kopp, "they're going to pose for next month's *Ladies' Home Journal* cover!"

Let them laugh, thought Florence. It was all forced laughter, and worth the price anyhow. She took Marcie Jane's hand and said, "Come, dear, let's go to the playground."

"Playground?" cawed Birdie Sobel. "Don't wear the skins out on the slide, Marcie Jane."

The women roared.

Norma Wonderman aimed a long finger at Marcie Jane. "You sure got even with your sister-in-law, Florence. This is definitely the best-dressed kid on the block—when she has her coat on!"

Florence and Marcie Jane left the laughter behind as they went downhill to the playground, drawing turned heads at every pace. Marcie Jane played content all afternoon and, content, returned home hand in hand with her mother. They played again together after supper, and Marcie Jane fell quickly asleep at bedtime.

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SOL KLONSKY, home late in the evening, tossed his coat to a foyer chair, clapped Florence behind, and started as usual for the nursery. But Florence playfully caught his arm and said, "Don't bother her tonight, Sol. Let's eat. I'm starved."

"Didn't you eat yet?"

"No, I've been waiting for you. It's more friendly that way."

His lean face creased and his pale eyes narrowed in amused suspicion. "You short of a mink coat or something?" He laughed and went his way. In the nursery he flicked the light on and shook Marcie Jane's shoulders. At first she moaned. Then her lids fluttered. She wrenched herself from sleep and scrambled up to hold a warm flushed cheek to her father's mouth.

"Well?" he said, embracing her.

Holding his hands for leverage, she leaped up and down on the mattress. "Show him, Mommy, quick, show him!"

Sol's smile carried to Florence. "Well, show me, you heard what the child said." And to Marcie Jane. "What have we got?"

"My coat," she said, "my coat! My brand new coat!"

Sol glanced again at Florence, who had not moved. "Bring it out, let's see something you had to buy in a store for a change, instead of my sister's garbage." He gave a thin laugh. "Did you think I didn't know? Marcie Jane keeps me posted on everything, don't you, honey? And by the way, while I'm on the subject of your swindling, what are you saving up for in those bankbooks of yours? You want to be buried in a gold casket or something? . . . Well, where's the coat? Come on, we're anxious, ain't we?" he added, turning for confirmation to Marcie Jane.

"Get it, Mommy!" ordered Marcie Jane. "Wait till you see, Daddy. Mommy, hurry up!"

But to Florence the voices were distant. She felt ashen inside and about her spread the great bleak plain of her disappointment.

"You sick or something?" said Sol, annoyed, and went himself to the closet, directed by Marcie Jane from her bed.

He did not at first believe what dangled from the hanger—the coat, the hat, the muff—and he held it to the light. While Marcie Jane begged him to hand it over for her to put on, he tried the fur incredulously between forefinger and thumb.

He then showed Florence a pleased clever expression that reminded her of his wedding photo, and said, "So you thought you'd get even with me because I caught you, eh? Well now I'm going to teach you a little lesson that even you should be able to remember for a long long time." He marched with the outfit out of the nursery.

"Daddy!" shrieked Marcie Jane, and slid off the bed to pursue in her pajamas.

Florence, roused from her apathy, followed. "Sol—" she called after him, "Sol—"

THROUGH the foyer he strode, out of the door and to the incinerator in the hall. Marcie Jane wailed barefoot after him over the tile; and Florence, in a very different way from before, again caught at his arm. He shook her off and opened the funnel. The muff and hat slid easily into the drop from which rose the acrid odor of burning garbage. The coat was bulky and he was still stuffing it in as Florence carried sobbing disbelieving Marcie Jane back inside.

Across one chair in the foyer lay Sol's coat, waiting for Florence to put it in the closet. She sank trembling into the other chair with Marcie Jane and tried to kiss away the teardrops coursing the child's cheeks, murmuring, "Hush, baby, hush dear," and embracing her tightly.

Sol came in and touched Marcie Jane's shoulder. "You didn't want those things," he said. "Everybody would only laugh at you. Now you know what I'm gonna get you? . . ."

But there were only Marcie Jane's throbbing back and Florence's white scornful face.

"And who do you think you're looking at?" Sol Klonsky shouted at Florence between moist out-thrust lips. "Not a cent for those things, baby, not one red cent will you get out of me, not a cent for those bankbooks of yours!"

"Who asked you, you bully!" Florence shouted back. "Who needs your money—or you! We don't need you! Do we, baby, do we, Marcie Jane?"

And to her unutterable joy she felt the sobbing child shake her head no.

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WORK AND LEISURE UNDER INDUSTRIALISM

The Plight of Our Culture: Part II

CLEMENT GREENBERG

HIGH, highbrow, genteel, academic (in the original sense), or aulic culture is now pursued by a relatively small number of people most of whom come from the middle classes. The largest proportion, however, of those who pay to maintain this kind of culture still come from among the rich. But the cultivated minority among the rich seems to shrink steadily in proportionate numbers. Or, rather, their culture itself seems to shrink.

Thrown upon the mercy of the market which bourgeois society has set up to determine the social utility of as many things as possible, and faced with consequences of technological change for which it is unprepared by tradition, high culture has lost much of its old implicit authority. Even in the eyes of those who still pay for it, it has become a commodity instead of a standard and a way of life—and not a very competitive commodity. Where all classes have money to spend on culture, the cheaper, or easier, article must inevitably drive out the more difficult, or expensive, one.*

At the same time high culture, after having been synonymous for centuries with culture as such, is now set apart by industrial life as something special and even artificial, being regarded no longer as the product of inclination, but as a pretension. The "highbrow" has sprung up to confirm this accusation in part, but also to answer it as he needs must answer it. The distinctions between the genuine and the spurious, the elevated and the vulgar, becoming more and more blurred, those who have the interests of high culture at heart are compelled to make these distinctions all the more emphatic, at the risk of exaggeration. The highbrow has, as it were, to price his product out of the market in order to protect it from the market's demands.

Today a large part of the essential activity of high culture consists simply in asserting a level, *its* level, and this excuses many, if not all, the phenomena in latter-day literature, art, and thought that might otherwise be condemned as precious or affected. Nevertheless the preciousness is very often there. It is hard to think of a great poet, composer, or artist of the last hundred years not guilty in one way or another of "artiness"—which is a symptom of, and at the same time a protest against, the fact that genuine art is increasingly cut off from the main routines of life.

THE first half of this two-part article, taking off from an examination of T. S. Eliot's *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*, argued that the problems of culture in our time had been vastly complicated by the Industrial Revolution. It described the stratification of our present culture on three levels—highbrow, middlebrow, lowbrow—and tried to show that the second of these was becoming more and more important, but that its importance held a threat to the survival of genuine culture. Yet to assess the situation solely in terms of "decline" and "improvement" oversimplifies it. The main problem, which the second part of the article goes into, is to adapt culture and the industrial environment to each other in a more organic way. CLEMENT GREENBERG is an associate editor of COMMENTARY and an art critic. His book on the painter, Joan Miró, appeared in 1948, and another book by him, on Matisse, will appear this coming autumn under the imprint of Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

*An important factor in this connection is the rise in value of labor under industrialism, which makes it less and less feasible to produce things, no matter how highly priced, for a restricted market. The number of buyers necessary to keep, say, a publisher in business is much larger than what it was a century ago.

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THE avant-garde—which is the "cadre" that has led the fight for aesthetic truth, high standards, continuity with tradition, and against the utilitarian ethos during the past century—tends to make a virtue of its isolation and identify this with high culture by definition. But it is no longer as easy as it was in Baudelaire's and Flaubert's day to be so militant in one's isolation. The political convulsions of our time have revealed more immediate threats to culture than those of bourgeois routine. And the bourgeois public, for its part, has through the medium of middlebrow culture begun to make conciliatory overtures to the avant-garde. The more ashamed philistinism becomes of itself the less benefit does culture get from an attitude whose main point is anti-philistinism, and the less meaning does such an attitude in itself retain.

For a variety of reasons it is no longer possible anyhow to rest a fruitful criticism of contemporary life on a total rejection of the kind of experience that gives rise to philistinism. We are better able today to appreciate the benefits of a middle class confident enough in its philistinism—as the German middle classes were not—to insist that politics be expedient rather than ideological. The avant-garde will have to acquire new content for itself if it is to stay cogent and not degenerate into Alexandrinism. At this moment the latter eventuality is not so remote.

With less and less to say of the truth about life under the industrial system—a truth which therefore goes unsaid—the avant-garde grows crabbed and half-baked, given over to the canonizing, codifying, and imitating of itself, to the conning of a limited repertory of dissident attitudes. Nor does the fact that part of the middlebrow public now accepts Proust and Eliot, Matisse and Picasso, Stravinsky and even Schoenberg, and that the younger "advanced" writers appear in pocket-book anthologies lend new vitality to high art and literature as activity in the here and now. Indeed, the effect may be the opposite, for the genuinely ambitious young writer or artist must now spend more of his energy in establishing distance between himself and the well-meaning but impatient middlebrow than he ever had to with the out-and-out philistine.

It would seem therefore that it is middlebrow, not lowbrow, culture that does most nowadays to cut the social ground from under high culture. The middlebrow aspect is taken more and more for culture as such, for representative culture, even by educated people who still regard culture as a matter of personal parts instead of as a means merely of asserting status. Active high culture is left increasingly to specialists, and the middlebrow becomes the highest form to which the amateur, or dilettante, can aspire. There have almost always been specialists of culture, but their interests and concerns used to merge intimately with those of the educated and socially powerful amateur. Today, however, there is a growing estrangement. And since the socially powerful amateur, whether he be few or many, still controls our kind of culture, the middlebrow level tends to become its crucial one, where the fate of the whole of our culture may be decided.

But can it not be hoped that middlebrow culture will in the course of time be able to transcend itself and rise to a level where it will be no longer middlebrow, but high culture? This hope assumes that the new urban middle classes in America will consolidate and increase their present social and material advantages and, in the process, achieve enough cultivation to support, spontaneously, a much higher level of culture than now. And then, supposedly, we shall see, for the first time in history, high urban culture on a "mass" basis.

IV

ROSTOVTZEFF explained the decline of Roman culture by the fact that the old educated classes were swallowed up by half and uneducated new classes; too many of the traditional functions of culture were discarded or oversimplified in order to suit them to the limitations of lowbred people with

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new social and money power. Purely political and social forces have been working to similar effect in our own society, but the result in our case has been magnified, and complicated, by the great revolution in technology. Such a revolution creates new modes of production, service, and communication that do not, as a rule, square with inherited social arrangements, everyday habits, or hitherto agreed-upon interpretations of life. Since many traditional forms tend to impede action, they become distorted, misused, or discarded. Culture undergoes a weakening from which it does not recover until viable new forms are developed, or old forms sufficiently changed, to ease, control and render more meaningful the new kind of life that the new technology dictates.

The present Industrial Revolution is the fourth great revolution in technology that we know of. Each of these revolutions seems to have been accompanied by cultural breakdown or at least regression. The evidence is not indisputably clear for the first two—the Neolithic and the "urban"—both of which took place before the invention of writing, but we do at least see how, in the course of the Neolithic revolution, the vivid representational cave painting of the Paleolithic hunters in Southwestern Europe gave way around the Mediterranean to a mechanical kind of decoration. And for most of what V. Gordon Childe calls the "urban revolution," which went on all through the 4th millennium B.C.E. (and which, after many inventions and discoveries such as metallurgy, the wheel, sails, the plough, the harnessing of beasts, culminated in the founding of the first cities in the Near East) the archaeological evidence would show that plastic art led an uncertain existence. We know infinitely more about the consequences of the third technological revolution, that of the Iron Age, which occurred around the Eastern Mediterranean between 1100 and 800 B.C.E. and saw the first widespread use of iron: societies and states foundered, and culture seemed during that period to thin out even as the area of civilization itself expanded fourfold. (See V. Gordon Childe's *What Happened in History* [Penguin Books], and his more recent and specialized *Social Evolution* [Schumann, 1952].)

There were no great technological revolutions in the three thousand years between the Iron Age and the beginning of the Industrial Age in 18th-century Western Europe, and the crises of culture and society during that crowded and comparatively well-recorded epoch do not seem to have been significantly determined by technological change. Such improvements in technological equipment as were made were piecemeal and never large or radical enough anywhere to revolutionize technology as a whole. This, it can be argued, is exactly why the format, general scheme, or pattern of the different civilizations in Europe and Asia changed so little during the time in question—which, in turn, is why Spengler and Toynbee have been able, with some plausibility, to set forth rules of sequence for the growth and decline of civilizations that take little account of technological factors.

Today, however, we are in the presence of a technological "mutation" of an order and scale such as mankind has not experienced in some five thousand years. As regards its ultimate effects no one is able to talk with any real confidence, if only because we have so little memory or record of the last time that technological change operated radically enough to turn the course of history. But one might assume that this factor, added to the "usual" political and social causes of decline in an "old" civilization, and intensifying them, would make the crisis of our culture even graver. But could it not also bring altogether new factors to bear the effects of which are unpredictable in terms of "rise" and "fall"?

Now it is true that culture under advanced industrialism has plumbed depths of banality unknown to previous societies. But the very classes that patronize this debased and stultifying kind of culture manifest, in America and Northwestern Europe, a level of civic "culture" that, as a mass phenomenon, is just as unprecedented, and which

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seems to persist and grow in the face of the increasing tawdriness of "cultural" culture. It is doubtful whether this rise in the general level of civic and political consciousness (which is overlooked by critics of culture like Eliot, Ortega y Gasset, and the rest, because they are oblivious *in the end* to anything but aesthetic considerations) would have been possible without the material margin granted by industrialism for the fuller development of enlightened political traditions, particularly in some of the Protestant countries. Consequently, we see that, as great as are the dangers to culture raised by the latest technological revolution, it has also promoted forces on a scale historically unique to countervail them in other areas of social life. New "contradictions"—or rather old ones that have become unprecedentedly sharp and concrete—emerge at this point. One of these—of which Eliot shows awareness—is that between culture as such and the well-being of society at large.

Industrial productivity has made the well-being of the majority a vivid possibility and there is a universal urge to subordinate almost all other considerations to that further increase of productivity which will realize this possibility. (The talk about our change-over from a "producer's" to a "consumer's" mentality ought not deceive us in this respect.) At the same time increased productivity accelerates social mobility, and this, beyond a certain point, endangers the continuity of culture. As we have seen, the wider the social front on which material, social, and political advances are made, and the faster that front moves forward, the greater the danger, for the time being, of cultural regression. The ideologues of tradition propose to resolve the difficulty by reducing one of its terms—social mobility—in order to permit the re-emergence of a hereditary elite (if they do not, like Russell Kirk, look to "Providential change"). The liberals, however, would simply strengthen the other term, on the assumption that once well-being has become universal the contradiction between material progress and culture will disappear automatically, and that material and cultural values will then coincide in their means, with the aesthetic and intellectual culture of the majority rising to the same level as their civic "culture," and both continuing thenceforth to rise as one. Some liberals look to socialism to bring this happy fusion about; others, like David Riesman, Lyman Bryson, and many more, seem to expect it to be realized if American society is able to continue undisturbed in its present course.

If, as the past would indicate, technological gain is irreversible and the industrial system is here for good, then it is very unlikely that a new upper class will be able to perpetuate itself and foster culture in the *old* way, with the same privileges and authority, that Eliot has in mind; a vast police force and a vast censorship would be needed to protect such a class and its culture from the potentialities of industrialism. On the other hand, the proponents of the equalitarian solution do not see the whole problem, and underrate the extent to which industrialism, along with the social equality it may or may not promote, is incompatible with any elevated culture of a traditional kind. The changes brought about by industrialism go deeper than class relations or the question of exploitation as such. Industrialism throws up problems that are as unprecedented in the cultural as in the economic and political sphere, and which demand solutions that cut to even deeper roots.

V

THERE has been much talk about how the new leisure created by the shortening of hours of work can be turned to the advantage of humanist culture by providing it with a broader social basis than ever before. Leisure is seen as not a matter merely of free, empty time, but as also determined by the material and social circumstances under which it is enjoyed. What is not realized, however, is the even greater degree to which it is determined by the kind of work, or necessary activity, that sets it off. Leisure—even for those who do not work—is down at bottom a function of work, flows from work, and changes as the nature of work changes.

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Leisure in traditional society (the "peasant," feudal, semi-feudal, or merchant's society which was the most we knew until two hundred years ago) was—for most classes in theory, and for the upper classes that supported high culture, in practice—the *positive* aspect of life, and the condition for the realization of its highest values. Economically productive work lacked prestige, as we know, and was regarded as life's negative aspect. (However much the peasant or farmer has praised himself since time immemorial for doing such work, it was almost always with the resentful feeling that nobody in city or manor really agreed with him.) But even more fundamental was the fact that purposeful work was not separated from all that was not work as sharply and unequivocally in terms of time, effort, and attitude as it is now. For one thing, most work used to be work on the land, which is difficult to compartmentalize in terms of time; for another, traditional work was adulterated more or less by irrational practices—customs, rites, observances—that, conceived of originally as means of helping work achieve its ends, then becoming ingrained as matters of propriety and custom, actually furnished occasions *inside* work for relief from the strain of its purposefulness. With the distinction between work and leisure blurred in this way, culture could preserve a certain place and role within the former—at the cost, to be sure, of its efficiency.

Whether work was rendered much less of an affliction thereby is debatable. But the easier or more "natural" rhythm and pace of traditional work did, it would appear, take a lighter toll of the nerves—and if the working classes of traditional society lived more brutish lives than ours, that may have been not so much because they toiled like beasts of burden, but because they had less material goods at their disposal as a result, precisely, of the fact that they did not work hard or rationally enough. The upper classes, at least—those whose members did not perform manual labor—were able to take fuller advantage of the orientation of traditional work towards leisure, and turn it to the benefit of high culture as well as of themselves, while escaping most of the consequences of its low productivity.

To the exact end of greater productivity, capitalism, Protestantism, and industrialism have brought about a separation of work from all that is not work which is infinitely sharper and more exclusive than ever in the past. And as work has become more concentratedly and actively work—that is, more strictly controlled by its purposes, more efficient—it has pushed leisure out of the foreground of life and turned it into the negative instead of positive complement of itself. Work may be less arduous physically than it used to be, but its present standards of efficiency require one to key oneself to a higher pitch of nervous and mental effort, if only for the sake of the self-control and self-denial required by any kind of sustained activity directed solely towards an end outside itself. Leisure, in compensation, has become much more emphatically the occasion for flight from all purposefulness, for rest, respite, and recuperation.* It is certainly no longer the sphere *par excellence* of realization, but a passive state, primarily, in which one's least passive need is for distraction and vicarious experience that will give those immediate satisfactions denied one during working hours by the constraint of efficiency. This in itself is a valid need, but when one's nerves insist that it be met with a minimum of mental exertion on one's own part only a base kind of culture can satisfy it, a kind of culture that has lost all efficacy as recreation (in the literal sense) and become entirely a matter of rudimentary entertainment and diversion —of the sort, exactly, that we see in lowbrow and much of middlebrow culture.

This new relation between work and lei-

*The difference between modern and traditional work lies in this tension, and not as much as is commonly thought in the difference between the machine-tending "robot's" boredom and the solicitous interest and commitment of the craftsman who shapes the product of his work from beginning to end. It is forgotten that only a small proportion of traditional work was done by craftsmen; most of it was labor, drudgery, in town as well as country, and of a kind demanding even less use of the intelligence than does factory work.

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sure—which I have simplified and exaggerated in order to describe—would have less of an effect on culture, and particularly on high culture, were the rich still exempted from work. But as their monopoly on comfort has been broken by industrialism, so has the monopoly on economic work of those who are less than rich (as though industrialism could shorten working hours only by making work universal). The upper classes can no longer say to the rest of society: "Work—that's your fate, not ours." Status and prestige are not derived so implicitly as before from social origin, and are conferred more and more preponderantly on achievement, and sustained achievement at that. Old-fashioned, complete leisure is now felt by the rich, too, as idleness, as remoteness from reality, and therefore the way to demoralization, thus no longer presupposed as the natural and positive condition of the realization of the highest values—much less as the end for which one strives in youth as well as old age.*

IN THIS point if no other, Puritanism has won a lasting victory. Work has now become the main business of life and the ground of reality for all classes of industrial society. And while the rich man may be far less "alienated" from his job than the poor, he is subject to the same "banausic" rule and pace of efficiency, which transform his leisure, too, into one without mental ease, a series of breathing spells, no matter how extended, in which it is difficult for him, too, to collect and recreate himself.**

The highest level that humanist culture seems to be able to attain under this new kind of leisure is the middlebrow. And according to the evidence we have so far, the quantitative increase and diffusion of such leisure do not promise of themselves to raise that level very much. Nor would the restriction of social movement, the further improvement of standards of living, or even the raising of standards of public education—not of themselves, not as long as leisure, and work, remain what they have latterly become for everyone.

Marx expected socialism, with a working day of four hours or less, to solve the problem of culture under modern industrialism (a problem to which he did not, for that matter, give a great deal of thought), but work, and efficiency in work, would still be necessary to the success of an integrally socialist as to any other kind of industrial order, and leisure, no matter how much enlarged, would still be dominated and enervated by work, and colored by the anxiety that the rule of efficiency seems to provoke wherever it is "internalized"—as it must be if industrialism is really to function.†

Nor is it likely that the presumably greater security of life under socialism would radically lessen that kind of anxiety and the demand for anodynes to relieve it. Thus not purely political or economic, not purely social or cultural measures appear to promise to solve the problem of authentic and high cul-

*See Aristotle in his *Politics*, VIII, 1337B and 1338A. With his customary psychological realism, he reports the common view, held from the dawn of urban civilization until a short while ago, of leisure as the highest condition of life for the young no less than the old: "... we should be able, not only to work well, but to use leisure *[schole]* well; for, as I must repeat once more, the first principle of all action is leisure. Both are required, but leisure is better than work and is its end; and therefore the question must be asked, what ought we do when at leisure? Clearly we ought not to be amusing ourselves, for then amusement would be the end of life ... we should introduce amusements only at suitable times, and they should be our medicines, for the feeling that they create in the soul is a relaxation, and from the pleasure we get rest. But leisure *as such* [my italics] gives pleasure and happiness and enjoyment of life; these are experienced, not by the busy man, but by those who have leisure. ... there are branches of learning and education which we must study merely with a view to leisure spent in intellectual activity, and these are to be valued for their own sake. ..."

**Also important is the difference between a leisure supported by servants and one in which you have to fend for yourself with the aid of "modern conveniences" and labor-saving appliances. A single housekeeper provides more ease than a thousand gadgets, as Schumpeter says.

†Once efficiency becomes a matter of conscience, the failure to be completely efficient—or even to be able to imagine what the perfection of efficiency is—weighs like a sense of sin. For no one is ever efficient *enough*.

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ture under industrialism—not as long as it goes unsolved in the sphere of work.

It is doubtful, moreover, whether that solution could be achieved merely by so changing work as to restore leisure as the theater of genuine culture while leaving work, as before, outside. This would require making leisure again the positive aspect of life and work the negative one. But this is impossible under full-fledged industrialism because it would mean relaxing efficiency. Industrialism, with all its burden, its work and routine, is accepted by and large because it opens up and begins to realize—for the first time—the prospect of a higher level of material well-being for all classes; to slacken efficiency would postpone that realization, and to this the mass of people in a country like ours, where the awareness of the relation between such causes and such effects has become almost universal, will not consent. If, therefore, the problem of achieving an authentic culture under industrialism has to be solved without reducing efficiency, or else not at all, then the only way out becomes the highly improbable one of making work itself the main sphere of culture—that is, of integrating it with culture *without* sacrifice of its efficiency. Which is also to say that work under industrialism, whether in factory or office, must be made the source of more immediate satisfactions for those who perform it.

THE problem as stated looks so formidable, so unprecedented, that one's first impulse is to cast around for alternatives. May we not ask, with Sir Herbert Read, whether it won't be possible for an authentic non-utilitarian culture to develop in industrial leisure on the basis of the kind of interest and activity that go into the hobby? May not leisure in that way be infused with some of the positive spirit of work and redeemed from its passivity? As it happens, the hobby is in its nature and history closely tied to industrialism. It has taken hold only during the last two centuries and, as distinct from the dilettante's or leisured man's avocation, can be defined as a homeopathic reaction from the purposefulness of serious and necessary work (or acquisition) that takes the form of work (or acquisition) itself. One works at the hobby for the sake of the pleasure in work, and is able to take pleasure in it because its end is not serious or necessary enough to subject its means to the rule of efficiency (though one can make a hobby of efficiency too). The hobby asserts the value of one's time and energy in terms of immediate rather than ultimate satisfactions, and relates the end of work directly to the particular person who performs it.

The hobby is play, and play, according to Jan Huizinga, is the mother of culture. But play as such, under industrialism, is no longer *serious* enough to open the way to the heart of things—is rather a detour or escape. Authentic culture must, by definition, not be that. It has, instead, to lie at the center, and from there irradiate the whole of life, the serious as well as the not serious. It is serious work that has become, as I have said, the center of all our lives. If serious work—not leisure—can be infused with something of the spirit of the hobby, with something of its unseriousness, well and good; but not the other way round—not as long as leisure remains peripheral, as it must, and the hobby finds its only existence there.

But looking again into the remoter past, we discover that the necessity of integrating non-material culture with economic work is not altogether novel. We have only to follow traditional society far enough back. In certain respects, as Marx saw, we have come full circle. Everyone, as a rule, had to work in primitive societies, as they do now in an advanced industrial one. This made the question of culture in early societies, too, coincide largely with that of work, for they likewise had no leisure class to carry on culture as something apart from work. But these societies solved the problem automatically: that is, it did not exist before its solution.

The remoter pre-urban, and archaic urban past shows us art, religion, and lore, not only as barely distinguishable from one another in practice, but also as hard to distinguish, in intention, from the technologies

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of production, war, and healing. Rite, myth, magic, decoration, image, music, dance, and poetry appear to have been art, religion, lore, defense, work, and healing at once, all of them parts of a single complex meant to safeguard mortal existence. Five thousand years of urban history have gradually separated these activities, with their implicit ends, and sealed them off from each other, so that we at last have art (or culture) for its own sake, religion for the sake of things knowable only outside life (or, like art to some degree, for the sake pure and simple of states of mind), and work for the sake of exclusively practical, "objective" aims. The problem now is to restore intimate relations between the three, or—with religion, as I think, ruling itself out as a social form—between the two. For if culture cannot be again closely related to work, it cannot be related closely enough to that reality which has again become fundamental for all of society.

INDUSTRIALISM, imposing work on everyone—without, by that fact, doing away with exploitation—has confronted us more explicitly than ever before with work in its aspect as a limitation on human freedom—the aspect the author of Genesis must have had in mind when he described the fall of man (and beginning of history) as a fall into reproduction, work, and death. If man is to continue discovering and realizing his possibilities in history he will, at this point, have to broach the problem of culture and work—which is to say, of his mastery over work—more radically than he has so far.

It may be that industrial man will not be able even to begin to solve the problem;* it may be that the problem is permanently insoluble. But if so, then Eliot will have been right, and a revival of high, authentic urban culture must await the collapse or retreat of the industrial system, and the re-emergence of a leisured ruling class on the basis of a new form of the old order and of an economy of the old scarcity and squalor. . . . In the meantime, high culture, on its non-aesthetic side, may be able to survive as a set of special disciplines practiced during working hours by professionals —and to the extent necessary for the maintenance of the skills and knowledges required for the operation of the industrial system—but not as art, not as humanistic culture, not as something that informs, and is nurtured by, the presence of the mere well-educated citizen. And then high culture, as a department of industrial work—that is, as a thing worked at but not flowing from work—will impose the same strain as every other kind of industrial work, and the mandarins who work at it will have to devote their leisure to recuperation the way the rest of us do.

This is a speculation, not an assertion. The ingenuity shown by man in solving his social problems in the past—and especially in the pre-urban past—gives reason to hope that he will eventually solve this one too. The solution will not guarantee his happiness, but it will, if found, certainly make him more human.

VI

THE field on which Eliot cast his eyes in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* is a limitless one. And in trying to show that his perspective was too short and too narrow, I myself have had to range breakneck over vast periods of time and through a variety of enormous questions. The reader will understand, of course, that I have had to simplify dangerously, and he will, I hope, make the necessary allowances.

*We do, I think, get a glimpse—if only that—of a part of such a solution in architecture, the healthiest of contemporary arts. The revival called the "international school" and—with less accuracy—"functionalism" is due in great measure to formal architecture's having, for practically the first time, been given the task of designing places of work. And in this task it has benefited from the growing realization on the part of industrial experts that cheerfulness and comfort can be as essential to efficiency as the more literally functional qualities of a building. That some number of people now get an immediate satisfaction from the décors in which they work such as they do not from the décors of their homes, and that this is provided by advanced, "highbrow" architecture, may be considered at least one gain for high culture under industrialism.

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Whether I have been able to offer more cheer than Eliot is doubtful. But I did want at least to avoid an even more dangerous simplification. Modern times are not as uninteresting, culturally or otherwise, as Eliot would let them be. And his tendency to assess our present situation with reference only to his proposed solution—an impossible return to a hypothetical past—makes his discussion much too simple. The situation is not only more interesting as a problem; it is also more interesting, and difficult and profound, as experience. Nor are the ideas of Spengler, Toynbee, and the other historical philosophers of "decline"—these ideas, too, involving a premature rejection of the times—large enough to illuminate that experience sufficiently. And that last card—the return to God—which most of the conservative critics of modern culture will pull out of their sleeves in the showdown to trump all arguments and end all discussion, serves but to derogate reality further, and justify the failure to try to understand one's own experience of it. In that way, too, culture declines.

It may be Eliot's failure to continue experiencing his times—or at least to continue trying to understand his continuing experience—that explains his recent manifestations of weakness as a poet and literary critic no less than as a critic of culture. Pessimism as such is not to blame, but the uncritical quality of his version, the uninterestingness, the very completeness of it (which his somewhat Manichaean religious faith does not lessen). An utter pessimism can be just as banal and sterile as an utter optimism, just as remote from reality in all that manifoldness and contradictoriness without which it would be less than real. Reality is what we are concerned with in discussing the plight of our times, not in order to praise it, but for the sake of truth, the lack of which will do genuine culture more harm than any number of jukeboxes.

THE BUSINESSMAN

DAVID IGNATOW

I said to her, Please make your bands
tighter; and she smiled at me.
I could have spoken more gently,
upset as I was about business,
but still she could smile;
and I was angry at myself
for having forgotten that she too
went home and spoke to her family
of the day's work and would have harsh
things to say about it, if she permitted
herself; but she could smile only
to preserve her balance
and to recall me to my own;
she did not want to go home angry.

DAVID IGNATOW has published one volume of poetry and has another in preparation. His work has appeared a number of times in the pages of COMMENTARY.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

McCAFFREY'S BAR AND GRILL

The Neighborhood Club on the Corner

DONALD PANETH

McCAFFREY'S BAR & GRILL is a little neighborhood bar, on a street corner, where people gather to drink, and chatter, and watch television. In the street, a neon blinks on and off, cars, buses, and trucks pass swiftly, and men loiter restlessly on the corner. Down the street, which is lined with drab apartment houses and shabby, narrow tenements, are a laundry, butcher shop, shoemaker, candy store, and grocery. The neighborhood itself is crowded, polyglot, middle and lower middle class.

McCaffrey's Bar is long, narrow, smoky, and dimly lit. A blind shutters the window, a few small booths are in the rear, and a juke box plays loudly. On the brown-paneled wall, a faded sign says, NO DANCING. McCaffrey's is most crowded and most lively at night, when the city is loneliest; then the drinking is heaviest, the cigarette haze densest, the atmosphere warmest. Early in the evening, while the neon blinks and the juke box blares, the regulars begin to drift in slowly.

"Hi, Bill," the bartender, an alert, observant man in a white shirt, conservative tie, and clean apron, says. "How you doing?"

"Slow and easy," Bill says. "Give me a little one."

"Just get home from work?" the bartender says, as he fetches a whisky.

"Yeah," Bill replies. "I'm working over on Lewis Avenue in Queens. You know where that is? Paint job on a two-family house; I'll be done with it Friday."

"Who's fighting tonight?" someone says.

"Two bums," says a gray-haired man down the bar. "Jimmy Wallace from Indianapolis and Tony Massaro from Chattanooga. It's a set-up."

"Well, here's Clancy now," another says. "And he's wearing his new shoes too!"

"Hiya, flabby," Clancy, a medium-built, neatly dressed, white-haired man says. "Buy your friends a drink."

The door opens, and a young man in a blue jacket pokes his head in. "You know Frank?" he asks.

"Yeah, sure," the bartender says.

"If you see him, will you tell him to hang around? I'll be back."

"Beer," says a man at the end of the bar, as two men, a middle-aged woman, and a soldier enter.

THE people who gather in McCaffrey's Bar & Grill at night live nearby, in the neighborhood. Most are Irish, Italian, Swedish,

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DONALD PANETH draws a portrait of "McCaffrey's," one of New York's hundreds of bars and grills where a large section of the citizenry repairs any evening for a short beer or a few beers or something stronger, a conversation or an argument, happily unaware that they have lately become objects of solicitude to the sociologists and critics of culture who worry about how we are spending our "new" leisure. Mr. Paneth, however, concerns himself only with observing and reporting the scene. Born in New York in 1927, and educated at City College and Columbia University, Mr. Paneth was for several years a reporter on the New York *Times* and is now working on a book about the metropolis. A number of his sketches of New York life have already appeared in our pages; the most recent were "Bronx Housewife" (February 1951) and "The Bergmans' Queenie" (September 1951).

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Polish, and Hungarian, some are Negro and Puerto Rican, a few are Jewish. They are tired workingmen, loud young guys, couples, soldiers on furlough, lonely women, nostalgic old men who come in to drink and talk. "It's a place where everybody meets," one says. "I don't know what to do with myself. And I like companionship—somebody to say hello to—so I go down for a beer. I go down and meet my friends, relax, and get away from things."

Most of the patrons are regulars who know each other; they joke, view boxing on TV, discuss work, baseball, women, drinking, smoke and gaze. Their relationships, their friendships and feuds, are sustained. One man is shabby, aged, and garrulous; he frequents the bar from its opening to its closing hour. Another man, who drives a cab, is young, dark-haired, stocky, and blunt. "I don't fool around," he chatters. "Either she puts it on the line, or I go home. I tell her straight." Another is a longshoreman, a tall, lean, unshaven man in a plaid mackinaw and a checkered cap. "I'm time-weary," he occasionally says, as he drinks a double. "I've been forty-three years on one job. A long time, eh?" One woman is short, buxom, carelessly dressed, and ill-tempered; her sagging face is heavily rouged. Another is a young, attractive, blond girl who works in an office. "Every man she goes with," the bartender says, "she's supposed to get married."

AT NIGHT McCaffrey's is a vibrant corner, dark, intimate, and jazzy. The regulars drift in steadily, noisily, filling the bar and grill, and soon the air is stale with beer.

In McCaffrey's Bar, after eight-thirty, the juke box blares, voices murmur and glasses tinkle, a haze blurs the figures at the bar. In dim light two men play shuffleboard, a guy weight-lifts a bar stool over his head, and a woman, dancing alone, swings her hips; the city outside doesn't intrude. At the bar, a guy, a couple, a soldier, a girl and a gray-haired man, two women, a young guy, a Negro drink and chatter.

"I paid my state income tax today," a guy says, "so they won't put me in jail for a while. Everytime you look, they want something."

"Some rain last night," a woman says.

"The other night," says another woman, as she drinks a beer, "Mrs. Lang came in, and called her husband everything."

"Yesterday," another says, "I put my hand on the frying pan. I thought it was cold. Oh-h-h-h."

"I'm gonna ask you a question," a man down the bar says. "I'm gonna ask you a question. What's a half of a half of one-and-a-half?"

"Ed," says a thin guy in a brown suit, "come over here. Want to ask you something."

"Yeah, sure," the bartender says, standing opposite him, listening patiently. "What is it, Johnny?"

"I got enough money?" he says, gesturing to some change on the bar in front of him. "Can I pay for another drink?"

"Sure, Johnny," the bartender says easily. "You can pay for anything."

He fetches a whisky, and then Johnny says, "Ed, are you mad at me?"

"No, Johnny," the bartender says. "Drink hearty. Everybody's happy."

All at once, Johnny pounds the top of the bar, and smashes a glass to the floor. "You know the last time I wrecked this joint?" he cries. "Six years ago. The windows went out."

"I wasn't here, Johnny," the bartender says, watching him imperturbably.

"Ed," Johnny says a moment later, contritely, as the patrons stare with curiosity, "you want me to leave? I'll leave."

"Look, Johnny," the bartender says, "take it easy. Forget it."

"Then, give us a drink!" Johnny says. "And you take one too."

ED, THE night bartender, is short, thickset, and dark-haired. He is forty-eight years old, and married, the father of two boys, with another child coming; he lives around the corner in a three-family house. Ed works five nights a week, Thursday to Monday, from 6 P.M. to 4 A.M. Smoking a cigar, he fetches a beer, mixes highballs, answers the telephone, nurses a drunk, tunes television. His manner is friendly and tolerant, but watchful and skeptical.

Ed works alertly behind the bar. He doesn't gossip, he refuses to cash a check for a stranger, and he puts a drunk in a taxi, after taking away his car keys. He is a patient, good-natured barman who listens

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to the baseball game, and drinks a whisky himself. "Sometimes, I get to feeling pretty good," he says. "Happy and gay. As long as I don't get sloppy the boss doesn't mind." He is a reliable bartender who doesn't ignore anyone, argue, meddle, eavesdrop, or tap the register. He is a sports fan and a churchgoer. He has a good memory for faces and names—"If I remember a guy's name," he says, "he'll stumble past a dozen places to get here"—and he evaluates people quickly and shrewdly; he senses their personality. He is generous with a drink or a dollar. "Suppose a guy comes in," he says, "and tells me, 'I was in this morning. I got drunk, and spent all my money. I need a couple of drinks.' Well, you know he's a phony, but any bartender will give him a drink. You have to be a regular guy, a good fella; that's how you do a good business."

He is sociable with the regulars. On payday, he buys them a drink, and now and then, he goes to a ball game or the race track with them. "Have a little fun," he says. "Eating and drinking, and throwing a few away on the horses." He is candid about bartending and the people. "It's a soft job," he says. "But an interesting job. Most of it's psychology, common sense. I only have to mix a few drinks—a Daquiri, a Tom Collins, a Manhattan; I pour the rest. I'm nice to the people who are nice to me. I don't serve drunks. I say to a drunk, 'You've got enough.' And he says to me, 'I'm coming over the bar.' But it's a lot of b.s. I get all kinds—mean, dopey, worried, psycho. They come in and bend my ear: they hate their job, or they got a torch for something, or they need a hundred bucks, or they're married, and in love with something else. I don't hear it. I gotta laugh and cry with them—that's the job—but it's like the juke box playing. I don't hear the song. Once, I had a guy who wasn't even drunk come in and throw a beer at my head. I just ducked. Sometimes, I gotta clout a guy; I can't let them crap all over me. I clout them, and they loosen up. You know, because of this, I can't get insured. They say it's a dangerous job."

His trade is steady and plentiful. "Some guys," he says, "drink all the time, all day. 'What the hell,' they say. 'I don't want to think any more.' Or, 'You know who's against me? The president of the U.S. is against me.' A drink picks them up, and they feel all right—until it wears off again. But, the average drink is three drinks a person; most guys don't get drunk unless they're celebrating. They come in to have a beer, and pass away the time. They have nothing else to do; they have no other place to go. They want to be friendly, so they hang around."

Ed likes bartending, although he says he someday would like to buy and work a small farm. "With cows and chickens," he says. "If I can get a couple of bucks together." Ed has tended bar since he was nineteen. "It was like this," he says. "I was walking down the street one day, and a friend called me into a bar he had just bought. 'Let's clean it up,' he said. First thing, I was tending bar." (Ed worked in a paper-box factory until he became a bartender; his father died when he was eight, and he went to work before he finished 7A.) Since then, he has tended bar in many neighborhood bar-and-grills—Otto's, Bogan's, The Dew Drop, The Owl, The Crossroads; he worked in each of them from four months to five years. "I quit," he says, "when the boss got on my nerve, when I just felt like quitting, or when another place offered more money. Sometimes, when I was single, I'd lay off six months before going back to it." Two other brief intervals occurred fifteen, twenty years ago: in 1928 he operated a speakeasy until he and his partner quarreled, and in 1936, out of work, he dug sewers and repaired streets for the WPA. He has worked in the same bar now since 1947.

THROUGH the evening, the regulars crowd the bar, drinking, talking, laughing, smoking, flirting, while a program flickers on television; through the evening a soldier drinks and looks about, a couple talks softly, a young girl hums, a drunk mutters wildly, a gray-haired man sits and muses and stares.

The juke box plays, "A Petal from a Faded Rose." A little brown and white mongrel barks and wags his tail furiously, scurrying the length of the bar, from the booths to the door. The telephone rings, and one of the regulars answers quickly. "Hello," he says. "Hello! Who? Georgie Holzman? No. He just walked out two minutes ago." A flower peddler, a short man with an eager, deferential bearing, enters, and circles the bar, calling softly, "Carnations. Red and white carnations. Thirty-five cents."

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Smiley, a crippled beggar, wheels into the bar. His legs are amputated at the thigh, and his torso rests on a low dolly, which he moves skillfully. His hair is dark, and his face is deeply lined and tough; he is about forty-five years old. A sign on the back of the leather jacket which he is wearing says, "KEEP SMILING."

Smiley sings a cowboy ballad, and begs mock-pathetically with a pencil box. Then, he rolls up to the bar, shouting hello to the bartender who nods.

"Ed!" he says, rapping the floor with his box. "A glass of beer! Let it run ten minutes, get cold. And put the night game on!"

Ed fetches a beer, and dials the radio. "Well," the announcer is saying, "the Yankees need a long fly to tie it up. A base hit to win. They've got bases loaded, one out, in the last half of the ninth. Mize is batting for Martin. Now, the wind-up, the pitch. And there's a fly to short center, the catch. Berra tags up, but he has to hold. So it's two away."

"Christ!" Smiley shouts. "Make the game louder! I can't hear the goddamn thing." Instead, Ed lowers it. "Never mind," Smiley says reproachfully. "Don't say a word. I'm the guy that's guilty. Not you."

"I hope they give you life," Ed says.

"Rizzuto steps in," the announcer broadcasts. "And Berra—he's the tying run—leads off third. Now, the pitch. Strike one, across the chest. Hunter rubs up the cover of the ball, and tosses it out to the mound. Thompson goes to the rosin bag, then hitches up his pants. Now, he throws, and it's a hit down the right field line! Berra crosses the plate, and McDougald rounds third to score."

"And the Yankees win 7-6!" Smiley shouts. "That's the way to win a ball game." He sings exuberantly. "Oh, I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you."

"You'll be dead, Smiley," Ed says. "You'll be dead."

Smiley ignores the bartender. "Hey, soldier!" he says. "You wanna buy me a drink?" The soldier looks right at him. "Well," Smiley says. "I was just asking." He rolls abruptly towards the door.

"I'm getting myself a pencil box," Ed says to Clancy, as Smiley leaves. "And I bet I make $22 a day, just like Smiley. You know, you wouldn't recognize him on Sunday. All dressed up, in his artificial legs. He comes in here on Sunday, and lots of people don't."

EACH night, at ten or eleven o'clock, the proprietor picks up the cash. Joseph McCaffrey bought the bar three years ago from George Donohue, an ex-warrant officer who went back to the navy; Donohue himself had bought the bar after the war from a man and his wife and another woman—they had opened it in 1938.

Joe McCaffrey, the proprietor now, is tall, well built, good looking, and blue-eyed. He is thirty-four years old, a quiet, capable man with a youthful smile, but a steady gaze. He and his wife, a Swiss girl from Geneva, live between Eighth and Ninth Avenue in midtown Manhattan, where he was born. Joe, one of five children, was the son of a pastry cook. He attended Commerce High School, and then worked as a pin-boy, a mail-order clerk, and a machinist. He worked in an aircraft factory until 1942, when he studied communications at a U.S. Maritime Service school and shipped out as a radio operator aboard an Atlantic freighter; he shipped out for seven years to North African and Mediterranean ports. "During the war," he recalls, "German planes grabbed us every time we passed Algiers. They came close but never hit us." In 1948, he met his wife, Françoise, and a year later, bought the bar and grill from Donohue. "It looked like a good deal," he says. "All that money coming in the till."

His bar is open twenty hours a day, from 8 to 4 A.M., though the morning and afternoon are slow. "We get an early morning trade," he says. "Janitors and businessmen. People who usually come in a couple of times a day. If we weren't open, they'd get used to going somewhere else." Joe employs four persons in his bar and grill—a cook, two bartenders, and a porter. The day bartender, Andy, is an easygoing, stocky, gray-haired man who was once a lightweight boxer. The cook—in New York, a grill is a prerequisite for a license—is a woman who serves simple, hearty food: veal cutlet, filet of sole, spaghetti and meatballs, roast chicken. And the porter is a neighborhood hanger-on who cleans up, washing glasses, sweeping out, after the bar closes. Joe himself works behind the bar three days and one night a week, and orders the beer, whisky, and ice cubes (two bushels a day, seventy-five cents a bushel).

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He checks his invoices and reads trade journals too. He doesn't drink.

IN McCAFFREY'S there is a lull between eleven o'clock and one, as many people depart for home. Those who remain talk quietly, while a guy makes his way unsteadily to the washroom and someone introduces a young boxer, the Golden Boy of Ozone Park, and a cop drinks a quickie.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," a drunk laughs.

"I came out of the army," a guy says, "and worked one job two months, another job four months. Been on this job five years. What the hell? No use to change. All the jobs are the same."

"I got no money, I got no gripes," another says. "I drive a cab, and work when I feel like it. This is better than working, isn't it?"

A boy circles the bar, calling, "Paper! *News, Mirror.* All the latest! Whatdya read?"

A woman approaches the bartender. "Do you know Tom Maguire?" she says. "No," the bartender says. "I don't know him." "I'm looking for him," the woman says. "Been up and down the street." The bartender fetches a beer.

"You're cute, you know," a short man with a round face says.

"Who?" a girl in a white blouse says.

"You, baby. What's your name?" She doesn't reply. "What's your name? Lilly? Cecilia? Dottie?" She lights a cigarette.

"I don't know if I should touch you," he says, putting an arm about her waist. She grabs his other hand playfully, and he suddenly twists her arm, almost toppling her from her stool.

"Hey, you bastard!" she cries. "Whaddya trying to do?"

"I'm sorry. It was an accident."

She goes petulantly to a seat down to the bar. "I wouldn't even sit next to you," she says.

"Now honey," he says, following her. "Now, baby."

"Get out of here."

"C'mon, you wanna go to a place where we can dance?"

"Shut up. I have no time for crumbs."

"Have a drink, sweetheart," he says, patting her arm.

"What do I need a man for?" she says.

"Ah, honey," he says.

"All right," she says at last.

"What'll you have?"

"Rye," she says, as she combs her hair. "Soda chaser."

AFTER one, until near closing, McCaffrey's is blurred and restless. The juke box blares, match sticks and cigarette butts litter the marble floor, the telephone rings. And sometimes, intoxicated quarrels occur between strangers, a man and woman, or two friends, and punches are thrown, or a knife wielded. Sometimes, a hold-up man appears in the doorway, leveling a pistol, startling the barman and the people, demanding the money in the till.

After one, night wanderers drift in.

Drunken men and women are the most numerous. Within the bar, they sing and fight and dance and shout, they chatter and argue and mutter. Outside they frequently sprawl in the street, cracking their heads, or flop in a draughty hallway, where they are rolled. "The women are the most trouble," the bartender says. "You can't just grab them by the back of the neck and seat of the pants and run them out." Dutch is a drunk, a short, gray-haired, shabbily dressed, very thin man. "Sometimes," he chuckles, "I don't know how the hell I get home. I don't remember nothing; they tell me I get in a cab, and I won't sit on the seat, but on the floor. Goddamn. Once, I left a bar on Saturday night and woke Monday morning in the West 4th Street subway station; I had no watch, no ring, no money, and I didn't know how I had gotten there." Soldier is another. "He's a veteran," the bartender says. "He gets drunk, and wants to throw chairs. You've got to take it from him: he was decorated with the DSC, and has a hundred per cent disability." And Charlie is another. "He began hitting the booze a few years ago," the bartender says. "Lost his job, and hung on the street corners needing a shave. One day, the local bookmaker came up to him. 'You wanna work for me?' he said. 'The cops need an arrest, and I'll point you out. They'll pick you up, but you'll be out in fifteen minutes. It's routine, pal.' Well, Charlie said O.K., the cops picked him up, and he got sixty days. Now, he says he's working in a lunch wagon but I don't believe him."

Among the nighthawks are eccentrics too. One middle-aged guy sits alone for hours at

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the bar, talking to himself, answering himself back. "Well," he says, "I couldn't talk to a better man, could I?" Another hurries in with a small trunk, which he opens quickly, taking out a piece of rope. "I'm going to tie myself up," he says to the bartender. "Untie me when I'm finished, please." One woman, who is tall with a good figure, used to be a beautiful girl. "Now," the bartender says, "she comes in here, and drinks beer, only beer, and talks, talks, talks. She'll talk to anybody, but you can't get anything with her. I've seen men offer her $20, but she lives with a house painter, and goes to bed with him—for nothing." Another woman, a nurse, sits with her blouse open, exposing her breasts, while she drinks. When the bartender tries to give her a safety pin, she says, "No, no. I want it this way."

In the early morning, a few bookies and prostitutes also linger. The bookies spend their money then. "They're little guys," the bartender says. "Plain guys who don't want to work, who want to make an easy buck. They're all right. They play happy all the time, and buy their customers a drink." The prostitutes come in for a nightcap. "Some are young girls who will go with anybody," the bartender says. "Some are older women who have steady customers; they are very careful: won't go with strangers. Then, some are broken-down girls who didn't get introduced to the right people. Most are nice, and give you a good time, but a few are bad, and work with a gang which cuts you and steals you." They are young and old, white and Negro, pretty and plain, full and part-time. "One girl," the bartender says, "is fifteen; she's been working a year. Another girl is twenty-six, blond, attractive. She came to New York three or four years ago from a small town in Pennsylvania. Decent girl, poor parents. No education, but nice-speaking. She was picked up a few days ago, and given ninety days; when she comes out, she'll start all over again. Another goes only for girls now. I don't know. Maybe she got tired, or maybe she got all the variety she wanted."

NEAR closing, McCaffrey's Bar & Grill is crowded but reposeful. A radio plays softly, the people at the bar chatter familiarly, and a drunk sleeps quietly in one of the booths; on the radio, a vocalist languorously sings, "Here in My Isle of Tahiti."

The bar empties slowly towards 4 A.M.

"Well, good night," a guy says. "I'm going home to bed."

"Good night, Willy," the bartender says. "See you tomorrow."

One by one, the regulars drink up and leave.

"Good night, Ed," they call. "Good night."

"Take it easy, boys," the bartender replies.

A man and girl leave, the drunk awakes and stumbles out, a woman departs with her dog. Then, the bartender declares, "Last call. You got ten minutes."

"This is one day," a slim man says, "I can say I was a very good boy. Not even a beer. I was gonna take a beer this afternoon, but I said nah."

"Good night," a tall woman in blue slacks says. "I'm going home now. I got a nice apartment to go to. Don't I, Ed? At least, I'm a decent person, no bum."

The bartender empties the ashtrays, wipes the top of the bar, puts out the neon lights, and rolls a garbage can outside, to the curb; he counts his cash, marking the total in a small ledger. "Last call now," he says. "I'm closing up."

Soon the last straggler emerges reluctantly into the street, which is dark and cool and empty.

In the street, a taxicab, a milk wagon, and a police car pass slowly, and a sharp wind swirls newspaper across the sidewalk into silent doorways.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE REVELATION OF NEILAH

A Classic Christian Discovery of Judaism

AIME PALLIERE

A CONVERT to Judaism, and yet no apostate from his native Catholicism—it is in some such paradoxical terms that one is forced to describe Aimé Pallière, one of the most singular figures in modern religious history. Born in Lyons, France, in 1875, at the age of seventeen he ventured into a synagogue for the first time on Yom Kippur and underwent the decisive spiritual experience which he describes in the following essay. In a few years' time Pallière's ardent seeking led him to embrace Judaism. But on the advice of his spiritual counselor, Rabbi Elijah Benamozegh of Livorno, he embraced not the orthodox Judaism of the Law, but "Noachism," becoming a "proselyte of the gate." In the words of Rabbi Benamozegh, "The religion of humanity is no other than Noachism, not that it was instituted by Noah, but because it dates from the covenant made by God with humanity in the person of this just man. Here is the religion preserved by Israel to be transmitted to the Gentiles." Pallière regarded Judaism as the truly catholic religion; Catholicism was not negated by Judaism, but subsumed under it.

After an active life of writing and lecturing on Judaism, Pallière died on December 24, 1949. He was the same in death as in life, for he asked for both the last rites of the church and the recitation of the Kaddish for him in the synagogue.

"Neilah" is a chapter from *The Unknown Sanctuary* (first published in France in 1926), Pallière's spiritual autobiography. We are indebted to the Bloch Publishing Company for permission to reprint it.—ED.

IT IS difficult for me to conceive the state of mind of a young Israelite of our country. He is brought up with the basic notion that Judaism is, after all, a religion like all the others; even though it count but a limited number of adherents, it is nonetheless the most perfect, the only true religion. Yet practices that seem to him the very law of God are more and more abandoned, in any case incompletely observed and with so much difficulty even by the most faithful that they often find it needful to abandon them entirely. The whole edifice of worship which he sees crumbling, falling stone by stone, claims to be the temple of truth on earth; and at the same time this youth assimilates all the Western culture upon which Christianity has so strongly impressed itself. He studies our classics, he reads Bossuet, he visits our cathedrals where the believing heart of the Middle Ages still beats.

Each day he finds himself face to face with the great fact—Christianity—which gives him no reasonable explanation, which overrules and crushes his little family tradition, with all the fullness, with all the magnificence, with all the authority conferred upon it by the veneration of many peoples. How then under such conditions can his faith remain unshakable? And, for the most part, one sees him forsake his own beliefs, without adopting those of the others.

For the young Christian, on the contrary, loyalty is put to a less severe test, above all, when one is brought up, as I was, in an environment where everything that might serve as pretext for objections was skillfully kept out of the way. . . .

Thus until my seventeenth year I never felt the slightest doubt about the divinity of the church as the only logical form of Christianity, considered to be the very expression of truth given here below. The desire which

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awoke within me at an early age to give to the holiness of Catholic doctrine the signature of my entire life grew stronger within me, without the need of anyone to urge me in that direction. The single allusion that a man of faintly mystic faith once permitted himself to make before me, vaunting the material advantages of a church career, would have turned me from it had I been less strongly attracted by the priesthood. But it was tacitly understood by my people that I was called to enter the seminary later on.

Renan has said that the true token of a calling is the utter incapacity to do anything else well. This observation is right, and I may say that I was indubitably destined for a religious ministry since anything I could do outside of that career was only for me a thing aside, temporary, or of secondary importance, to which I bent myself with difficulty. And if today I write these pages, it is without doubt with the secret purpose to preach to my friends, known and unknown, a sermon in my own way. I can only hope it may be less tiresome to them than many other sermons.

WHEN I was seventeen years of age a strange incident occurred which came to exercise an influence over my whole life. I call the attention of my friendly readers to what I am about to relate to them. On a certain Thursday in the autumn when I was still on my vacation at Lyons, I was walking with a comrade on the Quai Tilsitt where the synagogue stands. We noticed that a number of shops had remained closed that day. My companion had heard that it was the great festival of the Jews and suggested to me that we enter the temple. I consented, not without hesitation. Alone I would never have done it, for the pious Catholic does not permit himself to enter any building belonging to another religion, and for strong reasons he must abstain from taking part in any ceremony. The synagogue was quite filled. All the votaries were standing and silent. I understood later that I had arrived at the moment of the prayer of *neilah** on Yom Kippur.

I will seek to analyze the impression that I felt in contemplating what met my gaze. It was such that from that unique moment my life was to be shaped. This may seem inexplicable, and for me it is an unfathomable enigma, but all my plans for the future were to be upset and finally ended. I was to find myself unconsciously led in a direction which would have roused my indignant protestations if at that moment it had been revealed to me. There was not within me reflection or reasoning of any kind, and for a long time nothing was to manifest the change which was to come into my life, and nevertheless everything dates from then. . . .

Did I then feel on that memorable occasion an intense and decisive religious sensation? Not at all. Alphonse Ratisbonne, worldly and skeptic, remaining alone a few instants in the Church of St. Andrea delle Frattei in Rome, left it converted to Catholicism, following a mysterious inner vision. The Jewish musician Hermann, replacing a friend as organist at a Vesper Service in a church in Paris, is suddenly flung to his knees—and rises a Catholic and becomes Father Hermann. Here we have natural facts which we may discuss and which in any case are not conversions of Jews, but conversions of souls with unconscious religious needs unsatisfied; subjugated, enraptured, they abandon themselves completely to the first revelation offered them.

But for a religious nature, subject to a habitual rule of piety, similar emotions may be produced without leading to any results of this kind. I, myself, certainly experienced a most vivid impression the first time I was present at a Friday prayer in a great mosque. But this gave me no desire to become a Moslem, and, however great is the admiration which I profess for the great monotheistic religion of these good people, there is no likelihood that I shall ever embrace Islam.

Then, too, the Jewish cult does not generally produce a religious emotion in the Christian, but rather a feeling of strangeness. All is too new for him, too different in form from that to which he is accustomed, and which is bound up in his eyes with the idea of religion. Ordinarily he enjoys just the things borrowed from his own environment: the songs, the organ, the majesty of the service. That which is especially Jewish escapes him. In order to discover in the traditional Jewish service the element of adoration, the non-Jew requires an acquaintance,

*"The closing of the gates," the prayer at the close of the Day of Atonement.

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a veritable initiation, perhaps even the knowledge of Hebrew, which makes it possible to penetrate to the meaning of the prayers. It is therefore all the more interesting to discover what could possibly strike a young Catholic, suddenly introduced into a Jewish assembly on the Day of Atonement, and have so marked an effect on his spirit.

WHAT revealed itself to me at that moment was not at all the Jewish religion. It was the Jewish people. The spectacle of the large number of men assembled, their shoulders covered by *taleisim,** suddenly disclosed to my eyes a far-off past. The Hebrews of the Doré Bible were there on their feet before me. But two details struck me particularly while I looked all about me at the faithful bent over their ritual. At first on seeing the prayer shawls worn by all the participants in the service, I thought that in a way they were all officiating. Several of them robed in white shrouds were scattered about here and there in the crowd just like the priests who remained in the center of the sanctuary. In the second place, it seemed to me that this silent assembly was expecting something to happen. "What are they waiting for?" I asked my companion. This double aspect which Judaism disclosed to me held nothing that could trouble the faith of a young Christian such as I then was. But thus was revealed to me very clearly, so that I could understand what followed, two characteristic traits: the form of collective priesthood of which the Judaism of the Dispersion consisted, and the spirit of expectancy and of faith in the future which stamps its entire cult with a special seal.

In fact, in the synagogue service all Jews are equal, all are priests, all may participate in the holy functions, even officiate in the name of the entire community, when they have the required training. The dignity which distinguished the *hakham,* the doctor, the sage, is not a clerical degree but rather one of learning and of piety quickened through knowledge. The *talis* gave me an understanding of that peculiarity of Judaism which would have escaped me had my attention not been captured from the first by this spectacle so new to me of a multitude of men in white shawls at prayer. It is thus that rites and symbols often constitute a more expressive language than the best of discourses. The practices which have had the consecration of centuries come to us charged with the accumulated thoughts of believing generations. They preserve the poetry, the incomparable power of evocation. They may be suppressed, but not replaced.

A precious legacy of antiquity, and yet Judaism's trend is not toward the past, but toward the future. An unconquerable faith in the final triumph of the good and the true has preserved it during the centuries and permeates it through and through. It awaits the Messiah. This attitude gives an unusual aspect to its secular points of view. Whenever the modern conscience busies itself with ideals of social regeneration, whenever it affirms its will to build the city of the future upon the ruins of wrongs and injustices, it is in communion with the soul of Judaism as it has not ceased to vibrate in the course of its long history. Later I was to understand how the aspirations of national resurrection complete and define in Israel this attitude of expectancy, so different from the conceptions of other religions, but from my first contact this spirit revealed itself to me in the silent *amidah* of the closing of Yom Kippur.

AND this it was that made another impression upon me, which was less confused, and was to be more decisive. Imagine to yourself a young Christian, brought up in the naive conception that the Old Testament had no mission other than preparation for the New which was definitely to replace it, and that since the advent of Christianity the role of Israel had come to an end and the Jew lives on only as a blind and powerless witness to the truth of prophecies fulfilled to his hurt. Every Christian thinks of him as the Wandering Jew of the legend—"March, march, Ahasuerus; wandering and alone, thou bearest the stigma of hopeless condemnation."

And now suddenly Israel appeared to me still living its own life, with nothing to indicate the foretold decreptitude. This Judaism of the Diaspora appeared to me a strongly organized collectivity, which for nineteen hundred years, in spite of the will to destroy that was conjured up against it, con-

*Shawls, worn by Orthodox Jews at prayer.

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tinued to exist for ends that I still did not grasp, but in which I felt that my Christianity was no longer directly interested. All my philosophy of history was confounded. The three years of the public life of Jesus no longer formed its central point, but became a simple episode in the whole. Thus in the teaching that I had received until that day, I discovered a lacuna, and the premise being false, the conclusions must be equally false. The legitimacy of the ancient protestation of Judaism against the Christian pretensions stood out at this first contact, certainly in a vague way as yet, but nevertheless in such a way that the impression could never be effaced. Israel has still the right to live. Israel lives.

This is what I realized on that day. In saying that it was not the Jewish religion, but the Jewish people, which revealed itself to me at that moment, I set down a fact that was perhaps only clear to me. In truth, for almost all the men in whose midst I then stood and who to my eyes were so visibly of different descent from my own, the idea of their *raison d'être*, of their historic role, of their powers of resistance and persistence, was doubtless very vague, almost non-existent. Nonetheless it emanated from the collective spirit of these assembled Jews. The breath of the race filled the synagogue and my own soul was penetrated by it.

Beloved and ancient race which holds so much of grandeur and of moral wealth side by side with so many defects, some day I shall know some of thy beautiful spirits, true Jews of Biblical times, still vibrant with ever renewed youth. I shall understand thee and love thee to the point of being able to say to thee with Ruth, "May the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." But it was on this Day of Atonement that my eyes first beheld thee and that I knew that thou wast ever a people blessed by the Eternal!

WHEN I was a child I was occasionally taken to visit a very old lady who had been an intrepid traveler. Thirty-three times she had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on her mantlepiece she kept small frames brought from Palestine in which were enclosed fragments of olive wood and dried flowers. These precious frames were shown to me and I piously pressed them to my childish lips. I was not conscious then of the significance of a kiss upon the flowers of the Holy Land, but began to understand from my first visit to the synagogue. It was the homage unconsciously rendered to the Biblical treasures which come to us from this sacred soil, to the revelation of the holy "Torah," to the piety of the Psalms, to the faith of the ancient prophets, to all that the Hebrew Scriptures contain that is vital to humanity.

And it was also the homage rendered to the people of the Bible toward whom the nations have shown themselves so ungrateful and whom they have overwhelmed with contempt and injustice without remembering that from them they have received the treasure of revelation; the people who despite all things resisted, survived, while other great people, Assyrians, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans have disappeared from the face of the earth. Ground to dust among the nations, this people has nevertheless survived as a living entity—preserved for providential ends, and on that day my eyes beheld them.

Would the result have been the same for me if, instead of entering a synagogue, I had been present at some great manifestation of Jewish life—such as a Zionist Congress, for example? Possibly so; nevertheless, in the mood that I was then in, taking into account my education and my inclinations, it must be admitted that no other aspect of Judaism could have impressed me to a greater degree than its religious vitality, and there is certainly no other which interprets in more characteristic fashion the ancient genius and the role of Israel.

This was the revelation that came to me on that Thursday in October, in the synagogue of Lyons. And surely words are inadequate to express anything so confused, so mysterious to me at that moment; and for some time I could not formulate that impression in my thoughts, still less interpret it to the outside world. But with me, like a germ implanted by the *neilah*, this revelation was to affirm itself and grow stronger.

Near me, within reach of my hand, I noticed a book of prayer, left on a stall. I opened it. The unfamiliar characters had the effect upon me of notes of strange music, that I looked upon with curiosity. The next day I bought a Hebrew grammar on the Quai, and set myself to study Hebrew.

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ON THE HORIZON

GOLDSTEIN ON BULLHEADS, LARSHI ON PIKE

New Members for Izaak Walton's Fraternity

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

IN THE last few years Jews have turned up in the most unlikely places—as a colonel in the Chinese army, as Miss America, as toreador in the bull-ring. Enter now the Jew as fisherman. The appearance within the past two years of not one, but two Yiddish writers on the ancient sport of angling testifies to the revolutionary fact. We now have Waltons named Abe (author of *Fishfang*) and Ben ("The Pike and I," etc.) to set (or perhaps, rather, sit) beside the Christian Izaak.

True, in the ancient world Jews were well known as fisherfolk, and both the Bible and the Talmud are replete with references to fishing as a Jewish occupation. But with the passing of the centuries, Jews became landlocked and fishing among them seems to have ceased. Occasionally, one finds in modern times mention of an exotic group of Jewish fishermen on the Baltic or of carp-breeding Jews in the heart of Poland. But for the past ten or more centuries, there is very little evidence that Jews ever encountered fish beyond the confines of the market or the dining room.

And even in ancient times when Jews did fish, they engaged in it as an occupation and not as a sport. William Radcliffe, an English ichthyologist, remarks, in his book *Fishing from the Earliest Times* (London, 1921), that "the ancient Israelites (like the early Greeks and Romans) were pot-hunters bent on the spoil rather than on the sport of their catch, but (unlike them) continued to the end uninfected by the joy or passion of angling."

Indeed, the story of the relations of Jews to fish for the greater part of their history can be subsumed in one word—ichthyophagy: the Jew ate the fish and that was the end of it. Even as slaves in Egypt the Jews ate fish, and the memory arose to plague them in their hunger in the wilderness on the way to the Promised Land: "We remember the fish, which we were wont to eat in Egypt for naught." In Babylon, in the Talmudic period, a popular Jewish proverb to denote great dispatch was: "as from the sea to the frying pan." The Jewish custom of eating fish Friday evening is mentioned by the Roman poet Persius (34-62 C.E.), and to this day, among Jews wherever they may live, no Sabbath eve is complete without fish. And what would the *shalosh sudos*, the third Sabbath meal, be without at least some herring or marinated fish? It is well known, also, that when the Messiah comes all good Jews will feast on Leviathan, the greatest fish of them all.

But nothing is said about *catching* Levia-

IN THE sport of fishing, as everyone knows, there is a worm at one end of the line and a fool at the other. Since Jews have always made a special point of not appearing to be fools, fishing has not been one of their enthusiasms. In recent years, however, LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ reports, there has been a change. Whether the Jews have become more foolish or fishing a more intelligent occupation cannot here be determined, but the fact remains that there has recently appeared a book on fishing *in Yiddish*, and a regular fishing column now graces the pages of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Mrs. Dawidowicz, a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, is on the staff of the Library of Jewish Information at the American Jewish Committee.

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than: the whole point is that Leviathan will be presented all ready to be eaten, served up in fine style on the Great Platter of the Millennium.

AND so it has remained down through the centuries to our fathers' days: a fish is not something in a stream but something on a plate. Certainly a Jew in the *shtetl* had better things to do than fish for sport: he could go to the *bet hamedresh* for religious study or for some gossip with his cronies; he could peruse a *sefer;* he could always take a nap after eating the Sabbath *tcholnt* and *kugel.* A secularized Jew in the city could go to a café, attend a political meeting, play chess. Fishing—that was for *goyim.*

In general, the Jew in Eastern Europe looked upon the animal kingdom without personal interest. Toleration was extended to cows, goats, and chickens because they helped provide for human beings; a cat had its uses in eliminating mice. Most other animals were to be avoided and many were to be feared. Certainly none could be "understood." Jewish jokes about animals always emphasize the naivety and general maladress of a Jew confronted with one of God's dumb creatures; in a sense, animals were only another variety of *goyim*—mysterious, intractable, and likely to bite if provoked.

Most Yiddish proverbs about fish usually conceive of them only as food. *Geshmak iz der fish oyf yenems tish*—tasty is the fish on someone else's table. *A fish hot lib a trink bronfn*—a fish likes a shot of whisky. *Der vos hot geholfn oyf fish, vet helfn oyf fefer*—He who provided the fish will provide the pepper. *Vos darf ich dem levyosn? Ich hob a bonde mit gezaltsenem hering*—Who needs Leviathan? I have a roll with salt herring. But there are a few proverbs about fishing itself. *In a groysn taych chapt men groyse fish*—in a big river you can catch big fish. *Mit a ventke chapt men fish un mit a kerbl chapt men mentshn*—you catch fish with a rod, and you catch people with a ruble. *Dos vereml nart op, un nit der fisher oder di ventke*—it's the worm that does the deceiving, not the fisherman or the rod.

Of the classic Yiddish writers, Mendele Mocher Sforim, the "grandfather of Yiddish literature," is one of the few, to my knowledge, who have written about the fish in its living state. (Y. L. Peretz's *Nisim Oyfn Yam*—"Miracles on the Sea"—ostensibly deals with a Jewish fisherman and his efforts to catch a fish for the High Holidays; but this is not a story about fish or fishing—it is about devotion to Judaism.) In an essay *Der fish vos hot ayngeshlungen yoyne hanovi* ("The fish that swallowed the prophet Jonah") Mendele discusses with humor and erudition the habits of the man-eating shark. But Mendele was always an exception; in all his work he sought to bring a breath of the outside world into the Pale, and was one of the few Yiddish writers at the beginning of the modern era to write about the outdoors. In the last few decades, descriptions of nature are no longer rare in Yiddish literature—but still no fish.

NOW at last, with the publication of Abe Goldstein's Yiddish work *Fishfang* ("Fishing; Notes of a Fisherman," New York, 1951), a new epoch in Jewish life has opened. Now fishing can be classified as a Jewish sport along with chess and pinochle, and the thousands of Jews who fish the waters of America for sport need no longer feel themselves "assimilationists."

Mr. Goldstein loves fishing neither for the full creel nor the full stomach. With him, it is primarily a battle of wits to see whether he can outsmart the fish under conditions equally favorable to both man and fish. No less important is the arena in which this contest takes place—the lake or stream surrounded by greenery, the early morning light or the setting sun. But Goldstein can speak for himself: "The sport of fishing becomes interesting and captivates you because of the game itself, because of the trees, flowers . . . the warmth of the sun, and finally the capture itself. . . . It may be said that to capture and to be oneself captured is the essence of the sport."

And yet, we are never entirely removed from the table—as is only proper. It is written: "And whatsoever hath not fins and scales ye shall not eat; it is unclean unto you." This proscription has been carefully heeded by Mr. Goldstein—in fact, it seems to have determined his very attitude toward the finless or scaleless fish, most notably in the case of the bullhead or catfish.

Among *goyishe* fishermen, the bullhead is rated quite high in the category of panfish for catchability and good eating. Not

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by Goldstein. Bullheads are *goyishe* fish and he has learned how *not* to catch them. They are fish "which Jews not only don't eat, but cannot even look upon with indifference." He goes on: "When I think, in connection with the bullheads, of the Jewish *koreslech*,* the familiar pike, the lovely perch, and the aristocratic bass, it seems to me that my stream is like the *shtetl* in the old country, where the respectable and respected denizens were encircled, as a sign of *galut*, by a village of peasants. Many days during the year the peasants would throng to the market and Christianize the *shtetl*. Only after they returned to their village did the Jews breathe more freely. Such days, too, occur in my stream in the summer, when, wherever you fish, you catch only bullheads. . . ."

A certain tolerance does creep in, however: after all, America is not the old country. Mr. Goldstein does grant that the bullhead serves a useful purpose as a food for the Jewish bass, which grow fat and strong upon their pagan prey. Also, he admits, bullheads make suitable catches for his Christian friends when they come to his stream.

Koreslech (that is, sunfish), on the contrary, evoke a particular affection from our Jewish fisherman. He describes their habits, their mating and spawning, and concludes: "Incidentally we should not forget that these are the same fish which were so well known at the Sabbath table in the old country and which helped to make a real Oneg Shabbat for the masses of Jewish folk. Only here we see them alive instead of fried or boiled."

Even the pike, among the most vicious of all fish, is treated more kindly than the bullhead, perhaps for no other reason than that the quintessence of *gefilte fish* is the pike. Nor should we forget about boiled pike, hot or cold, and marinated pike.

*A *koresl* (pl., *koreslech;* Russian and Polish, *karash;* German, *Karausche*), is the crucian carp, *carassius vulgaris*, a Central European fish which bears certain outward similarities to our sunfish. Mr. Goldstein probably wanted his East European readers to identify the American species with something familiar and thus incorrectly referred to the sunfish as *koreslech*. To compound the confusion, the printer, obviously no fisherman, reversed the captions under the photographs of the sunfish and the crappie. *Caveat piscator*—the *koresl* is a European fish; it is neither a sunfish nor a crappie.

FISHFANG is not just a "how-to-do-it" book in Yiddish. The reader will not learn how to fish by reading this book any more than he can learn from Walton's *Compleat Angler*, though Walton is far more specific than Goldstein. Only two of the seventeen chapters deal with fishing techniques and fishing tackle—in very simplified form. Mr. Goldstein discourses at great length on the nature and habits of certain common varieties of game and pan fish, and tells us of many of his own experiences: fishing for muskies in Minnesota, deep-sea fishing in Florida, night fishing, ice fishing, and even a venture in taming several bass so that they would feed directly from his hand. He speaks also, in a simple and charming prose, of the morals and ethics of the game, the contemplative pleasures, the fierce joys of the struggle. And, like one of the old *maskilim* who used the lowly Yiddish language to broaden the horizons of those who knew no other tongue, Mr. Goldstein has more than one fish to fry: "In publishing this book," he writes in his preface, "I thought very much of our children in the [Yiddish] schools, that they might, through the Yiddish language, become acquainted with the sport of fishing, which has a great influence on the development of the child's character."

One horizon, at least, has been broadened by this delightful book: I owe my own first venture in fishing to the stimulation of Mr. Goldstein's volume; and the first venture will not be the last. Perhaps it is the fact that the book is written in Yiddish, as much as anything else, which accounts for its peculiar pull. The outdoors, full of strange creatures and unknown perils, somehow becomes personal and congenial, as though the very use of Yiddish had made it possible to be on familiar speaking terms with running brooks and placid lakes and the creatures inhabiting them.

SEVERAL months after the publication of Mr. Goldstein's book, the subject of fishing again appeared on the Yiddish literary scene.

In July 1952 the *Jewish Daily Forward* published an article by Ben Larshi, a staff writer, called "The Pike and I." Larshi told of a pike that had tantalized him for three weeks until he caught it. The article evoked an unexpectedly strong response, and a num-

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ber of readers suggested that a column on fishing be made a regular feature.

In a second piece, Larshi told about an old Pole who fished for carp in Willett's Pond in Flushing. Larshi was somewhat contemptuous about carp as a game fish: all you had to do was drop a line with the proper bait to the muddy bottom of a sluggish pond and haul in the carp. And while the old Pole with his ancient steel rod, fifty-pound line, and bait compounded of mysterious ingredients, caught more than a dozen carp, the "sportsmen" with their fine equipment didn't even get a nibble. This time Larshi was attacked on all sides. He was furnished with dozens of recipes for the mysterious dough the old Pole had used for bait. One subscriber in Lake Luzerne, N. Y., wrote: "There is quite a Jewish population in Lake Luzerne, and we're not far from the Hudson, which teems with carp. Do you know why? Because the Yankee fishermen don't want carp—so our people can get all they want, and eat carp stuffed, baked, boiled, smoked, and marinated. But it will be the same as with cottage cheese: once only Jews, Poles, and Russians ate it, but now you find it all over the country."

Another correspondent, Israel Vigodsky, managed to connect the carp and anti-Semitism. It seems he was fishing for carp one day when a tall, well-fed young man in a brand-new fishing outfit, with a brand-new fly rod, joined him. Learning that Vigodsky was fishing for carp, the young man was elated and boasted that he would catch a big one. Putting a plug on his line, he began casting. After a half-hour, he complained the fish weren't biting. Vigodsky suggested that he would not land a carp on a plug. The young man was scornful. Just then, Vigodsky felt a tug on his line. Ten minutes later, he pulled in a fifteen-pound carp. The young man packed up his equipment, muttering: "I don't like carp anyway. It's a Jew-fish"—and he was clearly not referring to jewfish (black or spotted).

SINCE last September, Mr. Larshi has written a regular column under the title "*Yidn chapn fish.*" The column deals frequently with fishing techniques and tackle, but the more interesting columns, from our point of view, are those devoted to the letters from readers. Only one reader has so far taken exception to the "*goyish*" fishing column in a Yiddish paper, invoking Jacob and Esau to prove that fishing, like hunting, is a cruel sport. All other letters are from fishing enthusiasts who are pleased with the column.

It is generally agreed among the letter-writers that Jews—Yiddish-speaking Jews, that is—discovered angling within the last two decades. One reader advanced the theory that the depression, leaving many Jews poor and distraught, turned them toward fishing as a release from their troubles. Though some have been fishing for thirty or forty years, most of Larshi's correspondents took up fishing recently, past their middle age. With some, it was because of high blood pressure or a heart condition—the doctor had prescribed relaxation. And it was their children, the second-generation "Americanized" youth, who introduced them to the joys of angling. In other cases, retirement from business or the factory made the selection of a restful avocation mandatory.

Most of the writers grow poetic about fishing, as does our author Abe Goldstein, who, incidentally, has contributed several pieces to Larshi's column. They extoll the lake or stream, the skies, the trees, and, of course, the fish themselves. Several, with a show of virtue, point out how much better it is to be outdoors fishing than playing pinochle in a smoke-filled room.

One problem that remains is that of vocabulary. It is to be hoped that Larshi and others will eventually work out suitable Yiddish equivalents for fishing terms. Nahum Stutchkoff's *Thesaurus of the Yiddish Language* lists 132 words for different fish, but at least half are dialectal variants or merely Yiddish spellings of English or Slavic words. Some of the Yiddish names for specific fish have not always been correctly identified in English. There has, for example, been some question as to whether Harkavy's translation of *shtinke* as "smelt" is accurate. As for fishing gear, the *Thesaurus* lists only about twenty words, most of which designate different types of nets. Perhaps the editors of the Yiddish Scientific Institute's linguistic journal *Yidishe Shprakh* might do their part—especially if they could be got to go fishing.

As in all things Jewish, there are problems to be solved. It's not just a matter of a piece of string and a bent pin. . . .

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE CAVE SCROLLS AND THE JEWISH SECTS

New Light on a Scholarly Mystery

H. L. GINSBERG

IN THE summer of 1947, some Bedouins of the Wilderness of Judah (the arid eastern slope of the hill country of Judah that descends to the Dead Sea) chanced upon a grotto near a ruin by the name of Khirbet Qumran, lying south from the northwest corner of the Dead Sea. The grotto contained forty or fifty large jars, of a cylindrical shape. Most of them were broken; and it was apparent that their contents had been in part removed by men, in part gnawed and scattered by rats. But from the scattered remains, and from the contents of the few comparatively intact jars, it was evident that all or most of the jars must have served as receptacles for leather scrolls—in at least one case, it later developed, for a papyrus scroll—wrapped in linen. The jars had lids.

The Bedouins, who had no idea that the writing was Hebrew, took a number of scrolls and fragments of scrolls to Bethlehem; eventually the bulk of them were acquired by the Assyrian Monastery of St. Mark in Jerusalem, and the rest by the Hebrew University. Copies and collotype photographs of all but one of the Assyrian-owned documents were published by the American School of Oriental Research under the editorship of Professor Millar Burrows of Yale University; the Jewish-owned ones have, unfortunately, been published only in extracts, by the late Professor E. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University.

In 1947 Arab-Jewish tension had already made the site of the manuscript find inaccessible to Jews, and the following year all that part of Palestine was formally annexed to the Kingdom of Jordan. The cave and its environs, however, have been explored by trained scholars, especially by Father Roland de Vaux, the highly competent director of the French Dominican School of Bible and Archaeology in the Jordan sector of Jerusalem, and his assistants. Not only has additional material been recovered from the original cave that the Bedouins had ransacked, but five other caves containing manuscripts have been found in the same neighborhood (as well as several which had apparently been dwellings, not libraries). In addition, Khirbet Qumran itself, which evidently served as a communal center for the cave dwellers, has been excavated. (Important, even sensational manuscript finds have been made more recently still at two sites within a few miles of Khirbet Qumran.)

THE ancient scrolls found six years ago at Khirbet Qumran near the Dead Sea—three examples of which are at present on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York in the current exhibition of Biblical archaeology—and similar finds made subsequently in the same area, constitute discoveries of incalculable value for the history and archaeology of Palestine. The full significance of these finds must await the results of intensive study now going on among scholars. But enough evidence already exists to indicate in what particular area of Jewish history they may be expected to bring enlightenment. H. L. GINSBERG here summarizes the fascinating chain of evidence which indicates the value of the finds in illuminating the true historical character of the Jewish sect of the Essenes, a mooted question for centuries. Dr. Ginsberg is Sabato Morais professor of Biblical history and literature at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and author of numerous books and articles. Born in Montreal, Canada, in 1903, he studied at Jews' College in London, the University of London, and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

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Every newspaper reader knows that the discovery at Khirbet Qumran was one of the most important finds of ancient documents ever made. We do not yet know all it can tell us of the few centuries around the beginning of the Christian Era. But the direction in which the find will increase our knowledge can already be perceived, for the evidence shows it will cast light on one of the most fascinating and perplexing problems of Jewish history—that of the three contending Jewish sects that existed around the time of the destruction of the Second Temple (70 C.E.): the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes, their doctrines, their literature, and their character.

The struggle of the three sects, or groups of sects, eventually resulted in the triumph of the Pharisees. All modern Judaism—from the Sotmer Rebbe's to that of Lessing Rosenwald—derives from Pharisaism, in the triumph of which the facts about its rival sects were forgotten or distorted. Pharisaism itself was to suffer a similar fate in the triumph of Christianity. Just what the Sadducees (together with the related Boetheans) and the Essenes stood for has hitherto been difficult to determine; we have had only meager information and that from outsiders, and anyone who knows Judaism and Jewish life knows what fantastic things are sometimes written, even without malice, by non-Jews (or ignorant Jews). The newly found scrolls present a good deal of fresh data on one of these two heretical sects; more, they have cleared up for us the hints found in the Apocrypha and other literature suggesting the existence of a different form of Judaism from that which we know now. Let us follow the chain of historical and archaeological evidence that establishes the significance of the scrolls, beginning our detective story with the clues in the Apocrypha.

I. The Apocrypha

BEFORE the Protestant Reformation, nearly every Christian Bible included, scattered through the Old Testament, a number of elements, ranging in size from a chapter to a whole book, which are wanting in the Hebrew Scriptures. Since then, Protestant Bibles have either relegated this group to a position between the two Testaments (as in early printings of the Authorized English Version) or omitted them altogether (as do the Revised English Versions). These writings, which Protestants describe as "apocryphal"—or the Apocrypha (plural of *apocryphon*)—and Roman Catholics call "deuterocanonical," include such familiar classics as Judith, Tobit, and the History of Susanna, the meaty Wisdom of Ben Sira (Ecclesiasticus), and the invaluable chronicle known as First Maccabees. The Hebraist can tell that all these, known to us only in Greek, were translated from the Hebrew or Aramaic (rabbinical literature actually preserves the original Hebrew of a number of verses from Ben Sira), and were obviously composed in Palestine. We can usually explain why the Rabbis denied them recognition as Holy Writ (for example, Ben Sira and First Maccabees were avowedly written centuries after that time which the Rabbis regarded as the end of the age of inspiration), but it is by no means obvious why Judaism failed to preserve these writings as edifying literature. They are not heretical; and as a matter of fact they were welcomed back into Hebrew literature in medieval (as well as modern) times in the form of actual retranslations, as well as adaptations.

But in addition to the fourteen items which used to be included as Apocrypha in the Authorized Version and are revered as "deuterocanonical" by Roman Catholics, there are a large number of books regarded as extracanonical on all sides, though early Christian writers treated them with respect. These are sometimes termed Pseudepigrapha (plural of *pseudepigraphon*), but equally often they too are simply called Apocrypha. Among them two works in particular, First Enoch and the Book of Jubilees, strike one at once as heretical. Both date events according to a calendar with an even 52 weeks, or 364 days, to the year. It is further specified that the first days of the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth months are to be special holidays—implying, no doubt, that the immediately preceding months had each an extra day, or 31 in all, as against 30 days for each of the remaining eight months. The Book of Jubilees specifically opposes the accepted Jewish calendar,* on the ground that it results in the festivals being observed on the wrong days. In general, its laws are rigorous and its punishments draconic. Of interest is its polemic against the Gentiles' (Greeks') lack of shame

*A lunisolar one in which half the months have 29 days and half 30 days, so that the total number of days in an ordinary year is 354. (An extra month of 29 days is added every leap year in order to keep up with the natural seasons, 7 years out of every 19 being leap years.)

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about their bodies. (Perhaps it is not an accident that it omits from its account of Creation the Biblical statement that God created man in His own image.)

We know of another author who probably approved of the Enoch-Book of Jubilees calendar, namely, the man who wrote the Pseudepigrapha known as the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (i.e., sons of Jacob). He at any rate drew upon the Book of Jubilees for biographical data on the twelve sons of Jacob. But what *group* ever celebrated its festivals according to that odd calendar?

II. The Genizah

In Fostat, or Old Cairo, there is a synagogue which has been in existence since the 9th century. Visitors in the 18th and 19th centuries were struck by the vast amount of material in its Genizah (repository of no longer usable writings in the Hebrew script, which according to law must not be deliberately destroyed). But nothing startling was found there until 1888, when, during repairs, the inner chamber containing the really old deposits was uncovered. After that, a number of American and European travelers in Egypt with scholarly interests were able to acquire some very interesting manuscripts, partly directly from the caretakers of the synagogue and partly from dealers in antiquities. And in 1896, the late Dr. Solomon Schechter (at that time Reader in Rabbinics at Cambridge University, in England, later president of the faculty of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York) went out to Cairo and acquired on behalf of the Cambridge University Library practically all of the manuscript material of the Genizah which had not yet been removed from it.

This is not the place for an appreciation of the lost works of Jewish literature and the lost chapters of Jewish history which have been recovered (and are still being recovered) from the jumbled, only half-legible leaves, strips, shreds, and scraps of manuscripts from the Cairo Genizah, now stored in libraries in Leningrad, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, New York, and elsewhere. We are only concerned here with the "Documents of Jewish Sectaries." Under this title, Schechter published fragments, from the Schechter-Taylor Collection of Genizah Manuscripts at Cambridge, of two works, one of which is known as the "Zadokite Fragments" or the "Damascus Covenant." These fragments are composed in a kind of Hebrew which until recently was not found in any other writing. It looks like an attempt to imitate the Bible as closely as possible, and yet it contains a surprising number of Tannaitic*—but *early* Tannaitic—terms as well as other peculiarities. The "Damascus Covenant" was found to insist upon a more rigorous interpretation than Orthodox Judaism of the laws of ritual purity and forbidden marriages (uncle-niece marriages and polygamy are forbidden), and of some of the dietary laws, and also to prescribe an organization into communes governed by overseers, with strict laws for admission and expulsion. Interestingly enough, it has unmistakable points of contact with the heretical Apocrypha referred to above. It cites one of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs by name. It refers to the angels as "Watchers of Heaven," just like First Enoch. It employs for "evil" a special term, *mastema,* which is peculiar to the Book of Jubilees. It refers the reader, for a list of the times of Israel's "blindness" to the commandments of the Torah, to the Book of the Divisions of Times, and evidently means First Enoch, since it is only in Chapters 89-90 of this book that we find Israel allegorically represented as sheep that sometimes go blind and stray (corresponding to the periods of idolatry). If we had the complete text of this remarkable screed, we should almost certainly find some rantings against opponents for using the wrong sort of calendar, and an emphatic insistence upon the observance of the festivals in their proper seasons—meaning on the days on which they fell in the calendar of Enoch and the Book of Jubilees. . . .

III. The Cave Scrolls

We now come back to the scrolls that were found at Khirbet Qumran. Many are simply copies of parts of the Hebrew Bible. By now everybody has heard of the complete Isaiah scroll, and there are also fragments of two other Isaiah scrolls and of most of the other books of the Bible; and it is indeed interesting to know what the Bible copies in use in out-of-the-way places at this early date were like. (Many of them are full of mistakes, like the popular copies of Homer that have come to light in recent years.) But of far greater

*"Tannaitic" means pertaining to the *Tannaim*, the Jewish scholars of the first two centuries of the Common Era.

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interest are the other manuscripts in the find. These include fragments of the lost Hebrew and Aramaic originals of the Apocrypha, fragments of the "Damascus Covenant," and still other documents in the style and spirit of the "Covenant." In these latter documents, by the way, we find the polemic against the celebration of the festivals on the wrong days which I surmised above must have been contained in the complete "Damascus Covenant."

Both the "Damascus Covenant" and a document very similar to it found at Khirbet Qumran, and known as the "Manual of Discipline," indicate further that the sect they represent lived in communities in which all pooled their possessions, and were governed by "overseers." The members of the sect were under strict rules of etiquette—shared, for example, the prudishness of the Book of Jubilees about nudity. Their founder, or in any case their hero, is referred to in both these works as the "Teacher of Righteousness"; and still a third document refers to this hero's persecution by the "wicked priest" in Jerusalem. Other writings indicate that they believed in immortality.

What, then, is the age of this literature? It can be determined by internal as well as external criteria. I have not mentioned all the possible features that can serve as *internal* indications, since some would require lengthy explanation. But two obvious indications are the "wicked priest" and the "communal" societies. Jewish priests in Jerusalem ceased to exercise authority after 70 C.E. (the date of the capture of Jerusalem by Vespasian and the burning of the Second Temple); and there never have been any Jewish religious communistic societies since about the same date. As for *external* criteria: (1) All competent paleographers agree that none of the Khirbet Qumran manuscripts (which are not all of the same age) can date from later than the 1st century C.E., and some even insist that the lower limit is rather the 1st century B.C.E. (2) A carbon-14 test of the linen in which the scrolls were wrapped yielded the date 33 C.E., with a margin of error of 200 years later or earlier. (The test was carried out on the linen wrappings rather than on the writing materials, since the process of burning is involved. It is based on the observation that whereas the atomic weight of ordinary carbon is 12, a fantastically tiny but fixed proportion of all the carbon component of a living organism is present in the form of the radioactive isotype carbon-14, which begins to break down into carbon-12 at a fixed rate as soon as the organism dies. Hence the proportion of carbon-14 still present in any substance of organic origin—wood, linen, wool, etc.—is an index of its age.) (3) In some 70 separate manuscripts there is not a scrap of parchment (let alone paper!), but only leather, papyrus, and ostraca (potsherds used for writing on). (4) There are no codices (bundles of leaves, like our modern books), but only scrolls. (5) The pottery on the site is all early Roman (that is to say, of the 1st century C.E.). (6) The latest coin found on the site is of the year 68 C.E., so that the site must have been abandoned between that date and the calamity of 70 C.E. (or very soon after).

IV. The Essenes

I HAVE indicated that just at this time there were two groups of sects in addition to the Pharisaic group: the Sadducees and the Essenes. We can rule the Sadducees out at once. They consisted largely of the aristocratic priests of Jerusalem, whom our documents contemn. They did not live in communes. They did not believe in immortality. And while they differed with the Pharisees regarding the date of the Feast of Weeks (Shavuot), they did not place it in the *middle* of Sivan, as the Book of Jubilees does, and they observed all the other festivals on the same days as the Pharisees.

There remain the Essenes. These did live in communes, according to both the Jew Philo and the Roman Pliny, and *were* governed by an overseer according to the former. They did believe in immortality. They were rigorists, and they were sticklers for modesty. Pliny, moreover, locates a colony of them precisely on the western shore of the Dead Sea above (that is, north of) En-gedi, at some distance back from the beach, which is insalubrious; and when we find a colony of sectarians contemporary with Pliny (he died 79 C.E.) in this very area, the burden of proof rests not upon those who assert but upon those who deny their identity with his Essenes. True, these two writers (Philo and Pliny) state that the Essenes were recruited only from the outside, and admitted no women and begot no children, whereas the literature of our group makes provision for marriage (though it roundly condemns polygamy), and as a matter of fact skeletons exhumed from the Khirbet Qumran cemetery include skeletons of women. But then, both Philo and Pliny —though they had visited Judea—were writing

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largely from hearsay, whereas the well-known Jewish historian Josephus, who grew up in Palestine, knew that some of the Essenes did marry. The truth may be that celibacy was common among the Essenes either because their general puritanism led them to esteem it, or because there was a large excess of men over women among them, or for both reasons. The excess of males was doubtless due to the fact that outsiders were admitted to the sect, but under stringent conditions fulfillable only by a man; so that whereas the group included a large number of male neophytes in addition to the males born into it, the only females were either born into the group or had already been married to their husbands at the time when these joined the group.

V. The Karaites

But if (on the one hand) the Essene community by the Dead Sea dispersed about 70 C.E., and if no subsequent writer knows anything about the Essenes except what is to be found in Philo, Josephus, and Pliny; and if (on the other hand) the "Damascus Covenant," of which a copy was included in the library of this community, as we have seen, is a typically Essene document—then how in the world did two copies—in typically medieval hands—of this "Damascus Covenant" find their way into the Cairo Genizah whence Schechter salvaged them, as has already been mentioned. The answer is to be found in the second of Schechter's "Documents of Jewish Sectaries." Among those same manuscripts salvaged from the Genizah, Schechter found fragments of the *Sefer ham-Miswot* (Book of Religious Precepts) of Anan ben David, the man who founded in the 8th century the still—albeit very feebly—extant sect of the Karaites. (Some leaves of the same manuscript had already reached Leningrad—then St. Petersburg—and had been published by Abraham Harkavy.) Karaism, to be sure, is not an offshoot of Essenism. It arose after the Talmud had long been completed, and as a protest against it. Not recognizing the Oral Law, it claimed to base itself solely upon the Scriptures; hence the name Karaites—"Scripturists."

However, Father de Vaux, who has already been referred to, has called attention to the fact that Karaite and Moslem writers after 900 C.E. actually speak of an ancient sect which in the writers' own time was referred to as the "Cave Folk," and state that the reason for this designation is that "their writings were discovered in a cave." One of the Moslem writers describes some features of the "Cave Folk's" calendar—and it actually agrees with that of the Book of Jubilees. Accordingly, Professor Paul Kahle, a German Protestant now residing in England, suggested that on the occasion of the said discovery the Karaites had (by purchase?) come into possession of a number of writings from that cave, including the "Damascus Covenant."

The Karaites were interested in earlier sects and schools because the very existence of these casts doubt upon the claim of the Orthodox Jews (whom the Karaites call Rabbanites) to possess an authentic body of oral tradition going back to Moses and therefore as old as the Written Law itself. That the Karaites made use of sectarian writings from a cave or caves is proved by testimony to which attention was recently called by Professor Saul Lieberman of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York: a certain Rabbi Moses Taku, writing in the 13th century, accuses the Karaites of claiming to have discovered in the ground heretical writings which they have themselves fabricated and buried there. It is now evident that their claims were quite truthful. Professor Lieberman attributes to the influence of this "Cave Folk" literature some striking dietary rigorisms which the Karaites share with the "Damascus Covenant," for example, the requirement that the blood of fish be drained before they are eaten. He further suggests that the same cause may account for certain features of Karaite diction. (Thus, the epithet "Teacher of Righteousness" by which, as we have seen, the "Cave Folk" referred to the founder of their sect, is applied by Karaite writers to Elijah, the teacher of the end of the days; see Malachi 3:23-24.)

But it is evident that when all the texts from Khirbet Qumran have been published, a much larger body of "Cave Folk" literature will be available than the Karaite savants had at their disposal. A host of modern scholars will study and interpret them, and a great beam of light will be cast upon the religious and intellectual currents in Jewry at the turn of the Christian Era.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The "Bevanites" and Russia

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. George Lichtheim, writing in your March issue on "Will Soviet Anti-Semitism Teach the Lesson?" refers to my friend Aneurin Bevan and to myself in grossly inaccurate terms.

He mentions Mr. Bevan's "Jewish friends in the Labor party," whom he lists as Mr. Sidney Silverman, M.P., and myself. In fact Mr. Silverman is not, and never has been, a member of the "Bevan Group," and has often been amongst the sharpest critics of Mr. Bevan and his friends. This fact is well known to every political commentator in Great Britain, and Mr. Lichtheim's ignorance of it throws serious doubts on his reliability as a reporter.

Mr. Lichtheim goes on to say that Mr. Silverman and I "have a distinguished appeasement record where the USSR is concerned." On this, Mr. Silverman is fully capable of speaking for himself; but so far as I am concerned I state categorically that Mr. Lichtheim's statement is a downright falsehood. I challenge him to produce a single sentence I have said or written which would in any way support his view. He might also like to explain why, if I am a Soviet appeaser, I have been recently attacked as a "social fascist" on Moscow radio and as an "espionage contact-man" in the Prague trials.

From these false premises Mr. Lichtheim draws the equally false conclusion that the "Bevanites" have not reacted strongly against the manifestations of anti-Semitism beyond the Iron Curtain. In fact, we fully shared the abhorrence of these manifestations which was expressed by the whole of the Labor party. We publicly stated this feeling quite unequivocally. We participated in the action of the National Executive of the party in sending a message of sympathy to the Jewish Labor movement. And we also participated as speakers (of whom R. H. S. Crossman was the most prominent) at meetings organized to protest at the new East European policy.

It is a pity that Mr. Lichtheim's otherwse highly perceptive article should have been sullied by his flagrant misstatements on this point.

Ian Mikardo

New York City

Mr. Lichtheim Replies

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Ian Mikardo seems to take himself unwarrantably seriously. Having watched his antics from fairly close quarters for the last seven years, I have reached the conclusion that they are worth reporting only in connection with something else. That is why in my article I mentioned him only very briefly, in passing, as a probable source of some of Mr. Aneurin Bevan's less firmly grounded opinions. I intended no reflection on Mr. Bevan—a man is not responsible for his friends, and Mr. Bevan is in any case a much bigger figure than his journalistic outriders and liable to astound them by sudden deviations into common sense.

So far as Mr. Mikardo is concerned, I neither said nor implied that he was not shocked by the anti-Semitic drive in Eastern Europe. I am sure he was. He and his friends are constantly shocked by this or that perfectly logical and inevitable feature of the Soviet regime, and full of "abhorrence," to use his own expression, for the more easily comprehensible manifestations of Stalinism (or Malenkovism) when the evidence is forced upon their bewildered notice. That is why I referred to him in passing as an "appeaser," meaning someone who is incapable of grasping the real nature of the Stalinist system. I did not say "fellow-traveler"; and since there seems to be some confusion, at least in Mr. Mikardo's mind, about the difference between the two terms, let me say as plainly as I can that no one has ever doubted his Social Democratic orthodoxy. As for Mr. Crossman, whom I did *not* mention in this connection, but whom Mr. Mikardo has dragged in, he is conspicuous among the Labor left-wingers for *not* sharing the naive illusions of some others about the character of the Soviet regime. . . .

As to who is, or is not, a Bevanite in the strict definition of the term, or a neutralist waving a slightly different kind of banner, I have no wish to enter into a dispute with Mr. Mikardo. His colleague Mr. Silverman, as he truly observes, "is capable of speaking for himself," and often does so at great length. No one has yet discovered in what particular respect he differs from Mr. Mikardo on more

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general matters. . . . In any case, what matters here is his attitude towards the anti-Jewish drive in the Soviet Union, and on this subject Mr. Mikardo wisely says nothing.

Lastly, I cannot accept Mr. Mikardo's challenge to edify your readers by extensive quotations from his published writings and speeches. They are available to all, and his recent weekly effusions in the [British] *Tribune* are eloquent testimony to my description of him as a naive appeaser. They are not, however, for that reason worth quoting.

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

London, England

"The Crucible"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"Bravo" for Mr. Miller. Mr. Warshow's review of *The Crucible* in the March issue of COMMENTARY has quite convinced me of the excellence of the play. Since the reviewer's intent was obviously quite the opposite I should perhaps explain my paradoxical reaction. . . .

From Mr. Warshow's review I get the distinct impression that *The Crucible* succeeds in illustrating clearly that when a community is ridden by fear: (1) relatively immoral individuals can and will use this fear to further personal ends; (2) "paranoiac" individuals, otherwise the object of ridicule, come to be believed; (3) individuals who shift from one extreme to another sometimes view all those less extreme than themselves as belonging to the extreme to which they originally adhered.

For even a hard-headed "revisionist" liberal to deny the applicability of these propositions to the American scene today seems to me the height of folly. It is true that no one has been imprisoned or executed unjustly, but this does not vitiate the comparison, or mitigate the danger. (My God, how many irrelevancies must Mr. Warshow include!)

I say all this, incidentally, *without*: (1) doubting the guilt of either Alger Hiss or the Rosenbergs; (2) doubting that many liberal intellectuals failed us in the 30's and 40's, and that many Communists succeeded in hiding behind the cloak of liberalism during that period; (3) doubting the danger of Communist subversion; (4) doubting that the Soviet Union is monstrously regressive.

STANLEY ROTHMAN

Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read with some distress Robert Warshow's article ("The Liberal Conscience in 'The Crucible'") in the March COMMENTARY. According to Warshow's definition of civil rights, nothing is a civil rights question unless it is brought up in a "test case" context. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Salem persecutions were civil rights matters because defendants were accused of *ex post facto* crimes (within the jurisprudence of Puritan New England, no one had ever been hanged for witchcraft before Salem, nor was there any crime of "witchcraft" on the law books). . . .

Warshow criticizes Arthur Miller for using archetypes and for not creating real characters. This is valid, but earlier in his piece he places Melville at the head of the New England writer class; no one has ever accused Melville of creating "real" characters. Warshow accuses Miller of escaping into another era in order to be free from the charge of defending Alger Hiss. However, Hawthorne, whom he rightfully praises so highly, did just that in his masterwork, *The Scarlet Letter*, or has Warshow forgotten? Furthermore, one has to twist *The Crucible* beyond all recognition to read into it a defense of Hiss. The Proctors, after all, are innocent.

What I find most meretricious in Warshow's article is his lumping of all those who are disturbed by McCarthy's antics into the class of Communist dupes (at best) or rogues (more probably so). I find this as a matter of fact to have become the general attitude of many COMMENTARY contributors (Kristol, Hook, Warshow, offhand).

BERNARD MARCUS

Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. Warshow Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Rothman's letter seems to me another example of the confused and unsubstantial "liberalism" that I attempted to analyze in my article. The political issue is whether the American community is *in fact* "ridden by fear," and I criticized Mr. Miller for elaborately pretending to deal with this issue while he was at every point evading it. In short, Mr. Miller is drawing emotional checks on an account in which there are insufficient funds; his audience's willingness to pass these bad checks happily from hand to hand does not alter the situation: sooner or later someone will have to present them at the bank.

My article did not discuss the substantive question of what the American political atmosphere is like at the present time, but perhaps I should say that, whatever my political dissatisfactions, I do not feel myself "ridden by fear." And I don't believe Mr. Rothman does either.

As for Mr. Marcus's objections:

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1. I did not know that the Salem trials were *ex post facto* prosecutions, but the point is irrelevant, and Mr. Miller himself never raises it. For him the "civil rights" aspect of the trials arises entirely from the innocence of the defendants; the "parallels" to the cases of Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, etc., are emphasized in the play (and the emphasis is quite clear) in order to obtain for these people the kind of sympathy that would be theirs if they too were innocent, and yet without actually having to make such a claim for them, since, of course, the claim could not stand up. I do not necessarily assume, however, that Mr. Miller thinks the Rosenbergs or Alger Hiss innocent; more probably he thinks their guilt is not important —a more absurd position, but more sheltered from the winds of reality.

2. Hawthorne did not use the Puritans as counters in the political game of his own time; I praised him precisely for "taking the Puritans in their own terms as among the real possibilities of life." (Also, I for one am quite willing to "accuse" Melville of creating real characters.)

3. Since I myself belong to the numerous class of those who are disturbed at the activities of Senator McCarthy, I would not think of regarding all people so disturbed as Communist dupes or rogues. I can see nothing in my article that would justify such an impression, and, for that matter, nothing in the writings of Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol, or any other contributor to COMMENTARY that I can recall.

ROBERT WARSHOW

New York City

Hitler

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found it very painful to read Francis Golffing's article on Hitler ("What Manner of Man Was Hitler?" February 1953). Here was a detached, objective study of the Butcher of Berchtesgaden, a study from which the depraved beast emerges absolved of many a failing imputed to him and cleansed of many a stigma. We learn, for example, that he was by no means "a semi-literate fool" but that, on the contrary, he "was certainly intelligent" and that "his mind was well, and not at all oddly, endowed." Nor was he even a "bluff," as many had supposed. Nowhere in the essay are we told that he was, in the final analysis, a subhuman global gangster. . . .

Let the Germans who only yesterday yelped demoniacally their frenzied *heils* to Hitler—let them re-evaluate dispassionately and objectively the nightmare of Nazism and the demon that spawned it. To us they are anathema, utterly *muktzah,* unmentionable! . . .

Whatever the religious policy of a Yiddish newspaper may be, it will not dare print on its women's page recipes for pig's knuckles or *pâté de porc.* No more do we expect a Jewish publication to treat us to a dispassionate analysis of the "personality" of the brown-shirted *dovor acher.* No, not until we have first forgiven Amalek and whitewashed Torquemada, Pobiedonostzev, and Petlura.

ISIDORE GOLDSTICK

London, Canada

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Unlike Mr. Goldstick, who seems at no loss for words, I hardly know what to say. No doubt my essay is vulnerable in many respects, as well as incomplete, but to read it as a thinly disguised apologia for Hitler betrays a rare degree of insensitiveness.

In a section of my article omitted from the printed version I claimed that men who, for better or worse, have made history are liable to a special kind of consideration usually denied public figures of less consequence. That consideration must be surgically cold, freezing the whole area of passion that would naturally surround such a subject. Hitler's ghastliness was not the issue here (though I believe I managed to convey an adequate sense of horror) but his mind, his beliefs, his probable motives. I am ready to be controverted on any of these heads. To write yet another piece of horrified rant would simply have added to the aura of taboo around Hitler which Mr. Goldstick, on his own showing, wishes to thicken and—to the detriment of understanding—perpetuate.

FRANCIS GOLFFING

Bennington, Vermont

Rosenzweig and Original Sin

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his letter on "Jewish Existentialism" (April 1953) Rabbi Milton H. Elefant finds it "amazing" that Franz Rosenzweig accepted "the thoroughly Christian and, from the Jewish point of view, utterly untenable theological position of the fallen state" of man, i.e., Original Sin.

May I point out quite categorically that Rosenzweig's concept of Judaism does not include the doctrine of Original Sin. There is nothing in Rosenzweig's teaching that could be interpreted as being based on, or being a variation of, the idea of Original Sin.

It became a custom among Jewish existentialist writers to quote Rosenzweig. That is their privilege. But Rosenzweig should be allowed

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to speak for himself. Before a critic dismisses an idea which he attributes to Rosenzweig as an "utterly untenable theological position from the Jewish point of view," he is expected to examine the source.

NAHUM N. GLATZER

Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

The American Faith

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor Boorstin's provocative article in your April issue ("Our Unspoken National Faith") needs a good deal of clarification.

The American nation is of course very young, but the American *people* are as old as any other people on this planet. The past of the Old World is also their past. There are no ruins in North America, to be sure, but the ruins and monuments of Europe, Africa, and Asia are our ruins also. . . .

The Federal Constitution, like the state organic laws, has been amended repeatedly and significantly by *reinterpretation* of terms, and not merely by the adoption of formal and explicit formulas. Wilson's New Freedom was liberal, as Beard asserted, and the New Deal which the conservatives denounced in scathing language is *not* being repealed. It has come to stay—and to develop. Socialism is clearly indicated as the next economic and social order. In Europe, socialism is certainly not of the "creeping" kind; here it is more gradual and less deliberate. . . .

We need more democracy and more collectivism, not less. As Dr. Conant has said, we need an American variety of contemporary radicalism, and we are getting it. We are effecting revolution by evolution, because we are practical in our idealism and congenitally pragmatic. Our national faith is not really unspoken. All our great presidents and statesmen have spoken it. We stand for the maximum freedom, equality of opportunity, justice, and rational mercy.

VICTOR S. YARROS

La Jolla, California

Nippon and the Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a survivor of three years of Japanese occupation of the Philippines, the psychological warfare of the "charming and able" (no doubt) Captain Inuzuka, and the naval warfare of Admiral Yamamoto, I feel that the article published in COMMENTARY entitled "Nipponese-Jewish Friendship League" (April 1953) calls for some comment. . . .

If the Nipponese feel such strong identification with Jews as the article states, they certainly gave no evidence of such feeling during the war years. In fact, in 1943 General Tanaka, head of the occupation forces of the Philippines at that time, suggested that all Jewish residents be deported. And none of us was aware that Captain Inuzuka—"nominal commander of the occupied Philippines"—was a great philo-Semite! Before any former member of the Manila Jewish community could ever accept a feeling of kinship toward the Japanese, he would have to forget that the Japanese Imperial government and army imprisoned and tortured Jews; and that within one week they stabbed or burned to death sixty of his brethren. All of us would also have to blot from our memories the worldly possessions which we lost, and our Temple Emil which the Japanese first converted into an ammunition dump and then destroyed. . . . No, Chaplain Wolf did not have to recite a *broche* upon seeing Prince Mikasa.

LOTTE HERSHFIELD

Charlotte, North Carolina

Jewish Education

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"Jewish Education Must Be Religious Education" is the title of the interesting article in the May 1953 issue of COMMENTARY by Arthur Hertzberg. In the first paragraph he states, referring I assume to the East European ghettos: "Jewish education showed results that were a matter for pride and which still furnish an example that is the object of nostalgic yearning." Such results, while highly desirable, do not seem to me to be within the realm of the attainable in this land and age. . . .

The second-generation Jew is criticized by Mr. Hertzberg for permitting the "pervasive influence of the community-organization-*cum*-professional approach" to determine the religious education of his children. What proportion of the second-generation Jews in America are better qualified to determine the curricula of our Jewish religious schools?

If the period of attendance at a religious school were long enough to attain the education prescribed by the author, then the course outlined by him would seem ideal, but with attendance in most cases limited to too brief a period for the completion of or substantial progress in the prescribed course, it appears to me that the teaching of the history of our people is essential; it is more likely to stimulate a desire for more knowledge and further study.

MAX HERZFELD

Brooklyn, New York

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Freedom and Responsibility

HERESY, YES—CONSPIRACY, NO. By SIDNEY HOOK. John Day. 283 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. FITCH

FOR the thoughtful person, reading something by Sidney Hook means an encounter with a mind informed by the social sciences, well disciplined in philosophy, sensitive to the best values in democracy, and intelligently alert to the contemporary issues which define the problems of the day. All of this one expects and one gets in Mr. Hook's latest writing, *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No.*

One obvious merit of this book is its balance and reasonableness. Mr. Hook goes after the cultural vigilantes on the right and the ritualistic liberals on the left. He writes movingly of the vocation of the teacher; he also shows how teachers have failed to clarify their own standards of professional integrity. He attacks authoritarianism in education and makes strong the case for academic liberty; at the same time he criticizes the Communist party members and the fellow-travelers who weaken academic liberty. And while the book is pretty well focused on the problem of Communism, Mr. Hook does not fail to remind us, in conclusion, that the chief evil from which the schools suffer is not Communism, but community neglect—the failure of a democratic society to assume its responsibilities to public education.

Another important characteristic of this writing is its courage. For Mr. Hook dares to affirm that much of the blame for the mess in which we now find ourselves lies in his own—and my own—profession of teaching. While he has confidence in the great majority of his professional colleagues, he does say that "statistical studies of the most influential Communist front organizations, conducted by the author from 1936 to the present, show that college and university teachers constituted the strongest and most influential group of Communist fellow-travelers in the United States." The last chapter of the book contains a sharp indictment of the Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure of the American Association of University Professors, for its failure to cope realistically with the problem of Communist infiltration. And the important footnote on page 270 is a shocking revelation of the illiberal and doctrinaire temper of those professional academic liberals in the AAUP who, even while they are defending their own right to freedom of expression, have been unwilling to allow that freedom to any one who disagrees with their officially liberal position.

THE two main theses of the book seem to me to be well established. The first is that membership in the Communist party means active participation in a conspiracy, and makes the member unfit for the teaching profession. Mr. Hook elaborates this unfitness with reference to teaching, to other campus activities, and to work as a research scholar. He does say, however, that admitted Communist party membership, although *prima facie* evidence of unfitness, need not *automatically* lead to dismissal. But since the question is ethical rather than legal, the burden of proof at this point rests with the party member. He is not being tried for a crime. He is being confronted with an indictment of his professional character and integrity.

The other thesis is that heresy is to be tolerated within the limits of professional competence. Here Mr. Hook discusses the fellow-travelers—the "ideological typhus Marys." There is an enumeration of instances, a good description of the signs and symptoms, and a discussion of the cause and cure.

At this point it is relevant to inquire what is the orthodoxy with reference to which heresy is defined. If I understand Mr. Hook aright, the central article in his faith is a faith in the supremacy of intelligence. Various statements of this faith crop up on pages 17, 19, 34, 117, 125, 136, 143, 170. There is Justice Holmes' belief in the "free trade of ideas"; the Deweyan doctrine that "the primary commitment of the

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teacher is to the ethics and logic of inquiry"; the faith which affirms that the "commitment of democracy is not merely to freedom, but to the method of *intelligence* in social and political affairs"; the conviction that "the supreme and ultimate authority, the final validating source of all other authorities in human experience, is the self-critical authority of critical method—or intelligence."

Now if Mr. Hook is here stating the essential for the professional ethics of the scholar and of the teacher, all of this seems to me to be admirable. But if he intends this as an adequate statement of the meaning of liberalism—as it seems to me he does—then I have to say that this is too thin a doctrine for me. There have been men who had a faith in intelligence—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—who had no love for liberal and democratic institutions. There have been men—Andrew Jackson and Franklin D. Roosevelt—who contributed greatly to liberal institutions who were not primarily characterized by a love of intelligence. Certainly there is a drastic difference between the thinned-out liberalism of Dewey and of Holmes and the full-bodied liberalism of John Locke, Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, and, yes, of Adam Smith. May it not, indeed, be just the trouble with our academic Communists and fellow-travelers that they have left of their liberalism only this thinned-out liberalism which is the faith in intelligence, and that *their* intelligence has led them just where they are?

Mr. Hook can make rejoinder at this point, in that he has indicated in detail the logical inconsistencies that preclude such persons from the claim of being intelligent. But it is the pragmatics of the situation that bothers me. For the one weakness in Mr. Hook's discussion seems to lie precisely in his treatment of the cause and cure of fellow-traveling. Having described the irrational symptoms of this phenomenon, he asks, "How can intelligent men and women believe such nonsense?" How, indeed, if they really are intelligent, and if it is intelligence that emancipates from nonsense?

Mr. Hook hopes to heal the disease by some long-range educational strategy which shall make for the "intellectual sophistication" which "alone gives lasting immunity to infectious myth and dishonest argument." More specifically, he wants a critical study of the theory and practice of Communism made a required part of the college curriculum; he wants the rest of us to break with the genteel tradition of suffering intolerance in silence; he wants every faculty to adopt rules on the rights and responsibilities of the teaching staff; and he proposes a Faculty Committee on Professional Ethics to hear complaints and to conduct investigations. But if the "intellectual sophistication" of the faculty has already led it to espouse the dogmas of positivism and of cultural relativism, how is it ever going to agree on any ethics, how can it formulate any rules, and how will it ever develop the decisiveness of action that comes only from the full-bodied faith in freedom?

The fact is that man lives by faith and hope and love more than by "intellectual sophistication." To put it in the language of John Dewey, experience consists of having and being and doing and undergoing, as much as it does of knowing. Some of the deepest things of life are apprehended rather than comprehended. In some abstract scheme intelligence may cease to be intelligent when it is false to its own rules and principles. But in concrete experience the intelligent person is betrayed into the most radical nonsense when he loses kinship and contact with fundamental values of which intelligence is neither the creator nor the judge, but which are the soil into which it puts its roots and the air which it breathes. Freedom, brotherhood, justice—even truth—are great passions before they are great ideas, noble aspirations before they are noble thoughts. And when intelligence loses its rootage in them, it has neither the vital power nor the logical rigor to preserve even its own private values.

No one, of course, can accuse Mr. Hook of being deficient in courage or in conviction. And if we must be satisfied with intelligence, I am content that it should be Mr. Hook's intelligence that we get. But this is not just because I know Mr. Hook's intelligence to be honest, rigorous, sensitive, free from external constraint, and subject only to the discipline of its own method. It is also because I know that his intelligence operates within a context of values—the passion for social justice, the respect for the rights of the individual, the zeal for human liberties, the devotion to truth—which, to be sure, he has indicated in the course of this discussion, but to which he has been unwilling to assign the position of "supreme and ultimate authority."

While my disagreement here could be of crucial importance in any long-range consid-

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eration of the problem, it happens to affect only some half dozen pages of Mr. Hook's present discussion. For the greater part of his performance one can register only an enthusiastic assent. Indeed, I do not know of any other book which deals with the whole issue of academic freedom in its current complications with the realism, the courage, the incisive logic, and the sensitive and discriminating regard for values that are exhibited here. Nowhere else, between the same covers, will one find this valuable distinction between heresy and conspiracy, this brilliant analysis of the Smith Act, the careful treatment of guilt by association, the detailed presentation of the role of the Communist party member or of the fellow-traveler in academic circles, the impartial exposure both of cultural vigilantes and of ritualistic liberals, the eloquent argument for academic freedom, the inspiring statement of the true vocation of the teacher.

Heretofore, in reviewing books, I have resolutely refrained from saying that any book is a "must" book for anyone. Nevertheless, I could wish that *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No* were in the hands and in the minds of every member of the teaching profession, of all persons related to administrative responsibilities in the academic world, and of all citizens who have any concern for the vitality and dignity of our educational institutions.

Orphans of Guilt

THE GUILT MAKERS. By DAVID WEISS. Rinehart. 315 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by MIDGE DECTER

DAVID WEISS has chosen in this first novel to do battle for mankind. It is an unhappy choice for a novice; while a mature and cultivated art can sometimes be utilized successfully to plump for a moral cause by defining and illuminating it, a struggling and unformed talent tends to depend on predetermined emotional responses. Such reflex responses are not hard to evoke. Mr. Weiss makes his hero a Jewish DP, and who can encounter that symbol of the evils of our time without being moved? But in the end we find that all the excitement has added up to very little and all the final statements are either crass or vapid.

The story is about Saul, a late adolescent who comes to America after having lived most of his life in Buchenwald, and about his effect on three people for whom he becomes the embodiment of unresolved issues in their own lives. David, a young writer, apparently Mr. Weiss's personal representative, saw Buchenwald just after its liberation, and seeks through Saul to expiate the oppressive sense of sin he came to have there. David's mistress sees in Saul only one more demand on her already overtaxed ability to be "real" and "genuine" when all she really wants is to be ordinary, priggish, married. Wesley Roland, a psychiatric social worker, wants to make of Saul a symbol of his personal power—wants, in other words, to "help" him.

The line of the story is practically impossible to trace because everything is dragged in to serve some ideational function and then is left with nothing more to do, cluttering the scene. In the course of Saul's wanderings through New York, with David as cicerone, everything that happens is an innocent goad of Saul's pain.

This pain, which we are forever told about but never made to see except in a caricature of limping, groaning, muttering, etc., is the only element that relates any two events. Not until everything is set to bring the boy's torment back full circle, does the narration begin. David gets a job in a Yorkville settlement house and persuades Saul to come around. Saul encounters some Yorkville anti-Semitism and goes wild. Roland, the settlement's director, feels that, even granting his history, Saul is needlessly maladjusted and needs some "therapy" which he thereupon administers through hypnosis. After what is supposed to be a terrible scene in which Saul almost reveals the blackest recess of his soul and then hits his therapist (the only really satisfying event in the book), we are told Saul's *real* story: a threatened castration without anesthesia in Buchenwald broke him down into repudiating his Jewishness, and this repudiation was the trauma responsible for his feeling guilty for the death of his parents. When his guilt is ultimately confirmed in his mind by his being forced to apologize to Roland, he rushes out and kills a Nazi making speeches on the street corner.

There is one mitigating fact about the above narrative sequence: it is not, despite Mr. Weiss, what the book is about. Saul's story is not Mr. Weiss's message; it is merely the prompting for the evocation of attitudes. Each of the three people involved with Saul—David, David's

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FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY IN OUR TIME

Edited by *Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, R. M. MacIver, and Richard McKeon*

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mistress, and the social worker—represents a stance to be taken vis-à-vis the supreme symbol of victimized innocence. The position finally vindicated is that of David. It is a simple, reassuring, and praiseworthy one: every man must be personally responsible, to the very limits of his capacity for human love, for the fate of his fellow.

THIS message is stated so large that it can have no existence except as a statement in the pages of a book. No man can represent human love. He can only represent his own personal brand of it, and if he be deprived of the fullness necessary to imprint something special and peculiar on the abstraction—then he is a mere maker of conversation. Mr. Weiss's other ego is a maker of conversation. (By the same token Saul, the symbol of guilt, is a mere maker of happenings.)

The book is essentially a series of flat little diagramed scenes in which numbers of people line up in relation to Saul. There is one such scene in Macy's, on Saul's first real job, when his getting into some foolish trouble with the floorwalker becomes the occasion for plumbing everyone's liberal conscience; another with Saul's uncle, whose insistence that Saul become a butcher in his wholesale meat business becomes a failure of love; still another with David's fiancée, whose simple resentment against her lover's ever-deepening involvement with the boy makes her an "innocent irresponsible"; and finally the long, grueling sequence at the end when the sophomoric Freudian games of the social worker push the boy over the edge of sanity and into murder.

The book is about guilt and responsibility, and each of these incidents is supposed to function as a fresh heaping on the cumulative burden of human guilt, so that the denouement will be a sort of final release of tension. There are, however, three distinct guilts in the novel: the psychiatric guilt, born in trauma, of its hero; the objective guilt of his tormenters, witting and unwitting; and the transcendental guilt of Mr. Weiss himself—the guilt of contemporary man for the horrors of his world. Mr. Weiss at times seems to be aware of the multifarious nature of his subject, but he suppresses all the distinctions arising from the logic and material of his story for the sake of the one grand synthesis he has set out to achieve. Points of view having no relation to one another are continually counterposed in their human representations, and the result is an intellectual and moral blur.

It would have been no mean task: an attempted phenomenology of the overriding moral feeling of our age. The materials were at hand, and even if Mr. Weiss had not succeeded brilliantly one would have felt it worth his while to have written such a book. At the end of the story, perhaps, when the hero sits in prison guilty of committing a murder for which he is not guilty, one is momentarily seduced into feeling that the book *has* found a single unifying meaning in all the sufferings and failures of its individual characters. But all one can muster, after all, is a little human sympathy for what seems a needlessly ghastly mess. Everything is given too much significance, and yet somehow not enough.

THERE seems to be a general problem, in addition to Mr. Weiss's particular one of never having come to terms with his material, connected with writing about those who were in Germany's concentration camps. What has happened to them seems to us so far outside the realm of assimilable experience that we can never think of them except in apocalyptic terms. And yet, for those who survived the camps their life there became, on its own level, a pedestrian affair: it was society that was traumatized by Buchenwald; the inmates of Buchenwald were busy just surviving. Over and over again we read in contemporary fiction about characters from Hitler Europe with some special, deep, untouchable, soul-abscess (Saul, too, had his "secret")—some point at which they can no longer communicate. But the DP's of my personal acquaintance communicate constantly and freely, and with terrible rationality, about what happened to them. Their life in the camps was not something extra-human but something *sub*-human, earth-bound, belly-bound, its horizon never extending beyond the next meal, the next rest. No other immigration has adjusted with such astounding ease and speed to the rigors of American life as has theirs. But think of it: getting on in New York must be easy as pie for those so unnaturally equipped for getting on.

One feels that it was this other trauma, society's—David's and not Saul's—that Mr. Weiss really wanted to write about. Saul's was only gratuitous, only the *occasion* for David's—as if the author in his search for universal truth would deprive Saul even of his sufferings.

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There is one scene in which Mr. Weiss does finally achieve his reduction of guilt into a universal, and it is the only really immoral passage in the book—given up completely to depersonalized liberal righteousness. It is the scene in which David confides to Saul that he, too, is a lonely orphan, and therefore understands. This, then, is the quintessence of the great contemporary problem: we are all orphans and will have our lovin' bye and bye in our brave new foster home of a world.

Labour's Bright Comet

HAROLD LASKI. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. Viking. 278 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by GEORGE LICHTHEIM

DURING the election campaign of 1945 there was a moment when both sides seriously imagined that the Conservatives might come back to power by exploiting the "Laski bogey," i.e., the alleged power of Harold Laski, as chairman of the Labor party executive in that year, to dominate the policies of a Socialist government. In the end, the electorate decided otherwise. The Labor landslide probably could not have been stopped by anything short of an epidemic among the voters; its course certainly was not to be altered by scare headlines in the *Daily Express,* or even by Mr. Churchill's fulminations on the radio. But the incident—which had been provoked by one of Laski's characteristically tactless statements to the press—left a residue of bitterness. Among others it led to a libel action which gave Sir Patrick Hastings an opportunity to persuade a Special Jury that Laski had publicly advocated revolution and the breaking up of laws; and it permanently soured Laski's relations with his colleagues on the Labor executive. If, in the years that followed, he was out of sympathy not only with Bevin, but with Attlee, and even with Cripps, that was partly because they had all come to regard him as a liability: a devoted colleague, but decidedly one who talked too much; even—though it took a candid reviewer of Mr. Martin's biography to say so in print—one who "talked after he had stopped thinking."

How far away it all seems now, though only three years have passed since Laski's death, and less than eight since Labor "came to power," as the phrase goes. Did it really come to power? Perhaps the fact that "power" had irrevocably shifted to the other side of the Atlantic had something to do with the timidity it displayed in office; or it may be that Laski was right (though hardly tactful) when in 1945 he told Attlee to his face that he ought to let someone else lead the party. (But who else was there?) However that may be, there is something like a period look about this biography of the *New Statesman's* favorite oracle (appropriately published in England by Victor Gollancz). Even in 1945, Laski had begun to "date," as had his biographer. Both had their great moment ten years earlier, at the time of the Left Book Club, the Spanish Civil War, and the Popular Front. When the Stalino-Liberal honeymoon was blighted by the Moscow Trials, they found a substitute in attacking Chamberlain and preparing the public for the showdown with Hitler; all very estimable, no doubt, and worth doing. One could wish, though, that not quite so much pernicious nonsense had been talked by the Laski-Martin-Gollancz trio about the need to "understand" the Soviet Union (meaning to find excuses for whatever fresh horror or betrayal Stalin was about to inflict on his worshipers).

IT is all very dead now, and the deadest of all issues is that of Laski's standing as a Socialist theorist. On this, Mr. Martin is unrepentant, though he concedes that Laski never lived up to the promise held out by his adolescent brilliance (he was a lecturer at twenty-one). He mildly censures him for little personal weaknesses, such as his conceit and a curious habit of "romancing" about imaginary experiences and accomplishments including a personal interview with Stalin, following the official one, in 1945; he admits that Laski spent too much time with his students and not enough with his books; he laments that the magnum opus somehow never got written; but through it all there runs a suggestion that if only Laski had held aloof from politics and concentrated on research he could have produced—what? Apparently, another history of political theory. But in that case, why persist in insinuating that this historian of other men's thoughts was also a theorist in his own right? The unwritten great work *might* have been less unreadable than some of Laski's later utterances, but would it have been more than another fluent essay? There seems no reason to think so. Yet Mr. Martin, with no apparent sense of the incongruous, gravely observes that when

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Laski toured Italy in 1946 he was treated by many Socialists as in some sense the legitimate successor of Marx. One hazards the guess that these enthusiasts were undergraduates who had found Laski's writings more easily digestible than *Capital*. He was always at his best when expounding other men's thoughts to the young, and his true monument is to be found in the influence he had upon his students at the London School of Economics and elsewhere. And there it might have been left. Mr. Martin has written a sympathetic, readable, and candid "biographical memoir" about a personal friend. It is not his fault if the portrayal leaves the reader more than ever conscious that in Harold Laski the British Labor party lost its most zealous, hardworking, and gifted propagandist—neither more nor less.

The truth of the matter is that at no time of his life did Laski show any theoretical gifts other than the expository ones of the teacher. One can go through all his writings—and he was immensely prolific—without coming upon a solitary original conception. It is a remarkable fact that a lifetime of writing and teaching left behind not a single doctrine associated with his name. Who today reads the *Grammar of Politics*? Has anyone ever read it through? Its style—if one can call it style—alone makes such an undertaking terribly wearisome. Laski's writings lack form, and one is tempted to add that this is because they lack content. Immensely learned and extremely intelligent, he yet was never able to pierce through to the fundamentals of any subject. And for the same reason he never clarified his thoughts on the great political subjects of the day, to which as an active Socialist he gave unremitting attention. Was he a Liberal, a Fabian, or a Marxist? No one knows. He himself did not know. He began as a doctrinaire Liberal of the most straitlaced kind; he went on to become an advocate of corporate institutions, a student of Gierke, and a near-Syndicalist; he dropped Syndicalism in favor of Fabianism, then when MacDonald let the Labor party down in 1931, he reacted by "moving left" until he was—almost—a parlor Communist. From this extreme he promptly reacted by "combining" a watered Leninism with a somewhat shaken faith in the British Constitution. Throughout these stormy changes, he corresponded with Baldwin, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Attlee, and would have corresponded with Stalin if Stalin had let him (he did lecture him for two hours in 1945—on the importance of the intellectuals). In 1933, at the height of his parlor-Bolshevism, he simultaneously "discovered" the New Deal, and of course placed exaggerated hopes on it. During the war, he tried to persuade Churchill to introduce socialism in Britain by decree, and was disappointed when Churchill politely refused. Yet he had also appropriated (and vulgarized) the doctrine that politics always has a class basis. It is no wonder that even his best friends came to think him a bit tiresome.

Laski's faults were all faults of the intellect; his virtues were all virtues of character. The real disclosure of this biography is that he was a likeable human being. He had courage, zest, and independence. He ran away from home when he was eighteen and shocked his Orthodox Jewish family by marrying a young Scotswoman eight years older than himself, who had already shocked *her* parents by becoming a lecturer in eugenics, a feminist, and a Socialist. When they were both in America during the First World War, he scandalized his academic colleagues by befriending stray acquaintances and by spouting socialism in class; he plunged into the Boston police strike in 1919, and nearly got himself expelled from Harvard. With his usual mixture of tactlessness and moral courage, he insisted on flouting the unwritten convention which laid it down that foreigners—especially if they were also Jews and Socialists—should stay out of American affairs. He was crudely caricatured in the Harvard *Lampoon* as a "Great Indoor Agitator . . . born in Poland . . . at the age of three . . . went through Oxford in twenty minutes . . . favorite occupation bombing," etc. The attack was liberally dosed with anti-Semitism, and most of it was not even funny. Laski showed his usual good nature by asking the university authorities not to censure the authors. But would anyone else have been lampooned with such casual disdain? Would a genuinely dangerous "radical" have become the butt of many vulgar jokes throughout his life? There was something about the "Great Indoor Agitator" which irresistibly provoked the kind of treatment Chaplin (whom he resembled in many ways) suffers in his earlier films.

Yet one parts from this memoir with a sense of liking its hero. Laski *was* funny. He talked far too much and on far too many subjects; and his habit of "romancing" won him enemies even

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while he was a student. He was vain about his prominent acquaintances, and never failed to bring them into his conversation. But withal he somehow compels liking and a kind of esteem. He was endlessly helpful and he worked immensely hard; in fact, he worked himself to death. What was it that prevented him from ever writing a major work, uttering a major thought, influencing a major decision? Mr. Martin suggests that he devoted too much time to good causes, and that he failed to become Labor's *éminence grise* because he could not bear to stay behind the scenes. But one suspects that his fate was sealed for him when at a very early age, still a schoolboy, he showed precocious brilliance and then immediately tried to convert it into the small change of personal success and human esteem. He always had a pathetic craving *to be liked,* and it may be that it was this which prevented him from doing serious work. The man who breaks new ground may incidentally be a success, but his mental equipment must include readiness to endure the probable fate of the pioneer: poverty, loneliness, and hatred.

White Men and Cheetahs

BLANKET BOY. By PETER LANHAM AND A. S. MOPELI-PAULUS. Thomas Y. Crowell. 309 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

BLANKET BOY is quite an enjoyable book to read, but it can hardly be considered a serious contribution either to the art of the novel or to the study of race relations in South Africa. At its best, it is a kind of thriller, a rather low-grade South African picaresque, an adventure story, but it is rarely more than that. For this reason there is extraordinarily little to say about it: the book does not even permit itself to become the text for a sermon, as does South Africa's other and most famous modern novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country.*

It is true that the reader can pick up some information about life in South Africa today from the pages of *Blanket Boy,* and particularly about life as it confronts the African. But I do not think I would recommend it as a guide.

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There are not many Africans who have had a fight with a cheetah, helped to rescue their sons from a fall of rock in a mine, taken part in ritual murder, rescued an Indian family from death at the hands of a horde of maddened Zulus, been converted to Islam, and fled to temporary freedom across the border into Portuguese East Africa. All these things happen to Monare, the hero of the novel, within a few years. And on the way there is sex (both homo- and heterosexual in character), *dagga* smoking, initiation ceremonies in the mountains of Basutoland. Monare finally meets his end on the scaffold, but, regeneration having set in, does it beautifully, and becomes the national hero of the Basuto people.

THERE is also race relations, for Monare is an African, one of eight million in what South Africa's politicians hopefully call a "white man's country." So among Monare's other adventures are his repeated arrests by the white man's police, and the brutal treatment often given to him because of the color of his skin. The hearts of Mr. Lanham and Mr. Mopeli-Paulus are in the right place, but surely we do not need this book to show us yet again that a "serious" subject does not necessarily mean a serious novel.

"In the far-famed City of Gold, the seizing of the person of an African is a matter of small moment. . . .

"When the white man's hand fell on his shoulder, Monare swung around to see who it was who had thus stopped him. When his eyes fell on the detective's face, extreme fear bludgeoned his heart, for he recognized the face of 'Van' who had once before tried to have him imprisoned.

"The detective spoke. 'Well, you black bastard, I've caught you at last! . . . Come, open that bundle!'

"'*Baas*, it is but cloth for the making of trousers.'

"'Open it, kaffir! I'll guarantee it's stolen property. Come on, quick!'

"The unfortunate black man hastened to do Van's bidding. As the detective's eyes fell on the bundle—several pairs of trousers, and part of a bale of cloth—he grunted with satisfaction, and spoke these terrifying words: 'As I thought, you bloody nigger—stolen goods! A long spell in Number Four for this!'

"Without further argument he handcuffed Monare's wrist to his own, and forced the unwilling Mosotho—with many a kick and blow—to retrace his steps southward to the Charge Office at Marshall Square."

I suppose there are people who do not know that this kind of arrest happens fairly often all over South Africa. But those of us who do know are entitled to ask how much more we can learn about anything from that sort of writing whether it be written by a white man, a black man, or, as in this case, both of them together. How much more serious, after all, is that passage I have just quoted than this:

"The animal had scented him but not as yet seen him, for the darkness of the tree hid him. But suddenly its head lifted, its body stretched.

"With a wild cry, the Mosotho jumped for the lower branches of the tree, caught hold, slipped, got grip again, and pulled himself out of reach. In the same moment of time did the cheetah leap also, but its teeth snapped on empty air. The Mosotho shivered as the animal raised its head and snarled, and then leapt once more. . . ."

Taking the cheetah and race relations into consideration, I would say that *Blanket Boy* should find its place somewhere between *Tarzan* and *Cry, the Beloved Country*: it is more improving than the first, and, happily, regards itself considerably less seriously than the second.

"New" Writing, Old and New

THE LITTLE REVIEW ANTHOLOGY. Edited by MARGARET ANDERSON. Hermitage House. 383 pp. $3.95.

NEW DIRECTIONS 14. New Directions. 408 pp. $5.00.

NEW WORLD WRITING. Second Mentor Selection. New American Library. 351 pp. 50 cents.

DISCOVERY. Edited by John W. Aldridge and Vance Bourjaily. Pocket Books. 288 pp. 50 cents.

Reviewed by SEYMOUR KRIM

THESE four anthologies of "new" writing appeared within the space of little more than a month. Three of them report on what is going on in American literature at this moment: the latest New Directions anthology, *ND 14*; the second edition of *New World Writing*, a

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pocket book published by the New American Library; and a competitor of the latter entitled *Discovery*. Set off against them and harking back to the past is *The Little Review Anthology*, a selection of pieces from what was one of the most vivacious and courageous of all American little magazines.

An entire generation of young writers who pay homage to Joyce, Eliot, and Pound hardly know that these men published much of their early work in the *Little Review*, and that this magazine gathered within its pages some of the best experimental writing of the second and third decades of our century. But a literary magazine, history tells us, is in the end like a literary critic: it should be content to merge with time, leaving nothing but a memory, if it has fathered good work and given its editors the sense of doing something significant. The *Little Review* did that.

As one leafs through its pages, it becomes very clear how different from today was the outlook and temper of the 20's so far as "advance-guard" life and work was concerned. Above all, there is the *Review's* editor, Margaret Anderson; one is convinced that she summed up in herself the feelings of many other enlightened young women of the time. She is feminist, strongminded, and expresses herself with a candor which is bracing in comparison with the small bickering voices of many of today's bluestockings. And these qualities were reflected in her magazine.

Much has been left out of her anthology by Miss Anderson because it has since been republished elsewhere, and what we are given is mostly criticism, correspondence, some poetry, and a few pieces of fiction—things she liked personally, apart from their abiding value. Taken together, these items give us the spirit of an era vividly, and it is precisely this "spirit" that throws the present into such contrast: can one imagine, for example, a questionnaire in one of our current literary magazines which asks its most celebrated contributors: "Why do you go on living?" Indeed not. Such a question, audacious yet serious, would be met by hard suspicion in an era in which the majority of enlightened artists and intellectuals are so preoccupied with guilt and self-doubt that the mere asking would bruise the ego. Today's questions, and answers too, must be clothed in more general terms to do justice to the human beings we have become. Any probing personal question is taken as a personal attack, because in the light of what we know, which is enormous, we are all deficient unto ourselves. It is this self-protective quality and intellectual caution which is healthfully absent from the *Little Review* anthology. Bertrand Russell, in answer to the questionnaire of the 20's, tells the reader that he hates himself; Margaret Anderson says she is looking forward (and she means it!) to a nervous breakdown; William Carlos Williams says that he goes on living "because I have an enjoyable body for my pleasure"; Emma Goldman, who emerges from this book as an incorruptible human being, says she would not want to change places with another human being "because dull people do not attract me, and interesting ones are probably just as uncomfortable in their skins as I am in mine."

In a larger sense, the creative work of the 20's partook of the same uninhibited individualism. Of course, to our present way of thinking there is much "youthfulness" and often an unreal theatricality in all its devil-may-care; existence is much grimmer today for the majority of thinking and feeling people, and the kind of daring or boldness which captures our imaginations is one that takes our more complex reality into account and makes its bid in relation to it. But it is impossible to go through this anthology without sensing the adventurousness and sheer aliveness of the bulk of the contributions as compared with the truly pale cast of the thought—a pained gray—one finds in a high-level little magazine today.

Yet much as we appreciate the "liveliness" of the Hemingway-Cummings-Crane generation, it does us no good to condemn a present that must be dealt with and, in art, mastered. The only immediate reason for being concerned with our past is to learn from it, and it is obvious that the human and hence the literary needs of this period are radically different from the 20's in this respect: our mental burden being graver, more sinister, we must try to illuminate our experience; the earlier writers, in the broadest sense, were more concerned with rendering theirs.

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There is, however, one simple thing I believe we can learn from *The Little Review Anthology* that seems to have been forgotten by our period: that is, if a piece of writing, no matter what, is so interesting that the eye is greedy to get to the next word, it means that we are undergoing an experience which is important to us, even if the reason is hidden from sight. And almost all of the pieces Miss Anderson has reprinted are interesting in this basic sense. The reason we want to read them is simple—perhaps it even contains a moral: these writers were not afraid to really express themselves; they do not edit out of their work ideas their friends may not care for, and they do not aspire to any of the highbrow rewards —"status," teaching jobs, fellowships—which keep so many of our writers today walking a tightrope too narrow to bear the weight of their own personalities, much less their joy in writing itself. In the 20's intellectual life was not yet institutionalized, and calling a spade a bloody shovel in print would not cost you your Fulbright.

It was Ezra Pound, in one of his excellent little critical treatises, who pointed out that one of the first purposes of writing was "to make glad the heart of man," and Pound does just that in his contributions to the anthology. Can we for the moment try to forget about Pound's anti-Semitism? For when Pound writes about literature he "speaks not as the scribes, but with Authority," and he sets the tempo of the entire *Little Review Anthology* just as he set it for many of his fellow artists during the 20's.

Ironically enough, Emma Goldman furnishes Pound's only competition for individual honors in this collection. In two pieces of writing —one, a letter from prison; the other, her answer to the before-mentioned questionnaire— she reveals a temperament in which the senses of justice and charity are held in equal balance, and her spirit rises from these pages as I imagine her figure rose above her contemporaries.

ALL during the 1940's *New Directions* was the only hospitable anthology in the country for genuinely experimental or offbeat work; much in it may have been of uncertain quality, but much was also the genuine article. In recent years, however, the publication seems to have lost its *raison d'être*. As it became "internationalalized"—with contributions from all over the world, and a bewildering variety of them that buffeted the mind from one mood to another —it became more and more diffused and pointless. The present number contains several good stories, articles, and interesting poems, but each item seems almost to cancel out the other —as if written at opposite ends of the earth and put together in one volume to prove the delights of incongruity. For example, in *ND 14* there is an article on education by Robert Maynard Hutchins, ex-president of the University of Chicago, along with some surrealist verse. Both verse and essay suffer because of their proximity as do two of the most "mature" and finished short stories in the collection—by Delmore Schwartz and John Heffron Porter— because of the presence of some of the wilder pieces.

Other symptoms of this lack of even a minimal unity could be cited, but they all seem to point to one thing: namely, that the original impetus for publishing these anthologies seems to have been lost and they have become more reflexive than purposive acts. The "new" in this French *avant-garde* sense is no longer what it was—no longer fills the reader with anticipation, and no longer perpetuates a relevant attitude. History and human need now ask for a new leading image. At the risk of seeming ungrateful to a publication which held a special place in the modern movement in American writing, the facts clearly say that its real life lies in the past.

NEW WORLD WRITING is an attempt to publish what might be called a mass-circulation little magazine, and is therefore in an unnatural position to begin with. It has to find good work which is at the same time "entertaining" and has sales value—a tall order. Thus in its second issue we see an attempt to ring the cash register by the inclusion of big literary names in what was to have been a snow-white publishing venture: James Jones, Norman Mailer, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, and—celebrated man of letters that he is—Pablo Picasso, represented by a surrealist play which is about as pertinent to the demands of an average reader as an old shoe. Jones's and Mailer's stories are inferior for them. Mr. Auden's essay on fairy tales is entertaining and provocative, but could as easily have appeared in *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly;* it contains nothing urgent, new, or of dramatic enough importance to justify its presence in a publication that prides itself on offering fresh literary eggs to the public. In

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fact, as regards the celebrities, only the excerpt from Dylan Thomas's queer, often dementedly funny novel, entitled *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, seems to fit in with *New World Writing*'s prospectus. While not to this reviewer's personal taste, it has the literary imagination that one would assume to be the ticket of admission to a book like this.

There are good pieces in the book by James Baldwin, Conrad Alvaro, Herbert Gold (one wishes he would use fewer words; there is such a thing as self-defeating brilliance), Leonard Bishop, and that Mr. Quicksilver of young American writers, Calder Willingham. But the lack of clear purpose as to what should be printed, what standards the editors should maintain and strive for, is as apparent as in the current *New Directions*. In its introduction, *New World Writing* explicitly dedicates itself to a broad hospitality towards a variety of writing, and appears to think this is not only an adequate statement of its aims, but is to be applauded. Yet only on the basis of genuine convictions and principles can an anthology be put out that will have unity and purpose, and give dignity—it's only a small amount one looks for these days!—to the whole notion of what significant writing is. The unevenness of this second number is only a symptom; the real disappointment lies in the absence one discerns of a sense of direction—with real goals, sighted, needed.

Discovery, published by Pocket Books as a competitor to *New World Writing* and edited by the young critic John Aldridge and a young novelist, Vance Bourjaily, is more interesting than either *New Directions* or *New World Writing*. It suffers from a cheap format and an amount of both bad and pretentious writing, but it reflects more closely than the other two anthologies what a new generation of American writers is up to. It is restricted to Americans, and has a more positive point of view because both of its editors are themselves involved in defining the attitudes of this new generation. Even when one finds their credo "brassy," it is a relief to see that they have certain convictions and that they have invested so much of themselves in putting out their book. That this kind of seriousness of effort can determine how writers will respond is demonstrated by one fact: Norman Mailer turns up with a much more authentic piece of work—a story of the war which once again

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shows his somewhat Dreiserian gifts of patient understanding and inclusiveness—than the slick, unfelt story by which he is represented in *New World Writing*. If *Discovery* gave us nothing else but the impression of a genuine interest in new American writing for its own sake—and it gives more than that—it would be worthwhile.

THE best work in *Discovery* is in short stories—apart from Mailer's—by Julia Savarese, Arnold Grisman, Hortense Calisher, Chandler Brossard, Marguerite Young, and William Styron. Four impress us especially: Calisher, Young, Brossard, and Styron. Miss Calisher writes a *New Yorker* type of story, conventional in form and concerned with middle-class misery, but her perceptions strike one as being unusually mature and unsentimental, and have the painful conviction of the truth. Brossard has a tendency to monotone in his writing—he writes so naturally that it often wants a little art and shaping—but this is more than redeemed by a bitter charm and honesty. His contribution is the first chapter from a long fictional work, *The Bold Saboteurs*, and concerns the "garbage-can" adventures of a young, uprooted boy in Washington, D.C. The only way to describe this combination of terror and humor is to say that at its best it has the salty anarchism of Mark Twain plus an unforgiving contemporary anger.

Marguerite Young is an excellent writer of the English language—exact, finished, and a pleasure to read; her story "The Hangman's Tale" is excerpted from what appears to be a highly involved novel. But the story itself, on the face of it a parable on Christian morality, is not self-contained enough for its meaning to be entirely clear—at least not to this reviewer. The most completely rewarding piece of imaginative prose in the whole collection is by William Styron, who contributes a long novelette that rises above "life" to the stature of art as it illuminates the frustrating experiences of civilians recalled to the army. There are definite flaws in Styron's work—an "arty" and distracting infatuation with words, and the tail-end of Faulkner's influence—but it is extraordinary to find a young author, barely in his late twenties, with such wise understanding, and with the ability to create fictional life on a level with the broadness of his concern. To use a phrase of Irving Howe's, there is, even if not always pure, the "voice of love" in Styron's story—how sweet it sounds you must experience for yourself.

NOTE: As this review goes to press, a third issue of *New World Writing* has appeared; space prevents a complete discussion of the book, but it seems just to say that all the sins which follow from a lack of direction are even more evident in this collection than in the second one. What we have here is a grab-bag—the sort of thing that inspires a newspaper reviewer to haul out "rich and varied fare" from his bag of clichés, and equally the sort of thing which will cause any even mildly serious reviewer to see waste and confusion. Once again there are good isolated pieces—the first chapter from Evan S. Connell Jr.'s novel, for instance—but by far the bad pieces outweigh the good. More significant than the words "good" or "bad" in this context is the single word "purpose," and in my opinion the editors of this collection would do well to ponder the implications of that idea far below sea-level. Otherwise, they will continue to put out a book that may still get good press notices but will leave the people whose respect they want to earn cold and not at home.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ROBERT E. FITCH is dean and professor of Christian ethics at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California.

MIDGE DECTER's article "The Fruits of Modern Jewish Education" appeared in our issue of October 1951.

The most recent of GEORGE LICHTHEIM's many appearances in COMMENTARY was with his article "Germany, Center of the 'Peace Offensive'" in our last issue.

DAN JACOBSON, a young South African writer, was introduced to American readers with his article "A White Liberal Trapped by His Prejudices" and his short story "The Box," which appeared in our issues of May and June, respectively, of this year.

SEYMOUR KRIM offered an earlier analysis of American avant-garde writing in his article "Our Middle-Aged 'Young Writers,'" which was published in COMMENTARY for October of last year.

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This *I Believe*

By George F. Kennan*

"WHAT is it that causes us to huddle together, herdlike, in tastes and enthusiasms that represent only the common denominator of popular acquiescence rather than to show ourselves receptive to the tremendous flights of creative imagination of which the individual mind has shown itself capable? Is it that we are forgetful of the true source of our moral strength, afraid of ourselves, afraid to look into the chaos of our own breasts, afraid of the bright, penetrating light of the great teachers?

"It may not seem to many of us too dangerous that we should all live, dress, eat, hear and read substantially alike. But we forget how easily this uniformity of thought and habit can be exploited, when the will to exploit it is there. We forget how easily it can slip over into the domination of our spiritual and political lives by self-appointed custodians who contrive to set themselves at the head of popular emotional currents.

"There is a real and urgent danger here for any one who values the right to differ from others in any manner whatsoever, be it in his interests or his associations or his faith.

"The forces of intolerance and political demagoguery are greedy forces, and unrestrained. There is no limit to their ambitions or their impudence. They contain within themselves no mechanism of self-control.

"It is for these reasons that I feel that you, in setting up at this time within this great academic community a center for liberal arts, are taking upon yourselves a great, though honorable, burden. You are going to have to swim against the tide of many of the things I have been talking about. You are frequently going to find arrayed against you, whether by intent or otherwise, the materialists, the anti-intellectuals, the chauvinists of all sizes and descriptions, the protagonists of violence and suspicion and intolerance, the people who take it upon themselves to delimit the operation of the principle of Christian charity, the people from whose memories there has passed the recollection that in their Father's house there are many mansions."

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J. M. Kaplan, President

*Excerpts of an address delivered at a University of Notre Dame Convocation on May 15, 1953 by George F. Kennan, former Ambassador to Russia.

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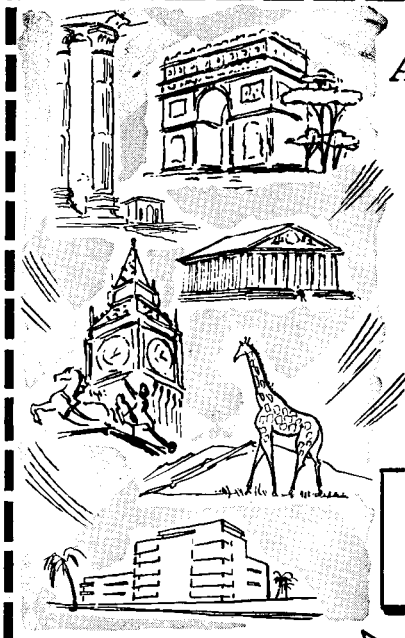

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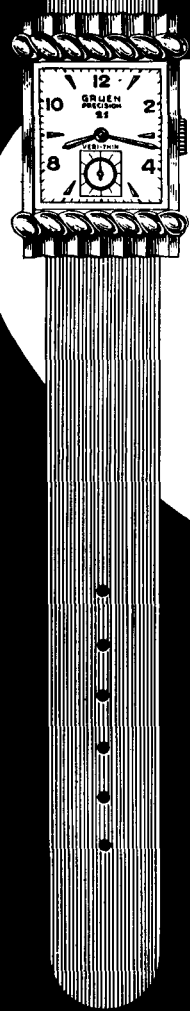

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